

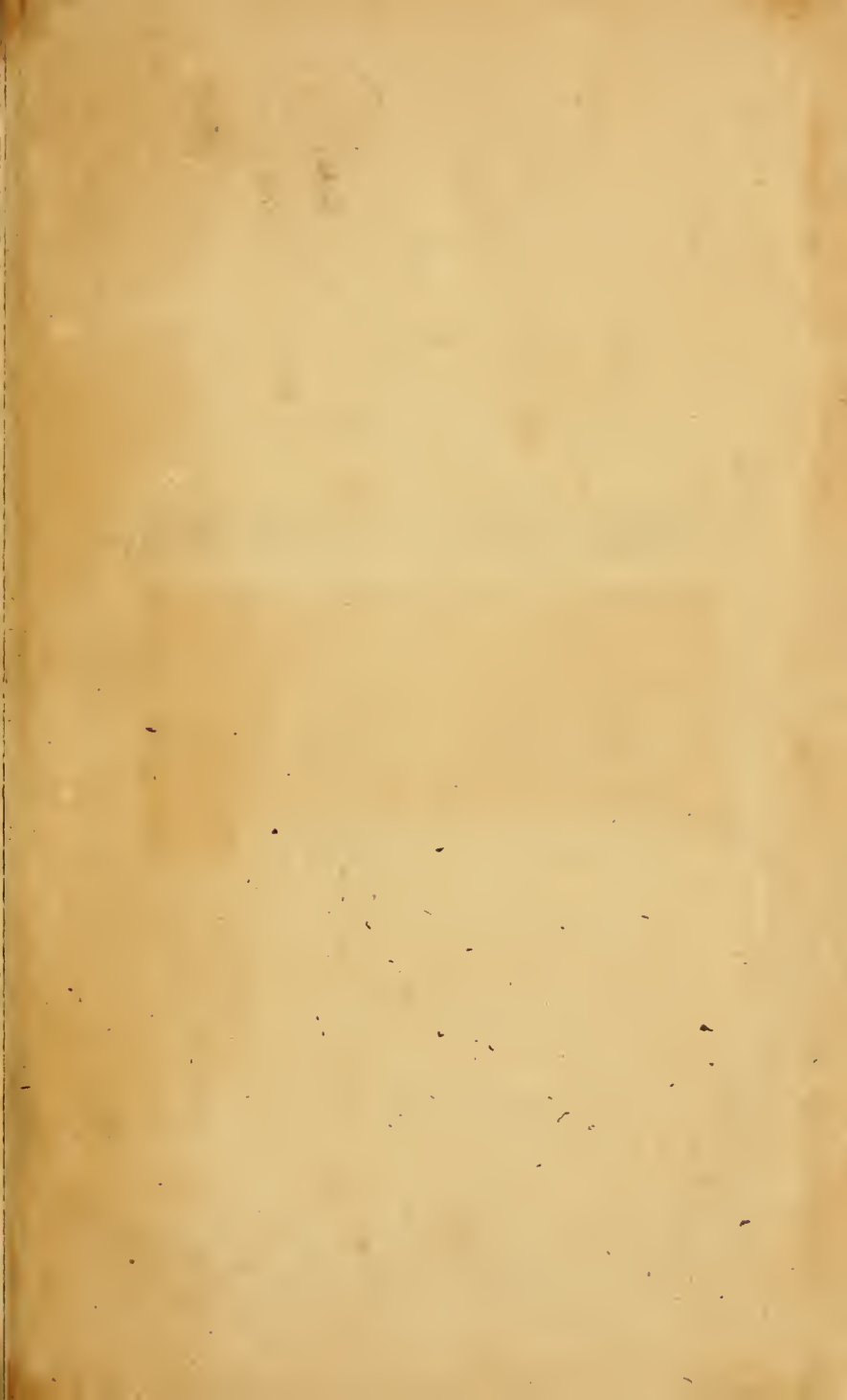


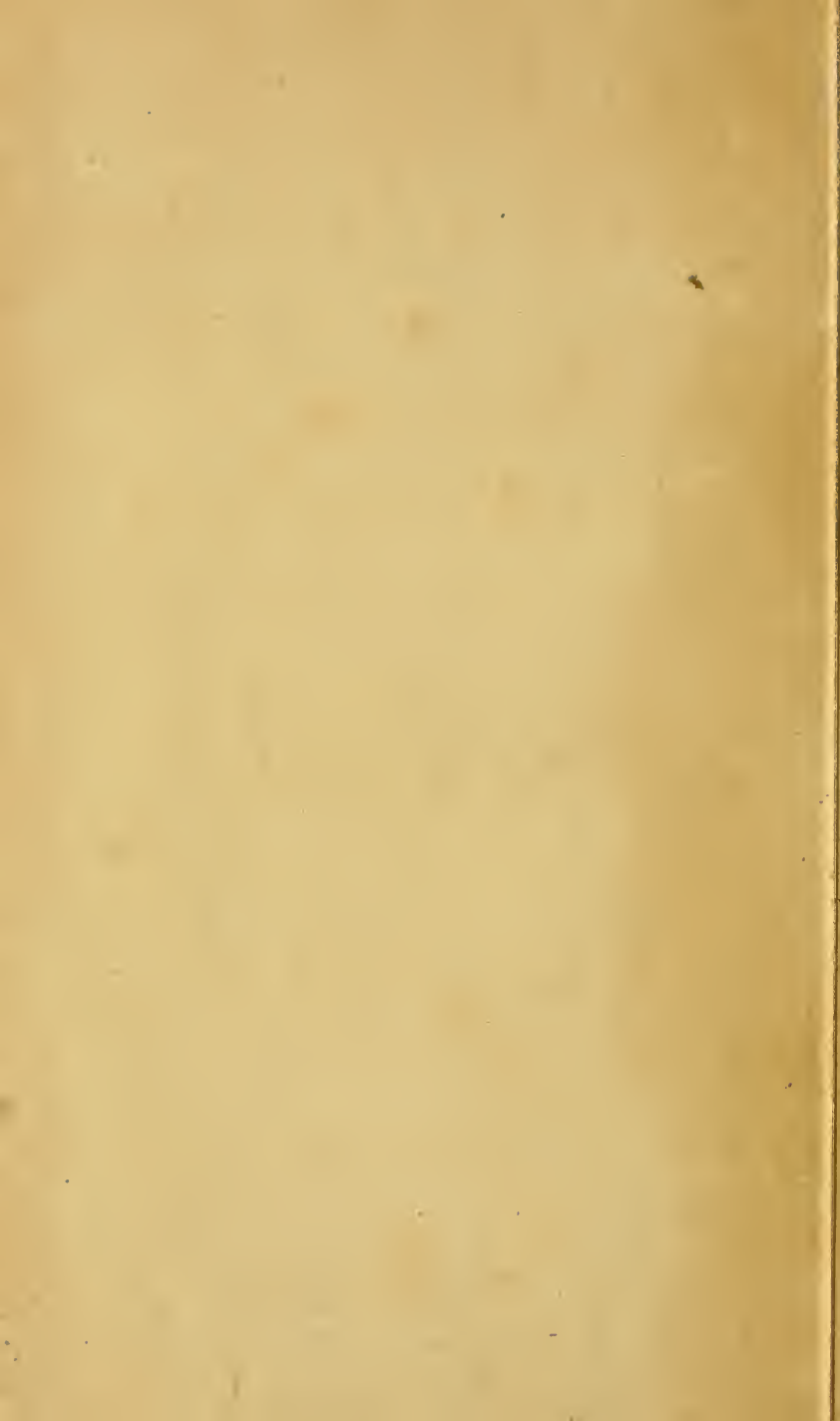
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Princeton Seminary

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T H E  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
THE FAMOUS PREACHER  
FRIAR GERUND  
DE CAMPAZAS:

OTHERWISE  
GERUND ZOTES.

*José Francisco de Isla*  
TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

I N T W O V O L U M E S .

V O L . II.

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L O N D O N ,

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Ruffel-Street, Covent-Garden ;  
and W. FLEXNEY, in Holborn.

MDCCLXXII.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**I**N an account of the Original of the following translation, amongst other things it is said—That the *Historia del Fray Gerundio*, published (the first volume) in Madrid in 1758, was written [under the name of Francis Lobòn de Salazar, minister of the parish of St. Peter in Villagarcia, &c.] by the Father Joseph Francis Isla, a Jesuit, with the laudable view to correct the abuses of the Spanish pulpit by turning the bad preachers into ridicule—That his book was decorated with the approbations of several of the most learned and respectable people in Spain to whom he had communicated it in manuscript—That the Inquisitors themselves encouraged him to the publication, and bore testimony in writing to the laudableness of the work, which they were of opinion would in a great measure bring about the wished-for reformation—That one

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

of the revisors for the Inquisition says, "it is one of those lucky expedients that indignation and hard necessity suggest when the best means have proved ineffectual," and ; "nor are we to find fault if the dose of caustic and corrosive salts is somewhat too strong, as Cancers are not to be cured with Rose-water." — That notwithstanding the approbation of the Inquisition and of several of the most learned amongst the Spanish clergy, some Orders, especially the Dominican and Mendicant, rose up against this book as soon as it was printed, representing to the king that the respect due to the ministers of the Gospel would be too much diminished by such a piece of merciless criticism, and all religious Orders rendered ridiculous in the eyes of the vulgar ; the consequence of which would be a relaxation, if not a subversion of the religion of the country—That this and other such arguments urged by the Friars with the greatest vehemence, and

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

and supported also by several of the bishops, obliged the Council of Castile to take the book into their most serious consideration, which produced a suppression of it, rather for the sake of peace than from any other motive—That the Father Isla had a second volume ready, but that the prohibition of the first put a stop to the publication of the second—That the Father had presented his only copy of this second volume, partly written by a careful amanuensis, and partly with his own hand, to the Gentleman who gives this account, and who was pleased very obligingly to lend it to the translator—That as to language and style, this Gentleman is of opinion, few nations have any thing finer than Friar Gerund, and the present age has not produced a more humourous performance—That he thinks the Spaniards quite right who put it upon a par in many respects with the celebrated work of Cervantes—That the manners of the Spanish Friars and the Spanish vulgar are described in it  
to



## ADVERTISEMENT.

to admiration—That in one respect, however the modern Cervantes is inferior to the old, viz. in his having stuffed some of his chapters, unseasonably interrupting the story, with too much declamation against a Portuguese book not worth a long confutation, and with some episodical criticisms on foreign learning, in which he talks with too much peremptoriness of what he was but indifferently qualified to talk of.

*Mr. Baretti's Proposal for publishing by Subscription  
a complete Edition in Spanish of the Historia del  
Fray Gerundio, &c.*

*To obviate this sole objection, the censurable passages, mentioned in the last of the above extracts, are omitted in the translation; in which some of the didactic parts likewise are curtailed, as, however proper and necessary they might be to the sincere design of doing good which seems to have animated the Author, it was apprehended that, if they were given in their full extent, they might have appeared to the English reader to be rather a clog upon the work. But nothing is omitted which conveys any stroke*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

*stroke of character, or in which the history is at all concerned. The reader who consults amusement merely, may perhaps think that the translator has been too scrupulous in the exercise of this liberty, which he thought himself justified in taking : And whether the book is to be read in this country to any other purpose than that of mere amusement he does not presume to judge : But not to have taken some notice of such passages would have been highly injurious to the Author's character in point of Humanity ; as in that case, the poor creatures who are the objects of his satire had to appearance been left by him without instructions for reforming the abuses by which it was excited.*

## E R R A T A.

P. 26, l. 5, after *heard* insert *that*. P. 30, l. 7, for *supplice* read *surplice*. P. 49, l. 6, for *too* read *to*; l. 12, after *practical* close the quotation. P. 56, l. 3, for *miserable* read *miserably*. P. 59, l. 17, dele the repetition of *and more*. P. 64, l. 20, dele the stop after *Spain*. P. 65, l. 26, after *wit* insert *with*. P. 80, l. 11, after *put* insert *it*. P. 82, l. 1, after *reason* a comma. P. 87, in the note, for *would give* read *could give*. P. 95, l. 19, for *his* read *this*; l. 20, for *uge* read *fuge*. P. 105, l. 13, after *not* a comma. P. 114, in the note, for *ammogliarme* read *ammogliarmi*. P. 115, l. 16, for *or* read *and*. P. 125, l. penult. for *brisky* read *briskly*. P. 127, l. 1, after *most* dele *the*. P. 171, l. 11, for *know* read *now*. P. 181, l. 11, for *possession* read *profession*. P. 187, l. 26, after *men* instead of a full stop a comma. P. 200, in the note, for *miniena* read *minima*. P. 208, for *of*, the catch-word, read *so*. P. 223, l. 16, for *di* read *dit*; l. 22, for *perdoies* read *perdois*; l. 25, after *s'agenouilla* a comma. P. 225, l. 13, for *was* read *were*. P. 318, l. 11, before *intrcat* insert *I*. P. 400, l. 17, for *efficacily* read *efficaciously*. The translator had been misinformed concerning the words *Corito* and *Alojero* in p. 20. He has since seen an explanation of them by the Author. *Corito* means a wine-porter, from *Cuero*, the leather bag or bottle in which wine is conveyed; an occupation much followed by the Asturians. An *Alojero* is a retailer of a kind of metheglin, called *Aloja*, and he is generally a mountaineer.







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THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
FAMOUS PREACHER  
FRIAR GERUND.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

*Which will contain what will be seen by the  
curious reader.*

**W**ELL then, as were going on with  
our story, as time went and time  
came, that most blessed of all  
blessed creatures, our Friar Gerund, found  
himself so self-satisfied from the panegy-  
rical and apologetical harangue in favour of  
his exhortation to the Disciplinants, which  
the young theologist had made with the  
applause of the juvenile school, and the  
loudly-testified admiration of the Greek

one †, that he wanted but little of taking the father master Prudentio for a man who had utterly lost his senses; but the most charitable opinion he could form, and in which he thought he did him a great favour, was, that there was no doubt but he had arrived to his second childhood; and he resolved in his heart to make no account of any thing he had said or might hereafter say to him; and a certain author even goes so far as to suspect that he made a secret determination to avoid the sight of the old man as much as possible; though he avers it not as a fact, but only gives it as a conjecture founded upon what was to be made out from some almost obliterated notes found at the bottom of a large chest. And the devil, who never sleeps, contrived, in order to clench the nail of his folly, that a few days afterwards he should receive a letter from his intimate friend Friar Blas, written from Jacarilla, in these words :

† The *Greek* school means, by antiphrasis, the lay-brethren, donados, &c. the most ignorant of all, and who did not even understand Latin. A common joke in convents.

“ Friend Gerund,

“ I give thee a thousand congratulations and embraces with my heart, since I cannot do it with my lips. In all this country nothing is talked of but thy famous exhortation to the Disciplinants. Brother Roque, the under-butler, writes me wonders, and the clerk, *Gordoncillo* †, who heard thee, and came hither since to tune a bell, I think will never have done talking of it. They are both good judges, or I have no judgment myself. Mosen Guillen, who is the minister of this parish, and has the Theatre of the Gods at his fingers’ ends, desires to have a copy of it, and says that he will infallibly print it, though he should be obliged to sell the foundered mule he bought at Pot-Fair. Send it me by the bearer, who is the barber of this place, a safe person, and very high in my esteem. I refer thee to him concerning my sermon of St. Orosia, as it is not meet that I praise myself: and I can tell thee, that he has as keen a pair of scissars at trimming a sermon as adjusting a foretop. I shall only add, that besides what the majordomo paid,

† A little round trufs fellow. This is the second clerk of the convent, mentioned in the 6th chapter of the 2d book.

#### 4      The HISTORY of

which was no trifle, it has been worth to me a couple of lambs and a dozen and a half of sausages: all is fish that comes to the net. God preserve thee many years! Thine till death, in spite of all old Drag-gled-tails.

Jacarilla, &c.

FRIAR BLAS."

When Friar Gerund found that there was a demand for his Exhortation in distant countries, as, according to his geography, the distance of eight leagues was half the world; when he considered that this demand was for nothing less than to have it printed, and saw himself on the eve of becoming an author, as it were, by the morning; and this, besides being already a man in whose praise and celebration verses were written and published, he thought himself in his heart the greatest preacher the world had ever seen, and was not only confirmed in the slovenly idea he had formed of preaching, but went on gathering up (as a rider in a foul way would spots of dirt) all the most ridiculous and extravagant ideas imaginable, as will be seen in the course of this punctual history.

But it is to be wished that we may not, in the very entrance to this second volume  
of



of it, have made such a stumble as it will be well if we recover from without a broken nose. “Is it possible, will the reader who has one like a hound, say, is it possible that Anthony Zotes and his wife Catanla Rebollo having heard the famous Exhortation, that having been witnesses of the applauses, the triumph, the exultation with which it was celebrated, that having seen with their very own eyes the prodigious effect it produced in the magnanimity with which the penitents of blood threw off their cloaks, and the spirit with which they handled some the scourge and others the pelotilla, that having thence received so many congratulations and so many blessings, as well in the church as out of it, is it possible, I say, the third time, that they should not have a single congratulation or a single blessing to their mouths to bestow upon their son? Is it likely, that, though they might not go that night, as it was then late, and to leave him to his repose, they should not very early the next morning repair to the church of the convent, or the porter’s

## 6 The HISTORY of

lodge †, and that there Anthony Zotes should not give his son a thousand embraces, and that the aunt Catanla should not add moreover as many kisses well lined with tears and snout, all out of the purest tenderness? Can such an hardness and dryness be supposed in their gentle natures? And if this was not so, but if the good creatures shewed their son all these demonstrations of endearment, giving him the due marks of their complacency and their joy, with what conscience can the historian pass over in silence a circumstance so substantial, so well calculated for respiration, and even for edification!"

To this we could say many things in answer, but we omit them all, not to be prolix.

And confessing in good faith that every thing passed just so, neither more nor less, we add, in compliance with the truth and fidelity we profess, that not only the aforesaid embraces, kisses, tears, and snout, were liberally bestowed, but Anthony Zotes, in presence of the superior and the o-

† Because Catanla could not be admitted into the convent.



ther grave fathers who were complimenting him and his fair spouse, said to Friar Gerund, "I told thee before, in my letter, as how they had made me majordomo of the sacrament; but I did not tell thee then that thou shouldst preach me the sermon, because I had never heard thee preach, and I did not care to run the chance of bringing both thee and me to shame; but now that I have heard thee preach, I tell thee as how thou shalt preach it me with the benediction of his revrunce here, our most revrunt feyther." The superior could not but yield to the request, though, under the scapulary †, he was not much pleased with it; for, being a serious and sensible man, he had been disgusted at the Exhortation; but how could he behave otherwise in that conjuncture, and to brethren so devoted to the order, and who gave to the convent all the charity they could? In short, they brought them forth some chanfayna ‡, and cakes, and cheefe, and olives, for breakfast; and an hearty breakfast they made, as it was to serve them for dinner too, and

† In his heart.

‡ Chanfayna is a dish dressed in a particular manner of the lights of any edible creature.

set out on their return to Campazas, not seeing the ground they trod on, nor counting the good hours of God as they succeeded one another, for the joyful thoughts of having to tell the licentiate Quixano and all their kindred the things which they had seen with their eyes, heard with their ears, and handled with their hands.

Leave we now this most happy pair to jog on in good peace and company, whilst we return to our Friar Gerund, who, from the very instant in which his father appointed him to preach the sermon of the sacrament, thought not by day, and dreamed not by night, of any other thing than the manner in which he was to acquit himself. He was well aware of all the intricate circumstances he must engage with;—*the first sermon he preached in public*,—as the Discipulant-exhortation could not be dignified with that name;—*to preach it in his own town, and in the very parish where he had been baptized*, for there was no other; *his father to be majordomo, and the licentiate Quixano his godfather* (as he took it for granted) *to sing mass; the dancers in the procession; the sacramental act* \*, which was

\* Sacramental acts. A kind of comic works in verse, with allegorical figures, represented on the festival of Corpus,

always represented; *the steers that were to be run; the two or three dozen of rockets that were to be let off; and the bonfire which was to be lighted on the eve of the feast.* All this immediately offered itself to his imagination as the central and principal point of his engagement, thinking not only that it was indispensibly necessary to take notice of it all, but that in this the chief of the difficulty consisted; since as to the subject of the sacrament he might meet in any sermon-book, with abundant field to forage in.

It is certain that he had not forgotten the judicious reflections he had heard from father Prudentio, against the ridiculous and extravagant custom of touching in sermons on what are called *circumstances*. But it is likewise equally certain that he had gotten deeply imprinted on his mind the defence of his friend the predicador mayor, which consisted of this apophthegm, worthy of a place amongst the principles of Machiavel, *Sentire cum paucis, vivere cum multis*: Think

Corpus; in reverence and praise of the august sacrament of the Eucharist, for which reason they are called sacramental. They have no division of acts like comedies, but a continued representation, without any intermission.

with

with the few, act with the many. And also, to his misfortune, he had lately read, it is not known where, the saying which is commonly attributed to our illustrious poet, Lope de Vega,—though it would be strange if it should not be a false testimony, for it is not likely that a man of such judgment and discretion should be capable of saying so silly a piece of buffoonery. But, in short, it is said, that being taxed with the defects of his comedies, he excused himself with answering, *that he knew and confessed their defects ; but that, notwithstanding, he composed them thus, because good plays are hissed, and bad ones celebrated.* This had more weight than any thing with Gerund, and he resolved with final and solemn determination, not to omit a single circumstance, though it should rain Prudentios.

He only doubted for some time whether, for the introducing them, he should fly for succour to mythology, or appeal to some texts and passages of holy scripture ; for he had seen both practised by the most famous preachers. He was rather inclined to the former, carried to it by his own genius, assisted by the example of Friar Blas, and the continual reading of the Florilegium :



gium: but as the use, or the abuse, of fables in the serious majesty of the pulpit had lately been sorely thrust at by the father master, in his reprehension of the Exhortation, and as Gerund could not, above all, blot from his memory one thing which he said, *that this was a kind of sacrilege*, an expression which made him tremble, (for at the bottom he was a timorous man, in his way), for this time, but without prejudice to another, till he should more closely examine the point, he determined to seek in scripture only, a decent accommodation for all the circumstances.

And he found it it easily in the places where such things are to be met with, which are the concordances of the Bible, without any further trouble than looking alphabetically for the Latin word corresponding to the Spanish one for which he wanted a text, and applying any one of the many there are in Scripture for almost whatever word may offer. In less than an hour he had made the following notes.

First circumstance,—*first sermon I preach*, here comes pat, *Primum quidam sermonem feci O Theophile.* 2<sup>o</sup> *I preach it in my own town, which is called Campazas*, here comes as if it was born for it, *Descendit Jesus in locum*

*locum campestre.* 3° I preach it in the parish in which I was baptized, and he who baptized me was called John; what can be more proper here than, *Joannes quidem baptizabat in aqua, ego autem in aqua et spiritu sancto.* 4° The majordomo is my father—in *domo patris mei mansiones multæ sunt.* 5° Likewise my father is a husbandman—*pater meus agricola est*: he is called Anthony Zotes, and the ark of the covenant, a type of the sacrament, went to the country of the Azotians—*abiit in Azotum.* 6° I am commissioned to preach by my father, who is alive and hearty, *et misit me vivens pater.* 7° My godfather [*Padrino* in Spanish] sings mass——

Here he was some time at a stand, for having turned over all the Concordances; he could not meet with the word *Padrino* in any of them, and now almost in despair, he was resolved to have recourse to the *theatrum vitæ humanæ*, or some polyanthea for an auxiliary *Padrino*, and even, in case of extremity, to avail himself of the *Tu es pateronus, tu parens*, of Terence, when his good fortune brought him the most suitable text in the world: he stumbled, then, upon what is read in the 14th verse of the 16th chapter of the epistle of St. Paul to the

the

the Romans, *Salutate patrobam*; and immediately reading the whole chapter, he found in it a treasure; as it almost all consists of salutations to those Christians at Rome with whom the apostle had any particular acquaintance or friendship, or had received obligations from, whom he mentions all by name, and amongst the rest *Patrobas*.

“ *Teneo te, terra!* (exclaimed Gerund, more transported than if he had found a mine.) From *Patrobas* to *Padrino* there is not the thickness of a crown-piece in distance; and with saying that a godfather was anciently called *Patrobas*, and came, by corruption, to be called *Padrino*, it is all adjusted. If any one should object (but I believe he will take care how he does that) I will tell him that the etymologists have plagued us with greater corruptions than this, and thus borrow of Peter to pay Paul. Now can it be thought but that the *salutate Patrobam* will strike a great blow, especially if I make a reflexion upon the *salutate*, and say, that even the apostle remembered his godfather in the salutation!”

Very desirous was he of finding likewise some clever little text to bring in the name  
Quixano,

Quixano, well assured that this would be the *non plus ultra* of skill and genius; since the text of Padrino in general might be applied to any godfather whatever, who at the font might answer even for a child of Juan Borrego †; but he thought it a desperate case. Nevertheless, after having beat the bush of his imagination for a long time to no purpose, he became possessed, by one of the most extravagant freaks that ever ran away with mortal man.

“ Quixano (said he to himself) comes from *Quixada*; [a jaw-bone] this admits of no doubt. Well now, of jaw-bones great things are said in scripture; for, leaving it undecided whether or no Cain slew his brother Abel with the jaw-bone of an ass, as this circumstance is not clear, at least from the Vulgate, and though it were clear I should not be able to fit it well to my purpose; but it is as clear as water, that with the jaw-bone of an ass Samson killed a thousand Philistines: it is clear too, that being much fatigued with the slaughter, and perishing with thirst, there not being a drop of water in all that field or neighbourhood, he besought God to succour him in that extreme necessity, and that from

† As we might say Humphry Gubbins.



one of the large teeth, or grinders, of the said jaw-bone burst a copious stream of crystalline water with which Samson quenched his thirst and recovered his spirit. Finally, it is clear, that in memory of this prodigy, the place where it happened was called, and is called to this day, The fountain of him who invokes from the jaw-bone—*idcirco appellatum est nomen loci illius fons invocantis de maxilla, usque in presentem diem.*”

“Can there be a more divine thing for my subject! Here we have a mysterious jaw-bone, which, with celestial and miraculous water gives new spirit to Samson, and restores, or, at least, preserves his life. The water is a symbol of the water of baptism, the virtue of which is miraculous and celestial; and the jaw which furnished it is a most proper type of the godfather, whose name of Quixano makes a clear allusion to that mysterious origin. Whether the jaw be of an ass or an human creature is nothing to the substance of the intent; and especially as we read at every turn in holy Scripture, that brutes and wild beasts symbolized the greatest men.”

This circumstance being so happily adjusted, all the rest gave him little concern;

since

since for the dancers he had the dance of David before the ark of the covenant; which is in every preacher's mouth for the dances on the day of Corpus; and if he would not make use of this as being too vulgar, he had the dance of those with long hair, as he construed it, which the prophet Isaiah mentions, when he says, *et pilosi saltabunt ibi*; and moreover he remembered that the dancers of his town had always long hair, a thing which became them infinitely, and that of *pilosi saltabunt* fitted them as nicely as one could wish.

For the sacramental act, he thought he might bring all the texts which spoke of any figure of the sacrament; for *figure* and *representation*, said he, is one and the same thing: therefore, if we have *representation* and *sacrament*, of what more is there need for *sacramental act*? In what he thought himself very happy, and, according to him, very literal, was, in the circumstance of the steers, for even if there should be need of an hundred different texts for an hundred tilts at them, he was ready to draw them from Scripture, by applying all those which speak of *calves*; and if instead of steers they were to have been bulls, at least for more than thirty tilts at them, he had

a provision of texts. The Rockets and other fireworks that were to be let off, he found most lively figured in the mysterious animals which drew the chariot of Ezekiel, who “ran and returned like the appearance of a flash of lightning”—*In similitudinem fulguris coruscantis*. The devil a difficulty did the bonfire give him, since he had in scripture above an hundred bonfires to warm himself at, without any more trouble than going to any one of those which were lighted to consume the holocausts; and if he should take it into his head to make a circumstance likewise of the boys who leaped over the bonfire without burning themselves, what could be more proper or more natural, than the young men in Nebuchanezzar’s fiery furnace?

Thus he accommodated, in his notes, all the circumstances which appeared to him necessary and absolutely indispensable; but yet one was wanting, which, though all preachers do take notice of, his heart would not suffer him to omit. This was to make some commemoration of his lady mother; because to do it for his father and his godfather, and not for the mother who brought him forth, and who had carried him nine months in her body, seemed to him an in-

supportable hardness of heart, little agreeing with the tender love he professed for her. Now it was seen at once, that to speak in general of mother, son, birth, womb, &c. he had texts by the thousand; but he was not contented with this generality, and longed for a curious, neat, little thing which should speak directly of his mother *Catanla Rebollo* with all her moles and marks.

He went and came, and came and went for a long time, as well thro' all the concordances as all his senses, without being able to find any thing to satisfy himself, till he lighted on the recollection of an ingenious method which a certain preacher availed himself of in a similar circumstance of distress. The female majordomo of a certain sisterhood for whom he preached, was called *Maria Revenga*, and not being able to find in scripture any text which spoke expressly of *Revenga*, what did he? He said that the spouse in the Canticles invited her love with these words, *Veniat dilectus meus in hortum suum*—Let my beloved come into his garden: and as he did not listen to the first invitation, she repeated her instance in the same words, *Veniat dilectus meus in hortum suum*. Now here it is



to be observed that "let him come," [in Spanish, *Venga*] was said twice; *veniat, veniat*, as if one should say *Venga* and *Revenge*, by which project the judicious preacher came off with the greatest credit, especially when he added, that at the first invitation in which the spouse said to him no more than *venga*, he shewed some unwillingness to comply; but when in the second he heard the word *Revenge*, *veniat veniat*, he could not help yielding to an instance of such powerful expression.

In like manner it seemed to our Friar Gerund that he also might extricate himself, reflecting that the name *Rebollo* appeared to be an iteration of the word *bollo* [a roll of bread]; and he held it next to impossible, but that he must find something of *bollo* in the Bible, in which case he would set his wits to work for the application of it. But he was struck with deadly disappointment when he found not a single roll or *bollo* to bite at from one end of the Bible to the other. Thinking now that at least something of *Repollo* [an hard cabbage] could not fail him in some one of the many gardens of which mention is made in the sacred books, he turned over the leaves again in vain; and, quite jaded and hopeless, alto-

gether abandoned the thought of bringing in his mother expressly by name; but he made a note of the text of *Beatus venter qui te portavit, et ubera que suxisti*, to apply as he should see occasion.

The plan of the salutation being thus disposed, for the body of the sermon he cared not a cummin-seed: since by making Christ in the Sacrament the Sun, or the Phenix, or an Eagle, or a Garden, or an Amethyst, or a Carbuncle, or a Lute, or an Harpsichord, or a Fountain, or a River, or a Lilly, or a Clove-july-flower, or a Sunflower, and afterwards by well filling the fosses with fascines of texts, authorities, glosses, various readings, sentences, apophthegms, allusions, and with some remarkable little fable or other, tho' it should be only by way of ornament, he was not at all doubtful of composing such a sermon as might be given to the press.

What he was a little undetermined in, was, whether or no he should follow the same style as he had used as well in the refectionary-sermon as the disciplinant-exhortation. It is certain that he was desperately enamoured of it; for, besides its great agreement with his first education, especially in the school of the Domine Zancas-largas;  
he

## FRIAR GERUND. 21

he found all these altisonant, sonorous, and extraneous phrases, canonized by the practice of his hero the predicador mayor, and always highly celebrated by the majority of the audience. Nevertheless he could not help being touched by the ridicule which he had heard the father Provincial and the master Prudentio throw upon that style ; but, above all, what made him hesitate most, was a paper which by strange accident fell into his hands, as the next chapter will relate.

### C H A P. II.

*Friar Gerund reads a paper concerning style, and is confounded.*

THERE had died lately in the convent a jubilated father preacher, a man of great consideration in the order, who had followed his profession with the greatest, and what is more, with the most deserved applause ; for besides being a man of strict piety, he was truly wise, eloquent, nervous, of mature judgment, good taste, and approved zeal. His spoils, (so it is usual in communities to call the effects left

by the deceased Religious) consisted almost intirely of his manuscript sermons, and some other papers and notes relating to predicatorial matters. And tho' there were many in the community very desirous of them, especially of the young people, who are wont to make a little harvest upon such occasions, yet the superior with great discretion adjudged them to Friar Gerund; in the first place, because he seemed to be more deserving, having eventually been a greater benefactor to the convent than any other who was at the beginning of his career; secondly and principally (for this was in reality the idea of the prudent superior) that by reading these sermons, and getting the taste of them, he might endeavour to imitate them; and if he would not, or could not do that, at least that he might preach these identical sermons, as by pursuing either of these measures he must improve his talents, and not say such absurdities in the pulpit.

At the very time that Gerund was battling with his doubts about what style he should adopt, the Superior came into his cell with the sermons and papers of the deceased father; he delivered them to him in a very friendly manner, strongly recommended



mended his perusal and imitation of them, and immediately retired, as some other business called him. Friar Gerund, with his natural curiosity and liveliness, directly fell to examining the titles of these papers and sermons, which were tied up in three bundles. He untied one of them, and the first thing which struck his eye was a piece of writing of a few leaves stitched together with this title ;

REMARKS *upon the faults of Style.*

He was surprised at this extraordinary casualty, began to read, and found that it said as follows.

“ First fault ; *the swollen Style* : it is called thus by analogy to that faulty disposition of a living body, when some part of it is occupied by a portion of hurtful phlegm, causing tumour or inflammation. This style consists, says Tully, in inventing new words, or using antiquated ones, or applying badly in one place those which might be applied well in another ; or in affecting more grave and majestic words than is required by the subject.

“ This fault is sometimes in the words alone, at others in the sentiment, and again at others in both together. Examples, in

words. Dionysius the Tyrant called girls, *Expeclanti viras*—the wishers for men; a column, *Menecratem* or *validi potentem*—the strong; and Alexander, brother to Casander king of Macedon, called the Cock, *Manicinem*—the morning musician; a Barber, *Drachma*—because a piece of money so called was usually paid for a cast of his office; and the cryer he called *Chœnix*—because the things proclaimed by him were sold by a measure of that name. Nothing can be more ridiculous:

“Examples, in the sentiment. Seneca in his tragedy of Hercules Oetæus introduces him asking a seat in heaven from his father Jupiter in these fastuous words,

---

*Quid tamen nectis moras?  
Nunquid timemur? nunquid impositum sibi  
Non poterit Atlas ferre cum cælo Herculem?*

Why dost thou still weave delays?  
What! are we fear'd! will Hercules's weight,  
Added to that of Heav'n, make Atlas shrink!

“It appears as if there could not be a more swollen thought; yet the following exceeds it:

*Da tuendos, Jupiter, saltem Deos;  
Illa licebit fulmen a parte auferas  
Ego quam tuebor.*

The Gods at least to my protection give;  
Thy thunder's useless where my arm defends.

“ There is an infinity of this style in the Spanish orators and poets.

“ Examples, in the words and sentiments together. The poet Nonnus makes the giant Tiphon say, *I will not stop till I ride astride upon my brother Heaven; but on arriving there, another heaven I'll build, eight times larger than the first, for that will not contain me. The stars likewise I will cause to marry, and will have the skies more populous. Mercury in the stocks I'll set, and appoint the Moon my chambermaid, that she may make the beds. When I shall please to wash, into my laver shall be poured the whole heavenly Eridanus, &c.* Every thought is madness, and every expression arrogance.

“ Second fault; *the Caco-zealous style*, or bad imitation of the words or thoughts of others, so that what in one appeared to be well-placed and to have grace in it, in the other is quite frigid and ridiculous. Examples: Parrhasius painted a picture of a boy with a basket of grapes, which were so highly finished and so natural, that the very birds came to peck them. The piece was greatly admired; but Parrhasius, either from true modesty, or to make a joke of

the little discernment of those who admired it, said that the picture could not have been worse, for that even had the grapes been real ones, if the boy who held them in the basket had been well painted, the birds would not have flown to them.

“ A pedantic rhetorician called Spiridion read this anecdote; and, having to praise another picture of the same artist, placed in the temple of Minerva, in which was represented the body of Prometheus continually preyed upon by vultures, and continually renewing, after having with many high flights extolled the horrible justness of the representation, said, for the last exaggeration, endeavouring to imitate that of the grapes, that *into the very temple the vultures flew to pounce upon their pictured prey*. The hearers laughed justly at such a ridiculous and frigid imitation; for vultures are not like bats or swallows, who may be acquainted with the inside of a temple, but know only what passes upon precipices and lofty mountains.

“ A celebrated orator began a funeral sermon upon Philip the Fourth with this emphatic expression! *What! and must Kings too die!* and then paused a little to give room for reflection in his auditors. This  
was



was greatly applauded as very natural and elevated. A few days after a certain preaching pronounced, or was to pronounce, a funeral oration upon the chanter of his church, and, willing to imitate what he had heard applauded, began in this manner, *What ! and must Chanter's too die !* Such was the bursts of laughter from all the audience, that the orator could proceed no farther, and what was designed as a funeral, turned out a very farcical function.

“ Third fault ; *the frigid style* ; which is in some degree like the Caco-zealous, or badly-imitative, but differs from it in that the frigid principally consists in new, strange, far-fetch'd, and, when they come to be examined, insipid thoughts. Such was that of the silly Sophist in his panegyric upon Alexander, when he said that the celebrated temple of Diana in Ephesus had been reduced to ashes, at the time that Olympias was in labour of this prince, because the goddess being occupied in assisting at his birth, could not advert to the extinguishing the fire which had seized upon her fane. A thought so frigid, says Plutarch, in mockery of him, as was alone sufficient to have quenched all the flames.

“ To



“ To this frigidity of style those preachers are much exposed, who give themselves up immoderately to allegorical sense in scripture. Such allegory, indeed, used with œconomy, good choice, and prudence, as the holy fathers used it, is agreeable, suitable, and profitable; but in practising it without measure or modesty, nothing is more frigid, nothing sooner cloy, or makes less impression. Who, for example, can bear that they should go about preaching perpetually such interpretations as these? *The Portico of Solomon is the conversation of Christ; the star Arcturus is the law; the Pleiades the grace of the New Testament; Candles, the counsels of the holy fathers; Cranes, the spiritual fathers; Zephyrs, the preachers of the Evangelical Law; the Partridge, the Devil; and troublesome Flies, the sophists and logicians.* I heartily wish them joy of such allegories, but wonder if those who are pestered with them are not surfeited.

“ Fourth fault; *the puerile style*: this consists in a sweetness without substance, in effeminate words and expressions, in puns, quibbles, equivoques, and playing upon words, in affected softnesses and tender allusions, in certain little pert, florid figures,

figures, in theatrical touches, and in short in every thing which has ought to do with cadences and rounding of periods.

“ In general this style is used only by childish understandings, or those who are possessed by the mad passion of love; for, being accustomed to read, in the poets, of courtings, and wooings, and amorous expressions, of corals, and rubies, and roses, and lillies, and bewitched with the idle conceits which flatter their passion, they think that there is nothing greater, nothing diviner. From this principle sprung those verses, composed by the Emperor Adrian, and addressed as some say, to his soul, or, as others will have it, to the youth Antinous, of whom he was desperately enamoured.

*Animula vagula blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos!*

“ Let us take a description in the same style literally copied from a sermon which goes about in print. *The Eagle, dropscally thirsting after light, would drink from the most propitious planet, the impetuous current of his fiery stream. She navigates the*  
*sea*

*sea of wind, supplied with trusty oars by the lightness of her wings. She never turns her eyes on earth, but keeps them ever fixed upon the flaming globe. If she leaves the sweetness of the vernal bower, she holds dominion in the azure fields; if the earth invites her by its verdure, the sun more strongly allures her by its influence benign. She carries pendent from her beak, or confined in the strait prison of her claws, her beautiful and tender offspring. She watches over him with anxious care, and solicitously observes the motion of his eyes; but if, intoxicated with light or by splendor blinded, he turns aside his head, or lets fall the skinny curtain o'er his little orbs with coward fear, she throws him down with wrath, she precipitates him with fury, and hurling him from the clouds, destines him a prey to cruellest voracities. But if smitten with love of that superior flambeau, impassioned by its brilliancy, enamoured of its splendour, he becomes the winged Clicie \* of its incessant course, and in his steady sight receives the fierce rushing of so many flames, with joyful gestures she expresses the intenseness of parental love on this proof of legitimate filiation, in the sympathetic*

\* Sun-flower. From Clytia the nymph turned into a sunflower by Apollo. A word used only by Spanish poets.

*affection to the glories of the sun.*—A puerile description, in which we meet not with a single manly and nervous thought; the whole being made up of little, common, trifling figures, vulgar metaphors, and absurd, quaint, and tautologous phrases. And when the author says that if the Eagle “*leaves the sweetness of the vernal bower,*” he must imagine, without doubt, that Eagles are wont to build their nests in gardens and copses like the Canary-bird and Nightingale; for if he had known that Eagles have their habitations on the most rude, desolate, and horrid spots in nature, he would not have been guilty of that absurdity of *her leaving the vernal bower*, but would have sought some more proper antithesis to accompany her to *her dominion in the azure fields*.

“Fifth fault; the *Parentbyrsian style*: that disordered, raving, furious manner of preaching is thus called, in which the preacher appears rather like a crazy fellow than an orator; all vociferation, all exclamation, all intolerable emphasis, all contorsion and convulsion, all magnificent and pompous figure to express the lowest and most ridiculous things. The epithet of *Parentbyrsian* is with great propriety given to this style,



style, in allusion to the *Thyrſus*, or knotty cudgel covered with leaves, used in the feasts of the Bacchanals, with which they who celebrated these feasts banged one another, as if they had been mad, for in truth there is nothing breaks the head of one's patience sooner than this style, or this manner of preaching.

“ There is no need to cite examples in order to know this style, for we have it very frequently before our eyes, especially in the lent-sermons, called sermons of mission, when preached by certain young unexperienced preachers, full of zeal and void of judgment. Their sermons generally consist only of things to make one start,— of impertinent interrogations and importunate exclamations; their *white bears* are lugged in too with such a roaring voice and such violent agitation of body, that after they have shewn them they are as much exhausted with fatigue as if they had been all day at hard digging; and whilst the good men retire one way much satisfied with their fervent labour, the audience go another laughing at their folly, or pitying their madness.

“ It is usual with such preachers, in the course of their sermon, to weep frequently; to be inflamed, to be irritated; to have it  
irk



irk them, to invoke heaven and earth the most importunately in the world; and the best of it is that when they speak the most common and frigid things, thinking they have moved their audience, they say with the greatest satisfaction, *But I see already that your bowels yearn even to bursting; I see your very hearts are breaking; I see that your tears flow down to the ground;* when at the same time they sit with perfectly dry eyes, a whole heart, and their bowels very safe and sound, unless indeed they may be bursting with laughter.

“ Sixth fault; *the Scholastic style*; which is incurred in various manners; either when the sermon appears rather a piece of disputation than an oration, from the arguments, from the proofs, from the confirmations, from the replies and the rejoinders; or when in the course of it, tho’ it may have otherwise an oratorical air, formal-syllogisms are frequently introduced with their major, minor, and consequence; or when controverted points of the schools are cited with excess and the affectation of wisdom, brought in with, *The Philosophers say; The Theologists inform us, &c.* This fault is committed commonly by three sorts of people; very young preachers, who are

yet, as we say, with the *Vade*\* in their girdle; very old preachers, grown grey in the universities, and those, both old and young, who, from their profession or institution, cannot shew away with their scholastic learning in the public theatres destined to that purpose, and therefore choose the pulpit wherein to make an idle ostentation of it.

“*Scholastic* likewise is applied to the style of those orators who are so superstitiously tied down to the laws and rules of Rhetoric, as that rather than fail in one of them, they would break every precept in the Decalogue. These people take great care to keep the door, which should be shut upon artifice, wide open, to shew their exordium, narration, proposition, confirmation, refutation, and peroration, and go measuring their figures as with a compass, and distributing and placing them upon their squares and partitions as exactly as they would the men upon a chess-board. Nothing is more insufferable or tiresome than a composition so cut out by rule and line, to the jurisdiction of which likewise must be submitted the tone of voice and action of

\* *Vade-mecum*, used by the Spaniards to signify a kind of pocket-book in which students write their exercises.

the hands. Demosthenes raillied such gentry pleasantly, when he said that he did not think the fortune of Greece depended upon the hand's being moved a little more or less this or that way. This is the style which by another name is called also the *Pedantic*.

“ Seventh fault ; *the poetical style*. Theophrastus says (and all agree with him) that it is highly necessary for the orator to exercise himself in the reading of the best poets; and Dionysius Halicarnassens even adds that an oration cannot be perfect, unless it be like a good poem.

“ Cicero and Quintilian likewise adopt this rule, and shew us how we are to understand it. Cicero says that the orator should learn to speak with number and measure, but not with that measure which makes verse, because that is vicious in an oration—*nam id quidem orationis est vitium*—but with that measure which gives full harmony to the ear, it being certain that what sounds well is numerous and harmonious. Hence a skilful judge of the matter hath said, that to write good prose, it was necessary to have a good ear.

“ Quintilian explains the affair more fully, and says that the orator should learn from



the poet elevation of sentiment, liveliness of expression, command of the passions, and propriety of character; but he must observe that he is not to pass this line, and that he is not to imitate the poet in arrogance and liberty of words, in licentiousness of figure, or constrained measure of feet—*Meminerimus tamen non per omnia poetas oratore esse sequendos; nec libertate verbarum, nec licentia figurarum, nec pedum necessitate.*

“ From the want of understanding this rule well, or from totally reversing it, have so many orators and historians fallen into the intolerable fault of the poetical style; taking from the poets—what they ought to avoid, and avoiding what they ought to take—of the sublimity of thought, the majesty of diction, and the divine fire with which to inflame the passions, absolutely nothing; but of their enthusiasm, of their florid and pompous phrases, of their violent figures, and of their measured feet, absolutely every thing, to the exception only of their rhimes.

“ Who could have the patience to hear a sacred orator, from the grave majesty of the pulpit, describe a lion in this manner? *Behold this crowned monster of the woods, the reigning*

*reigning terror of the plains ; see how he erects his angry mane, how he sharpens of his claws the piercing steel, how he furiously assaults, how he terrifying roars ! Da pedes et fient carmina*—feet only are wanting to make it verse ; but indeed feet are scarcely wanting.

“ Ammianus, Enodius, and Sidonius Apollinaris, were those who introduced this pest, and infected with it the four quarters of the world. Ammianus to say how a cruel war had wasted a whole city, expresses himself in these poetical phrases. *Soon as Aurora left her bed, and could by the light she brought descry all things glittering with coruscant arms, and the steel-clad cavalry occupy the streets and fields ; Bellona raging thro’ the eternal city, inspired her flames to every breast, and from small beginnings brought on such dire slaughter, as would to God had been obliterated by silence or oblivion !*

“ There is no necessity for more examples of the poetical style ; for nothing scarcely abounds more in books where it ought not, nor is scarcely any thing else heard in the pulpit with as much grief of the truly pious, as laughter of the truly critical and judicious.



“ Eighth fault ; *the metaphorical and allegorical style*, has much affinity with the poetical in the tumour of phrase, but differs from it in that it avoids the use of the proper and natural terms which have been invented for the simple signification of things, and studiously seeks those which express them only by some likeness or analogy. It is not to be denied but that Metaphor and Allegory, used with an æconomical propriety, give much beauty to style, and enoble and elevate it ; but who could bear a whole oration or intire book written in this style ? The Gothic taste only, which warred against all the arts and sciences, could find any grace in such frigidity ; and those alone who call his divine eloquence “ *The Iron of Cicero* ” could take such disgusting dross for gold.

“ Can any thing be more ridiculous than the allegory with which Enodius praises the description which his friend had made of the Sea ? *When you endeavour to describe in placid speech the inconstancy and restlessness of the liquid element, when like a skilful pilot you steer the little vessel of your words between the rocks of oratory, and with a master-hand poise the weight of your expressions, you de-*  
scribe,

*scribe, to my eyes, not, as you proposed, the sea of waters, but the Sea of Eloquence.*

“ This piece of insipidity can be rivalled only by the letter which a student wrote to his father, to let him see what a progress he had made in rhetoric, and, above all, how well he could pursue an allegory. It was as follows :

*Honoured Source and Sir,*

*As the little rivulet of my life which is now meandering thro’ the spacious plains of Villagarcia, was derived from you as its never-failing spring, I think myself obliged to acquaint you that the thread of its stream runs at present very thin; for the rays of the sun at Shrovetide drew up so many vapours, that they have scarce left sufficient moisture for the herbs. Therefore, Sir, if you would not have the little rivulet quite dried up, be pleased to supply it with a flush, either by the conduits of lincloth [wallets] or pipes of pitched leather, [borrachas] as shall seem most meet. I hope my lady Illuminatress (his mother, who brought him into the light) is brilliant; her smallest torch is all obedience to her rays. I kiss your hands with great affection, and am*

*Your dutiful male Phœnix,*

*(he was the only son, with two daughters)*

*The Forerunner without Gall.*

*(His name was John Dove.)*

“ Are there shoulders in the world which could sustain a book or sermon in this style? Would not even those of Atlas, which could sustain the heavens, sink under a thing so heavy?”

Thus far the paper of Remarks that Friar Gerund met with, which he read *de verbo ad verbum*, without losing a syllable or comma; and scarce had he finished it, when, suspended in his mind, he shut his eyes, fixed his right elbow on the arm of the chair, and leaned his head upon his hand, holding in his left the paper he had read; he remained a good while in this posture very thoughtful, but at last, jumping impetuously from his seat, he takes the paper between his hands, tears it, gnashing his teeth the while, into a thousand pieces, throws it with indignation out of the window, and, taking two turns across the room, accompanied with six stamps on the floor, exclaimed, “ The Devil take thee for a rascally paper, and the impertinent coxcomb too who wrote thee, for thou hast turned my brain! It is impossible but that he must have been one of the most tiresome, vexatious, ill-humoured wretches ever born of a woman. What! for a man to speak as God shall help him, is there need  
of



of so many ceremonies! And if all the styles here mentioned are faulty—as this bevinegared mortal of an author has taken it into his head—where shall we find one that is not a poor Sinner! The magnificent he calls the *Swoln*; the polished the *badly-imitative*, or *caco*—I know not what; the figurative the *frigid*; the tender, florid, and delicious, the *puerile*; the vehement the *parenthyrsian*, or *paren-devil-an*; the exact, the *scholastic*; the sonorous the *poetical*; and the allusive, the *metaphorical* and *allegorical*! In what style, then, are we to speak and write! Let him go (stamping his foot here vehemently) let him go with four hundred thousand tons of devils to eternal dam—— (and he left it so, for he was somewhat scrupulous) I will write, and I will speak in what style I please; and since that which I have used hitherto, has gained me so great applause, I will adhere to that, and not to what this discontented, evil-spoken, brute of a remarker says.”

In truth he quickly disposed his sermon, without departing a tittle from his extravagant style, or divesting himself of his beloved slovenly phrases. In order to fertilize his imagination with them, he read a couple of Sermons in his rich treasure, the

Sacred

Sacred Florilegium ; and, for his still greater improvement, run over again a certain printed sermon of another author, which had been lent him to read, and with which he was so much pleased, that he never rested till the owner had made a formal deed of gift of it to him *inter vivos*, setting over to the said Gerund Zotes all his right, title, property, and claim therein.

This Sermon was intituled, *The Amorous Triumph, Sacred Hymeneals, Festive Epithalamium, and Mirific Espousal, celebrated by her Profession, between the Eucharistical Lamb and the Sister—Composed by the Reverend Father Friar -----*. The title of the piece alone enchanted him, and ravished all his senses and his powers. He observed that the dedication and the approbations, occupied as much space as the whole sermon, and this assuredly gave him a great idea of the merit of the work, since to the words of which it consisted, there was a correspondent number in praise of him who wrote them. He began to read it, and instantly found that he had not been deceived in his opinion, for he was almost in an ecstasy of admiration at the very first clauses of the Salutation, which were, neither more or less, as follows :



*“ Either there is Love in weddings, or I know not what Love is ! What an invention ! what a sacred Enigma ! Cupid, divine, delightful, the Sun of amorous justice, the labyrinth of light, hides himself under a mysterious mask.”* It is certain that the style did not appear to him so elevated as that of the Florilegium ; for in reality the words were all common, and such as plain Christians might use. But what did that signify ? This surprising start at the outset, *either there is Love in weddings, or I know not what Love is*, appeared to our Sabatine so precious, that he thought there was not gold enough in the world to pay it ; at least he would have given some, that such another thing should offer itself to him for the outset of his own sermon.

Indeed the beginning, *Either there is Love in weddings, or I know not what Love is*, did not fail to strike him as rather bordering upon more wantonness than was necessary in a religious : and that perhaps some buffoon in the audience might have said within himself when he heard it, “ O the cuckoldly whore’s-bird of a friar ! How he neighs and kicks ! To be sure the church of God would lose much if his paternity should not know what weddings or Love is !

is! I rather believe it would not gain greatly, if his Reverence knew much of the matter!" I say that all this passed the thoughts of our Friar Gerund, but he despised it all with a noble liberality of mind, for two very important reasons; first, because, if preachers were to make account of what buffoons and rascals say, the office might go and be hanged, since there was scarce any words but what might be twisted and played upon; secondly, because, if this sort was not improper in a preacher of a much more austere profession than his own, with the additional circumstance of hoary locks and a weight of years and employments in his order, it would be much less improper in him for the contrary reasons.

Having so happily got rid of this trifling objection, and persuaded himself that it was not possible to open a sermon with a more airy clause, he began battling in his imagination with a multitude of things like it which thronged upon him, without knowing which he should prefer, as each seemed the best. He afterwards assured a confidential friend, by whose deposition we came to the knowledge of it—Since without something of this kind, or without his  
having

having left it noted somewhere, how was it possible we should know what passed in his thoughts?—he assured his friend, I say again, that amongst the sentences like the first of *The festive Epithalamium* that offered in crowds to his mind, those which gave him most perplexity, because they pleased him most, were the following :

*Either the Sacrament is in Campazas, or there is no Faith in the Church :* This appeared to him a miraculous invention to cause immediately an ecstatic suspension. *Either Jesus Christ is yonder, or I know not where I am :* This beginning he thought likewise was full of exquisite novelty. *Either that is the body of Christ, or there is no Jack on the Cards :* This too pleased him mightily, as, besides being the most popular of all, the comparing the existence of Christ in the Sacrament with the Jack on the Cards, he figured to himself, was an effort of genius never before heard or seen. In this imagination he undoubtedly was right, and, had not the sentence been an heretical blasphemy, to speak ingenuously we must say that it was a very singular thought. *Either that is not Bread nor Wine, or I am drunk :* This clause would have been the most approved of all, if it had not been  
for



for the word *Drunk*, which he thought too plain ; and though *inebriated* and *intoxicated* offered themselves to him, yet he was of opinion, that if the word *Drunk* was taken away, the whole spirit of the sentence would be lost.

In short, all things having been well considered, he determined to begin his sermon with the first clause, *Either the Sacrament is in Campazas, or there is no Faith in the Church*. For making this judicious determination, he had good and legitimate reasons, since besides its being beyond dispute the most suspensive and the most emphatical of all, it was likewise the most true of all, it being certain that if the Sacrament was not in Campazas, supposing always the consecration to have taken place, it could not be in the church of St. Peter at Rome, nor in any other in all Christendom, and consequently away would fly helter-skelter all the articles of the good Catholic Faith. Besides which, this clause came in like a pearl with regard to the subject which he had now resolved to take, namely, *That Campezas was the native country of the Sacrament of the Eucharist*--- a point which, according to his way of thinking, there would be no difficulty to  
prove.

prove. For, supposing the opinion to be true, as he did, (and in reality it is the most probable one) that the true and legitimate name of Campazas in its primitive institution had been *Campazos*, that is *Campos espaciosos*, or wide-extended fields, and consequently that the parish of Campazas was as we may say the head, trunk, spring, foundation, or parochiarch of the fugiferous province of Campos, to which it gave this suitable and glorious name---this being supposed, our Friar Gerund reasoned, with as much solidity as subtilty, in this manner. “The remote matter of the Sacrament of the Eucharist is wheat; the country of wheat is Campos, the mansion-house of Campos is Campazas; therefore Campazas is the original family-estate, mansion, and country of the most holy Sacrament.

So far as to what relates to the matter of the Sacrament with respect to the bread; let us now consider it with respect to the wine. *Sic argumentor*; wine is the remote matter of the Eucharist; wine grows in vineyards; vineyards in fields; fields in Campazas; *ergo* &c. With regard to ornament, I have abundant materials supplied me by Scripture, by Expositors; by  
profane



profane authors, and, if I should determine to take a fable, by the mythologists. Whatever is said of fields, or any thing belonging to them, especially wheat, vineyards, and wine, comes pat to my purpose. There are above an hundred texts of Scripture which speak of Fields; and only by reading Gislerius's Exposition on any chapter of the Canticles, I shall meet with a cart-load of authorities to fill the sermon with Latin, all relating to wheat, vineyards, and wine, and to crowd the margin with so many quotations that it will hardly hold them, so that by only seeing it thus charged, they may think me one of the most deep-read and wise men that was ever born of a woman. As to profane authors, there is need only to open the Georgics of Virgil, or some of his Eclogues, for in them I shall find verses by the bushel, and all much to the purpose, with which I should be able to astonish even my own preceptor the Domine Zancas-largas. And, in short, if I have a mind to sweeten the discourse with a little of the florid erudition of fable, which, however, I have not yet resolved upon, there are the prodigies they tell us of Ceres, Bacchus, Flora, Pomona; and for a desert, to finish with, the whole Cornu-

copia

copia of the divine Amalthea, since all these Deities are of the jurisdiction and lieutenancy of the province of Campos, and will afford me matter not only to vye with the luscious sweetness of my great friend the predicador mayor, but even almost to stand in competition with the sovereign author of the wondrous Florilegium."

In the very same manner, neither more nor less, than as he had sketched it out in his mind, did our Friar Gerund compose his sermon; and after having well conned it, the day of exhibiting it approaching, he mounted an old, lazy, one-eyed mule, used to go in the mill, which his father had sent for him, and set out for Campazas, where happened what the next chapter will relate.

## C H A P. III.

*Friar Gerund preaches at Campazas, and  
astonishes the People.*

**T**HE information that Friar Gerund was coming to preach the Sacrament-sermon at the famous feast of Campazas had been already circulated throughout all that neighbourhood, owing as well to the majordomo Anthony Zotes' having invited all his friends in the country round about, which were not a few, either of farmers or clergy; as to Friar Gerund himself's not having been negligent in dropping the mention of it amongst his numerous acquaintance and admirers;---a temptation so common and so strong in all young preachers, that it sometimes spreads even to the most adult and advanced in years, and which some evil-minded persons attribute to vanity and an overweening self-opinion, but in my poor judgment it is no more than a little levity mixed up with a good dose of folly.

Besides

Besides this, the feast of Campazas was so celebrated in all that country, for the steers, and for the Sacramental Act, that if there had been no invitations given, and if the preacher had been the greatest *Zote* in the world, there always resorted to it an innumerable multitude of people, not only depopulating the adjacent places, but there were generally to be seen at it likewise many of the idle and gadding gentry of Leon from Baneza and Astorga. But with the addition, this year, of the fame of the preacher and the invitations of Anthony Zotes, all the authors, of whom we have availed ourselves to collect the punctual informations which compose the body of this true history agree, that the concourse to it was most extraordinary.

The demonstrations of joy and tenderness with which our Friar Gerund was received by his father, the uncle Anthony, his mother the good Catanla, and his godfather the licentiate Quixano, are rather to be considered in chaste silence, than expressed by the pen; which, even had it been the feather of an hawk, a vulture, or an eagle, could not have reached such lofty flights, and how much less can ours,—not able to follow the motion of the slowest ostrich!



Suffice it to say, that scarce did he alight from *Barebones* (so the mule was called by the hind who used to drive him in the mill) when the aunt Catanla gave him many tender embraces, and as many maternal kisses, copiously bedewing him with affectionate defluxions, thick and thin. Both of which tho' he wiped off, yet other streams from similar sources failed not to succeed; for as this was the first time he had shewed himself in his own town since he had been a friar, not only all the aunts came running to see and embrace him, some with the licence of old age, and others with that of affinity, but there scarcely remained two women in all Campazas who did not the same; and these two singular ones, there is a report, refrained, one, because she was sick in bed with a diarrhea and tenesmus, and the other, because, two days before, an hen had flown from her yard into that of my aunt Catanla, and had not been seen since, upon which account she was enraged like a fury against the good creature of a Rebollo, who *pertested* she knew nothing of it, and it was even said that the loser of the bird had a good mind to go to Leon, to take out a *descommunication* against the concealer of it. Except these



these two, all the men and women, old and young, flocked to my uncle Anthony's to see the little *Fliar* ; and congratulate his parents upon the happiness of having in their house again their beloved son, now so much improved. It appears from authentic papers and documents, that, in that evening, there were consumed, in entertaining these congratulators, twelve gallons of wine, eight cheeses, and sixteen loaves and an half ; whence the prudent and discreet reader will infer that the guests were many, and that the whole town had a great love for my uncle Anthony and his sweet spouse.

Three days were wanting to that of the function, during which those particularly invited guests, who were warm friends to the house of Zotes, were continually coming in. Twenty beds were prepared for them ; four, for those of the greatest authority and importance, in the chambers of the house, and the others were accommodated in a granary \* which had been

\* A large upper room in the house, (and not an out-house as it generally is with us) in which the corn, meal, and bread are laid up, and which takes its name from the last article, being called *Panera*.

emptied and swept for this purpose, the walls being hung with horse and mule-cloths, some their own, and others borrowed from their neighbours, with which the apartment appeared, in the judgment of the greatest part of the inhabitants of the place so gorgeously fitted up, that it was worthy to receive a bishop.

The first who arrived was a first cousin of Anthony Zotes, and consequently (according to the custom of Spain) second uncle to our Friar Gerund, who had been a collegial-mayor\*, and was at present Magistral† of the holy church of Leon; a wise, acute, discreet, and much-read man, a great theologist, and celebrated preacher, in short, of such extraordinary qualifications, that he had been recommended in the royal council, in the third place, for a bishoprick. He brought with him a companion, a canon of his own church, one of those who are called Canons of the wide

\* One who has an appointment in one of the greater colleges; so called, because in order to be admitted in them, great proofs must be made of purity and gentility of blood, &c.

† Enjoying a particular prebend in the cathedral churches, called *Magistral*, because no one can attain to this dignity, but who has been a *Master* in Divinity in one of the approved universities.

collar, or of the sword and cloak \*, a young man in the flower of his age, being not past five and twenty; very sprightly and chearful, a more than decent poet, and a ready wit, saying things that would always strike, but never draw blood, which is very difficult, and for that reason very rare in those who have this faculty; and these endowments had endeared him much to the Signior Magistral.

In about two hours afterwards alighted a farmer, a kinsman likewise of the uncle Anthony, who lived at a place four leagues distant from Campazas; he was a familiar of the holy office, and, tho' a man of rustic expression, he had good natural sense, and could discourse judiciously on matters proportioned to his capacity. On the way he had joined a Donado † of a certain community, who having been three times married, and five years a widower, and being, at length, tired of the world, had entered on the service of a convent, where he aspired to the degree of lay-brother; but they

\* A secular canon, who is not confined to the religious habit, and may dress as he pleases.

† A Donado is one of the inferior servants in a convent, not yet become a lay-brother, and wearing no habit. The word implies, *given*, that is, given up to the service of the servants of God.

would not give him the habit, because, though he was very strong and serviceable, he was insufferably clownish, and prating into the bargain, and more than middlingly given to drink, not so as to deprive himself *in totum*, yet so as to become very happy, pot-valiant, and flustered, and then away he would run like a hog upon a rope on all subjects and matters of whatever kind; for he knew how to read, and had read the History of the Twelve Peers of France, Gusman de Alfarache, the Picara Justina, and the songs which the blind men sing at the markets, delighting above all in reading the Gazettes, though the devil a word did he understand of them. Upon the whole, the Donado was a diverting fellow, and a fool for a king.

Our Friar Gerund was much pleased to find himself in the company of all these guests, and particularly in that of his uncle the Magistral, who, as an intelligent man, and one of the faculty, he thought would do justice to his sermon, with which he was so satisfied that he persuaded himself with all the candour in the world, that he could not in all his life have read or heard any thing like it; and already took it for granted, that in hearing him he would be-

come



come so enamoured of his talents, as, when he should be made a bishop, to take him with him and make him his confessor; neither did he think it impossible but that in time his uncle the bishop, for such he already considered him, might procure something for him, even tho' it should be no more than a little bishopric in the Indies. All these things passed in his imagination, flattering him infinitely, and filling him with inexplicable joy.

But who shall worthily declare in words that joy which took possession of his heart when against all hope, and without so much as such a thing's even having offered itself to his thoughts, he saw dismounting in the court-yard no less than his intimate and beloved Predicador Mayor! He was accompanied by a Religious of another community, whom Gerund did not know, but who had all the appearance of being a very reverend man, for he wore spectacles set in a silver frame, a filken scull-cap, a delicate fine beaver with a nice band, from the ends of which hung a couple of smart tassels, an umbrella, a cane with a China head, and was mounted upon a sprightly mule, with ample furniture of black cloth well be tufted and befringed, and attended  
by



by a spark of a lacquey well appointed, and with all the bravery of the young gallants and petit-maitres of the order—white shoes and stockings, buff-leather breeches, a large scarlet silk sash round his waist, a white cotton waistcoat, a jacket of fine Segovia cloth of an ash-colour, a little green net on his head, from which depended a rose-coloured tassel below the nape of his neck, a hat with a flame-colour band, with its large rose or knot stuck to the hinder part of the flap, which was turned up against the crown, and the rest of it horizontal. All this Friar Gerund observed very accurately, and it made him imagine that this religious was at least a Professor of the university of Salamanca or of Alcalá, if he might not be even some Father Definitor or Presentado.

He was not much out, for he was at least Vicar \* to a nunnery in the neighbourhood of Jacarilla; and before this had the care of a large farm belonging to it, in the administration of which he had not lost any thing; for he himself would confess, when occasion offered, that it had not been worth to him more than was sufficient to help

\* One appointed by his Superior to direct and assist the Nuns in the management of their estates, &c.

forward in the world three or four poor relations, to serve two friends, and to provide for his own religious necessities, even tho' his life should be longer than the common run. However, when Friar Gerund saw his dear friend Friar Blas, he had like to have lost his senses from the violence of the joy; and after having paid the first compliments to the reverend Father Vicar, as civility required, he gave a thousand embraces to Friar Blas, and was informed by him, that, having heard at Jacarilla of his being appointed to the Sacrament-Sermon in his own town, he was determined not to return to the convent till he had heard him preach, with this pleasure gaining likewise that of seeing the feast of Campazas, and passing three or four days in his company free of all restraint, and at distance from the malicious prying, and impertinent censures of the Friars.

He told him that in order to procure the leave of the Superior, and that neither he nor the friars might have any reasonable objection to his so long absence from the convent, he had written a letter full of lies, acquainting them that a certain rich widow, without children or heirs in taille, had fallen dangerously ill; that she had

urged

urged him with the most pressing instances to receive her confession, and stay with her till she should deliver up her soul to God ; giving him to understand that neither he nor his community should be losers by his compliance, since she had the power of disposing freely of her worldly goods, as she should be inspired by the Lord ; that, notwithstanding, he had resisted her solicitations, because the disorder seemed to promise to be of long continuance, though the Barber \* of the town (a very intelligent man) says that without a miracle she cannot recover from it ; that the widow herself had obliged him to write to his Reverence in hopes that the Christian charity of his paternity would not refuse her this comfort in her last hours, and that therefore he did it, waiting with the utmost indifference for his determination, for that all his pleasure consisted in obeying him ; though if he were to consult his own inclination it would be to return to the convent ; for that, besides the irksomeness and trouble of being continually with a sick person, passing bad days and worse nights, he had always thought it wrong that Friars should be

\* Barbers are always Surgeons likewise, and, consequently, Doctors.

long out of the sound of their own church-bell; to which was added, that as he was the Predicador Mayor of the house, it was not reasonable that others should be troubled with the sermons which *ex officio* belonged to him.

“ This, friend Gerund, (said the Predicador) was the letter I tipped the old one, which, though I say it, was not woven of the worst thread. You well know the weakness of the good man and the strength of the temptation. In short, the honest soul swallowed the hook, gave me an answer without loss of time, greatly praising my zeal, my obedience, and my piety, and commanded me in virtue of holy obedience, and in remission of my sins, to remain with the sick widow till the danger she was in should terminate in life or death, even though her illness should continue for a twelve-month; he charged me to endeavour to encourage her devotion to the order; and that I should not fail to exaggerate the particular necessity in which the convent was, but he recommended this to be done with prudence and when a good opportunity should offer; he then concluded with saying, that as to the sermons I need not be under any concern, since he was the

ultimate



ultimate appointer of them, besides, that having thee in the convent there wanted no other, and that though thou wert somewhat green, which was but to be expected from thy years, yet thou hadst great readiness and ability.

“ In truth, (said Friar Gerund) it was the stroke of a master: and pray, how long is the widow’s illness to last ?” “ As long as all the feasts in this part of the country last, (replied Friar Blas) for I do not intend to lose one of them.” “ And what the deuce will you say afterwards, when no inheritance appears, nor any thing in the shape of one ?” “ What a monkey thou art ! Is there any difficulty in that ? Needs there more than to say, that having signed and sealed her last will and testament, in which she had left the convent her sole heir, after some legacies of trifling value to her poor relations, and having received extreme unction, she made a vow\*, and recovered her health miraculously ?” “ But if it should be found out that there never was any sick person, or any widow o’ my sins, and that it was all a cheat of your worship’s, in order to throw a pretext

\* To God and his Saints for the performance of some act of piety upon the sparing of her life, such as to visit some sanctuary, &c.

of piety over your truanting vagaries?"

"Peace, simpleton! As there is no other correspondence between Jacarilla and the convent but what I have, how should it be found out? Besides, if by any strange accident it should come to be found out, *quid inde?* They will say it is one of those little tricks which are often practised. Look ye, Gerry, do servant-wenchcs ever go out without a pretext of devotion?—You understand me, and I say no more: but as the superiors know and have practised all these things, they only put on an appearance of zeal for observances, and whilst they do not commend the conduct, content themselves with telling us proverbially, The leg \* in the bed, the maid with her distaff, and the Friar in his cell."

"But now we talk of a Friar, who is this Reverendissimo that came with you, for he seems to be a person of consequence?"

"And he is what he seems to be; for tho' he is but vicar of a nunnery, and was before bailiff of an estate, yet he went thro' his courses of study with great honour; and disgusted at a degree's being conferred upon one of his fellow students, merely through

\* i. e. The leg which has any thing ailing it; meaning that the bed is the properest place for it.

the interest of his powerful friends, he took to this way, of which he has had no cause to repent, for though it appears to be not so honourable, it is without doubt much more profitable. He made a good bag of doubloons by his management of the estate, and afterwards solicited this vicarage, which he obtained without any difficulty. The good sisters feast him like a king, and he leads the life of a pontiff. He has been much my friend ever since he accidentally heard me preach at Cevico de la Torre; he came to hear my sermon of St. Orosia, and took me home with him to his vicarage-house, where he kept me a week, entertaining me like a patriarch. A more delightful time I never expect to pass in all the days of my life. In short, as I was resolved to come and hear thee, upon the strength of our friendship, and the confidence I have in thy good father and mother, I invited the father vicar to come along with me, extolling to him the feast of Campazas, telling him a thousand things of thee, and assuring him that he should be well received."

"And how can he be well received enough! (cried Friar Gerund) the favour is done to us; and I acknowledge this as a new one to the many which you have the art of  
dex-

dextrously conferring. I am already in love with the good qualities of the father vicar, and shall by this means make an acquaintance with him, and open a way readily to go and pass a few days when occasion offers in his agreeable company."

With this they entered the parlour where the father vicar already was in company with the magistral, the rest of the guests; and Anthony Zotes and my aunt Cantanla, who both received him with great civility, which encreased, however, when their son and Friar Blas informed them in secret who he was. Finally came dropping in one after another, all those who had, and some who had not, been invited; and in the two days which were yet wanting to that of the feast, it does not appear that any thing happened worthy being related, for almost all the authors pass them over in silence. One of them only makes a slight remark, that Friar Gerund, after paying his compliments to all who arrived, retired to conn his sermon, sometimes to the garret, and at others to the fields, and, as in the latter, he was frequently interrupted by the multitude of people who were coming from all the neighbourhood, he found it necessary at length to shut himself up,



for the greater secrecy in the cellar. The same author gives it likewise to be understood in general terms, that in these two days many precious bouts happened with the Donado, whose humour Don Bartholemew (so the young canon was called) directly entered into, and pretending to admire him, and upholding him in all his follies with much grace and no less wag-gery, he encouraged his simplicity to that degree, that some extraordinarily high-seasoned morsels were served up. But as this author does not specify them, and as we, on the article of truth, are so scrupulous, though we can guess at what they might be, we do not presume to relate them; because it is an unpardonable un-faithfulness in an historian to palm upon the reader his guesses for certain information.

The long wished-for day of the feast and hour of the function being arrived, in form came to fetch the preacher from his dwelling, Anthony Zotes, as majordomo of the year, and an uncle of his who had been that of the preceding year, both with their wands of office all so beautified with whitening and red ochre, that they were gorgeous to behold, the two alcaldes and the  
two

two regidors of the town, with their notary and their constable in the rear, in places corresponding to the dignity of each, with the addition of a large voluntary train of neighbouring parochial clergy and some smell-feast friars of different communities, who happened to be in those parts, and would by no means lose the comedy and the steers. First of all went the tabor and pipe and the dancers, eight of the smartest and most agile youths of Campazas, all with the crowns of their heads shaven close and the rest of their hair hanging long; short, loose, Valencian coats of painted linen, parti-coloured sashes, a band of taffety fastened at each end to either shoulder, and laying against the upper part of the back in the shape of a crescent, a silk handkerchief round their necks, twisted and braided before as fine as an horse's tail, and the two hinder corners pinned down in a point within the crescent below the nape of the neck; half-shirts, or shams, of coarse linen, more starched than ironed, and so stiff that they would have stood alone, breeches of the same stuff as their short coats; in the girdle on the right side, a handkerchief of finest linen hanging gracefully; the knees of their breeches very

full and wide, and adorned with strings of little bells; women's stockings all scarlet, white shoes with knots of black silk thread; and in the left side of the girdle none of them failed to have their dancing-stick \* in the same place and position as the mule-drivers carry their weapon.

Already were Friar Blas and Friar Gerund at the door of the house, awaiting their accompaniment, for it seemed indispensable to the Predicador, in friendship and in brotherhood, to attend upon Friar Gerund, and he not only gave him the right hand all that day, but humbly waited upon him till he left him in the pulpit, and would even have sat upon the stairs of it if he had not been prevented by Anthony Zotes, who obliged him to take a seat upon the bench of the fraternity, between himself and the past majordomo.

And now issued from the house our Friar Gerund, handsome as the morning, cheerful as light, resplendent as the sun. He had smuggled himself up, it is evident, with the utmost prolixity. The barber had been strictly charged to exert the last

\* Sticks about the size and length of drumsticks, which are struck together periodically by the dancers, and make a clattering to measured time.

efforts of his skill, since it was to be worth him no less than a double real of silver \* ; and in truth he had touched him with a master-hand, rendering him so bright, that he seemed to have been burnished. Above all, in his circle of hair, he had displayed the nicest art ; the plain within appeared no other than an oval piece of fine Genoa paper polished by the smoothing tooth, its border like a glossy black silk fringe, cut with the most exquisite exactness, without so much as a single hair starting forth to discompose the line ; the fore-top elevated about two fingers and an half with marvellous proportion in front of the circumference of jet, and from its hinder extremity to the neck, the whole field of the occiput was wittingly less closely shaved than the ivory summit, that blackening a little, it might serve as a foil to set off the more laboured parts. He had that day hanseled a new habit which his good mother had prepared him, and a sister of his, now a marriageable girl, had taken such indefatigable pains, and used so much skill in the doubling, folding, plaiting, pressing, &c. that both that and his scapulary made a most enchanting appearance, and such as

\* About a shilling.



even almost dazzled the sight. He had put on it, is well known, a very neat and exactly-fitting shoe, made with all the possible magnificence allowable to a religious, and, above all things, particular orders had been given, that the stitches should be equal and very small, and that the thread should not be much waxed, that the white of them might be more conspicuous. The night before, the father vicar had made him a present of a couple of silk-scut-caps, of those which were fabricated by his nuns with exquisite art, in the centre of which was a very spruce tassel of due elevation : and Friar Gerund handled one of them that day, as well to shew how much he esteemed the present, as because it was an ornament as necessary as precious to the bravery of his pontificalibus. He did not forget, nor was it possible he should forget, to put in one sleeve a large silk handkerchief, of those called changeable, or shot with two colours, the one a rose—and the other a pearl colour, and in the other sleeve he put another handkerchief of very fine cambric with its four little tassels of white silk at the four corners ; perfectly assured that whichever of the handkerchiefs he should have forgotten, it would

would have been sufficient to make the sermon not appear half so good as in reality it was.

He doubted for some time if he should not wear spectacles, a thing which appeared to him to give infinite authority to a preacher, and add great weight and marvellous efficacy to what he said; this thought kept him so restless the preceding night (in which it was impossible for him to close his eyes) that not being able to get rid of it, he awaked his friend Friar Blas, who slept in the same room, to consult him upon his doubt. But Friar Blas, who happened this time to have more judgment than usual, laughed heartily at the proposition, telling him that spectacles in a young man, even if he had occasion for them, which rarely happened, was the most ridiculous thing in the world, and that men of sober judgment as well as wicked wags, would ridicule the affectation: that few men of those who were truly wise and much given to study, made use of them, unless when they really wanted them, which was to read or write; “and therefore, friend Gerund, let alone the spectacles and let me go to sleep.”

Gerund took the advice, thought no more about them, and set out from the house towards the church with the pompous train, as we were saying. He drew after him the eyes of all who looked upon him; for he went with his body upright, his head bridling, his pace solemn, his eyes sweet and smiling, giving himself stately and affected airs, making certain majestic and moderate inclinations of the head to one side, and the other in return to the salutations with hats or caps, and not neglecting to take out from time to time, now the white handkerchief, to wipe off the sweat which he did not emit, and then the coloured one to blow his nose, which was full of — air. As soon as he entered the church, he made his private ejaculation and went into the vestry, when directly began the mass, sung by the licentiate Quixano, to whom ministered as deacon and sub-deacon two of the neighbouring parochial clergy.

His choir consisted of three Parish-clerks, likewise of the neighbourhood, for the Clerk of Campazas served the incensory within the altar, and took care of the book-stand, which clerks, on the article of the Gregorian tune, gave law to all that country;

try; a base was furnished by a carter of the parish, who had a voice fit for a head-chanter, and a treble by a boy of twelve years old, who had been castrated in order to be qualified for the band of St. Jago in Valladolid. There was no organ; but its absence was supplied, with great advantage, by two Gallician bagpipes, which the majordomo had sent for on purpose from Maragateria; and they were played by two jolly Maragaterians, so dextrous in the art, that they were called to all the famous feasts in their own country, whence their fame extended even as far as the desert, though it is more than eight leagues if it is a yard: and Anthony Zotes, to whom this information came by the luckiest chance in the world, happening accidentally to hear a servant of the Maragaterian Andrew Crespo speak of them at Puente Vizana as he was loading his mules, sent instantly in all haste for these famous bagpipe-players, offering them twenty reals apiece, conveyance out and home, and victuals and drink. And as this was the first time that such an invention had been seen in that country, it is not to be conceived how much they were all struck with the novelty; and more particularly when they  
heard



heard with their own very ears that the two musicians in the large breeches followed the Gregorian tune, both in the *Credo* and the *Gloria*, with such exactness and punctuality as was delightful to hear. The good taste of Anthony Zotes was infinitely celebrated; and there is a tradition from father to son, that from that time the use of Gallician bagpipes was established in the desert in all masses with incense, and that hence sprung the custom of calling them in some places *Zotes's Organ*; an etymology, which, according to our way of thinking, is not destitute of great probability.

At last came the blessed hour and minute of mounting the pulpit, so ardently longed-for by our Friar Gerund. We shall leave the pious and discreet reader to figure to himself at leisure with what courage and disembarassment he came out of the vestry, preceded by four of the fraternity with their ends of tapers in their hands, for the largest of them did not amount to the third part of a pound of wax; by the major-domos, past and present, with the ensigns of their wands, by four priests in their surplices, and by his friend Friar Blas, who, as we have said, thought it incumbent on him to attend him that day most respectfully

fully till he left him in the pulpit; with what majesty he ascended the steps of the altar \*, on the number of which authors are divided, for some say they were ten, others twelve, and there is not wanting one who goes so far as to assert that they were fourteen; however, all agree that there are many belfries which have not so many; with what authority he received the benediction of his godfather the licentiate Quixano, who, it is publicly reported, was rather than not tenderly moved at the time of giving it; with what easy gravity he marched towards the pulpit, making inclinations of his head to every quarter, and particularly to the bench of justice and that of the fraternity; and finally with what sovereignty he presented himself in the pulpit, first taking notice of the audience by casting on them a look of mild disdain, and then, for a secondary consideration, falling on his knees:

In which posture we will leave him for the present, whilst the narration is diverted to give some account of the theatre of exhibition, that the comprehension may walk

\* Before his going to the pulpit, as is the constant custom, in order to receive the blessing of the consecrating priest.

more at large in the intelligence of the action.

The church consisted of three ailes, though so very narrow, that when the Canon, Don Bartholomew, entered it he said they might be called three boats\*; the altar, which occupied the whole chancel, would not contain more than the three officiating ministers; so that the stand on which the book is placed for the singing of the Epistle and Gospel, was obliged to be set without its jurisdiction on the other side of the rails. The middle or principal aisle was so narrow, that when the officers of justice were seated on a bench on one side of it, and any fraternity on the opposite side, the clerk gave the Peace† to be kissed to both of them at the same time; which he could easily execute by going down it with one Peace in his right hand, and another in his left, since by not greatly extending his arms, he could reach far enough for those seated on either side to kiss it at

\* Playing upon the word *Nave*, which in Spanish signifies a ship as well as the aisle of a church.

† A small square piece of wrought silk, linen, or cloth, for covering the chalice: called the *Peace*, because at the time of performing the ceremony of kissing it, the Priest says, "The peace of the Lord be always with you."

the same time regularly in their order. It is true that what the ailes wanted in breadth was advantageously supplied in abundant length; so that, with the leave of Signior Don Bartholemew, I would say that the church consisted of three Turkish galleys. At the bottom of it, over the west door, was a gallery for the choir, which ventured across from arch to arch, with a balustrade of unbarked sticks (set at wide distances) to prevent any idle boy from tumbling down and breaking his scone, which was the greatest harm that could happen to him, as the elevation was not of many feet.

However, whether the temple was wide or streight, long or short, was not to be laid to the account of our preacher, for it was not for him to make it more capacious, nor could the narrowness of the church in any degree prejudice the magnificence of the sermon; since it is very evident, and supported by repeated experiments, that a bad sermon may be preached in the most sumptuous church in Christendom, and a very excellent one in any little wretched hermitage or way-side religious hut. What makes for our purpose, and for the immortal glory of our Friar,

Gerund,



Gerund, is, that the church of Campazas, such as God was pleased to have it, was crammed as full as it could hold, and that if a pin should have fallen, by way of comparison, even from the very clouds, it could not have descended to what is called the pavement; for it would either have remained upon the roof of the said church, which is most natural, or supposing it to have passed through any one of the many cracks and holes in it, it would have met in its fall with the heads of the auditors, and there, or upon their shoulders, would without any doubt have rested till the church was cleared.

But it is time that we return to our Friar Gerund, whom we keep in an uneasy posture, and fixed upon his knees for a much longer space than usual, not without great impatience on his side at the detention, especially as he was bursting to get through his anxiety, as well as to display the sails of his discourse, navigating, with a prosperous gale, in the sea of his greatest shining.

Behold then; he now raises himself with the boldest grace; the audience are again observed by him with a graver and more majestic look; his two handkerchiefs successively “mock the air with idle state;”

the gayly-coloured one is applied to the clear trumpet of his nose, and the immaculate one passed round his angelic face *ad pompam & ostentationem*; he thunders out his “*For ever praised, &c.*” in a guttural and hollow voice; crosses himself with an extended hand, pronounces the text submissly, yet sonorously, and began his sermon in this manner. But, saving the better and more judicious opinion of our readers, for our part we thought it more convenient to make a chapter of it by itself, for it will be well if the present be not too long already.

## C H A P. IV.

*Some Clauses in Friar Gerund's Sermon are set forth for Admiration.*

WE were a long time in doubt whether we should copy to the letter the whole sermon of our famous preacher, or content ourselves with selecting some of those clauses which to our limited comprehension appeared the most remarkable, in order that the discreet reader might by a part form some judgment of the whole, in no other manner than as a single paw well delineated in a picture, gives the majestic ferocity of the crowned monarch of the woods to be understood, and a single line struck as it were at random on the field of the prepared canvass, discovers to penetrating eyes the skilful hand which gave miraculous impulse to the delicacy of the pencil.

On one side we felt great compassion, and even in some degree it seemed to us a kind of unjust usurpation and literary theft, to defraud the public of the least word  
dropped

dropped from the mouth of our divine orator; it being certain that even those words which inadvertently came from it deserved to be set in diamonds, that their duration might vye with the permanency of time. On the other side it appeared to us that as all readers are not so indulgent, nor so pacific, nor so good-humoured as we could wish them, how did we know but that our ill fortune might furnish us with some so tetrical, so cross-grained, and of so corrupt a taste, that they would send our history headlong to the devil and all his imps, seeing the thread of the narration interrupted with prolix transcripts of the intellectual offsprings of our hero; and, perhaps, that there might not be wanting some one bold enough to tell us contemptuously, that though the said offsprings should be as precious as we passionately imagined them, yet it was an impertinent thing to stuff the history with them, since it is the business of an historian to give a faithful relation of the acts and exploits of his hero, and not an idle collection of his works. For, otherwise, if those who wrote the lives of the four holy Doctors of the church, and many more venerable writers, had undertaken to insert in them



all the productions of their pens, they would have run a great chance of being thought rather tiresome and heavy.

We confess in good faith that this last argument had some weight with us ; and therefore leaving to the care of some more happy pen than ours the glorious task of enriching the literary world with a collection of the incomparable sermons of our Friar Gerund, illustrating them with glosses, notes, and scholia, we will content ourselves with extracting a few of those shreds which may best suit the contexture of the narration, and appear to us necessary to facilitate to the reader the better understanding of the facts. The first clause then of the sermon which Friar Gerund preached at Campazas was as follows.

“ If what the Holy Spirit says by the mouth of Jesus Christ be true—but oh unhappy me ! I am about to precipitate myself, or else I must necessarily stand confounded !—the oracle pronounces that no one was ever a Prophet or a Preacher in his own country, *Nemo profeta in patria sua* ; how venturous then am I ? In mine I presume this day to be a preacher ! But hold, Sirs ; I read likewise, to my comfort, in the sacred letters, that the truth of the Gospel

Gospel binds not all, *Non omnes obediunt Evangelio*: and how do we know whether this may not be one of the many verities, which, as the philosopher opines, are said only *ad terrorem*."

This beginning gave the greatest suspension to the bulk of the audience, who thought it impossible there could be a more happy or suitable introduction. But the Magistral, who had purposely seated himself in the confessional of the parson of the parish (which stood against the wall on the side of the church opposite the pulpit) and had shut to the lattice-door in front, that he might observe Friar Gerund at his pleasure without danger of disturbing him, no sooner saw him break out with two absurdities, or rather two heretical blasphemies, of such gigantic size, as to doubt whether what the Holy Spirit said by the mouth of Jesus Christ were true, and to suppose that many truths of the Gospel were designed only to affright and terrify, than from pure shame he held down those eyes which he had fixed upon his cousin, and was directly convinced that he should hear nothing in that sermon but heresy, rashness, and folly. Most willingly would he immediately have left the church, but, besides its being im-

possible to penetrate through the concourse without making great confusion, he thought it would be pity to throw cold water upon the present festivity, and therefore took the prudent part of hiding his disgust till a proper time, and receiving the shock with all the patience he could muster. During this our Friar Gerund was going on with his sermon, or his salutation rather, and at a few strides was plunged up to the ears in the midst of all the circumstances. And here the ill-conditioned critics must pardon me, for, tire them or not tire them, I cannot before God and in my conscience do less than transfer to my paper, *de verbo ad verbum*, the ingenious artifice with which he touched upon them all, though it be impossible to transfer the grace, spirit, and energy with which he animated them. He said then, tired of the cadence-style, or changing it studiously for the swollen, as well because variety is the mother of beauty, as because this style was more suited to his inclination—as follows.

“ This, Sirs, is the hanfel of my oratorical labours; this the exordium of my pulpitable functions;—more clearly for the less intelligent, this is the first of all my sermons. Here how aptly to my purpose

the oracle supreme? *Primum quidem Sermone feci O Theophile.* But which way fails the barque of my discourse? Attention, ye faithful, for all things promise me a prosperous event! All are prophetic glimmerings of felicities. Either faith is to be denied to the Evangelic History, or the Hypostatical Anointed preached likewise his first sermon in the same place in which he had received sacred ablution by the lustral baptismal waters. It is true the Evangelical narration sets it not forth directly, but it is tacitly implied. The Saviour received the frigid mundificant, *baptizatus est Jesus*, and immediately was rent the azure taffety of the celestial curtain, *et aperti sunt cali*; and the holy spirit descended hovering like a dove, *Spiritum Dei descendentem sicut columbam.* Now then! at this baptizing of the Messiah, at this tearing of the cerulean canopy, at this descending of the Holy Spirit upon his head, methinks I smell a sermon; for this divine dove always spreads her wings over the heads of preachers.

But conjectural argument is supervacaneous when the words of the oracle are clear. That says, that Jesus being baptized retired to the desert, or the devil carried him thither, *Ductus est in deserto a*



*Spiritu ut tentaretur a diabolo* ; there he remained some time ; there he watched, there he fasted, there he prayed, there he was tempted, and the first time he came thence it was to preach in a field or campaign, *Stetit Jesus in loco campestri*. O what an estival parallel to what has happened to myself ! I was baptized in this famous town ; I retired to the desert of religion, if indeed the devil did not carry me thither, *Ductus est in desertum ut tentaretur a diabolo* ; and what else does a man do in this desert but watch, and pray, and fast, and be tempted ? The first time I came thence it was to preach, but where ? *In loco campestri*, in this campestral place of Campazas, in this compendium of the Damascan field, this emulation of the Pharsalian field, this envious oblivion of the fields of Troy, & *campos ubi Troja fuit* ; in a word, in this emporium, in this fundamental foil, this fontaneous origin of the province of Campos—in *loco campestri*.

“ There is yet more in the case : the campestral place in which his first sermon was preached by the hypostatical, was on the emeraldic banks of the argent Jordan, where he had been baptized. And who doubts but that John his godfather would  
hear

hear him : *Venit Jesus ad Jordanum ut baptizaretur ab eo.* And what can be more natural than for a godfather to hear his godson ; and moreover if he made an happy mention of him in the very salutation, *Salutate Patrobam*, as the Apostle says, much to my intent, must he not now leap for joy, as he leaped on another occasion in the maternal womb ; *Exultavit infans in utero matris* ? The case is so identical, that the application of it would be insane with regard to the learned, but for the insipient let it go. Was not, then, my godfather at my baptism called John ? Every body knows it, *Joannes est nomen ejus.* Is he not hearing this sermon which I am preaching ? Every body sees it, *Audivi auditum tuum & timui.* Are not his eyes dancing with delight ? Every body observes it, *Oculi tui columbarum* : therefore there is no more to be said in the case.

“ Yes, but there is, and it is this : Grace and Water is the complex of the baptismal font ; and grace and water is what symbolized his christian and his surname. That John is the same as Grace, is known even to the preachers of Malabar ; *Joannes, id est gratia.* But that Quixano is the same as water, or a copious fountain

of it, even the most learned are ignorant ; but they shall quickly know it. The theologist already understands, and much more the mighty in the scriptures, that the *Quixada*, or jaw-bone, of an ass is very mysterious in the sacred letters, either from the time that Cain slew his brother Abel with one of them, as some will have it, or from the time that Samson with another of them battered the skulls of a thousand gigantic Philistines, as every body knows, *In maxilla asini percussæ mille viros.* After this exploit the fatigued Samson was perishing with thirst ; there not being in all those spacious parlours of the odoriferous Flora a thread of liquid silver with which it might be quenched. When, behold, from the very Quixada which had been the mortal Philistinicide, spouts out the stream of pearl which refrigerated the gaping Strong-one ; and the place remained sealed, even unto this day, with the illustrious name of the fountain of the Quixada, *Idcirco appellatum est nomen illius loci, Fons invocantis de maxilla, usque in presentem diem.*

“ Come now with me. It is a known thing in our genealogical histories, that the most antient and most noble name of the Quixanos derives its origin from no less  
than

than the trunk of Samson, whose sons and grandsons began from that glorious exploit to be called the Quixanos, that they might not be confounded with another not less ancient though less noble, and much less extended, family, that of the Quixotes. It is not less certain that since then the arms of the Quixanos are the jaw-bone of an ass in a green field, spouting forth a stream of water from the molar tooth, as all who treat of heraldry affirm. It is likewise perfectly authenticated to us that the Quixanos in the Moorish wars used no other arms than that of the jaw-bone of an ass, covered with the skin of the same ass, performing with this braying weapon such mighty wonders, as are related at every page of our annals. If any one doubt it, let him be convinced by that hero Gonzalo Samson Quixano, who with the jaw-bone of an ass, *in maxilla asini*, slew with his own hand; in less than half an hour, thirty-five thousand Saracens in the famous battle of St. Quintin under Julius Cesar, captain-general to Don Alonzo of the perforated hand; an action which the grateful monarch rewarded, by commanding that thenceforwards the jaw-bone in the shield of the

Quix-



Quixanos, should be painted with thirty-five thousand teeth, and that upon each of them should be stuck, as if it had been a tenter-hook, the head of a Moor, a thing which makes a most enchanting sight. And by the way I would add, or to speak more properly, I would only recal to the minds of all, that universally known piece of erudition, that the first seal that was engraved with all this multitude of teeth and heads, did not exceed the size of the smallest lentil; and what was most admirable of all was, that the jaw-bone, the teeth, and the heads with all their moles and marks, were to be perfectly distinguished at more than an hundred paces distance. O amazing invention! O prodigy of ingenuity! O miracle of the miracles of art! *Miraculorum ab ipso factorum maximum*, as hath been said to this purpose by the learned Cassiodorus.

“ But, attention, for I hear I know not what articulated accents in the Etherial plains, *vox de cælo audita est*. But from whom is this guttural verbific sound? Let us hear what it says, thence probably we may deduce from whom it proceeds, as by the effect we come to the knowledge of the cause,

cause, and by the thread we find the ball\*. *Hic est Filius meus dilectus in quo mihi complacui*, this is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased: now then! Does the voice say that it is his son who is preaching in the place where he was baptised? Therefore it is the voice of the father: the logician knows that the consequence is legitimate. And what is this father, *Pater meus agricola est*, my father is an honest farmer. Courage! We are gaining ground. But what has the father to do with the sermon of the son? O to be sure there is nothing the matter with his eye, and he had it in his hand? What has he to do with it, when he himself appointed him to preach it! The divine text expressly asserts it, *misi me vivens pater*; he who sent me, or brought me, to preach is my father; and the text very opportunely notes, that when his father sent him to preach, he was alive, *vivens pater*; the interlineal, *sanus*, who was sound; the septuagint, *robustus*, who was robust; Pagninus, *vegetus*, who was active and

\* Ball; clew, or bottom, of silk, thread, or worsted. A very common Spanish proverb, implying, we may see by a little what a great deal means, as in Book ii. Chap. i.

sprightly: I appeal to your eyes, and tell me if it is not identically the case.

But let us proceed, for all has not yet been said. And how was this generative principle, this paternal origin of the happy offspring, called? Is not the sermon which my father, alive, sound, robust, active and sprightly, recommended to my insufficiency that of the Eucharistic bread? It is. Was not the ark of the covenant the most figurative emblem of this ovalated ermine? Let the learned and the versed in expositive theology declare it. And whither went wandering this concave testamentiferous ark? Let us seek in the sacred pandects: *et apporteverunt eam in Azotum*, they carried it to the country of the Azotes. Huzza! We now have Zotes in the lists. Does the ark go into the province of the Zotes? Does a father appoint his son to preach about this ark? Then what name must this father have, or by what appellation is this son to be distinguished but that of Zotes, principals of the province? *Et apportaverunt eam in Azotum*.

“The argument is convincing. But here perhaps a small interrogation may be made. And had not this son a mother? And how should it be otherwise but that he had one, since

since it is plain that the mother as well as the father sought him, *ego et pater tuus quærebamus te*. 'Tis very well ; and had not the mother any thing to do with the sermon ? She was every thing to it ; as it is well known that always when a preacher comes off with honour the applauses are given to the mother ; to this purpose when the sermon is finished, all the pious women cry out, blessed be the mother who bore him ! Happy the mothers who have such sons ! *Beatus venter qui te portavit & ubera quæ suxisti*.

But what strepitous sounds, what harmonious tumult diverts my attention to another part ? What perceives the auditory power ? What visual species are represented before the visive ? More clearly and more adapted to the vulgar, What do I hear ? What do I see ? What is there to be seen, or what is there to be heard but a choir of dancers ? *Quid videt in sunamitis nisi choros castrorum ?* Of dancers ! Yes certainly ; since at sight of the Eucharistical ark, the feet even of crowned heads are set a-jumping. Let the penitent king of Idumea declare it, *et David saltabat totis viribus ante Dominum*. Observe the expression *saltabat totis viribus*, he jumped with



with all his might : he did not now go mincing with little minuet steps, or confine himself to any other measure, but took some good springs into the air, tossing up his legs as high as he was able, *saltabat totis viribus*. Is not this what we see in these eight robust athletics, wrestling powerfully, hand and foot, with the wind? Moreover, David was a crowned dancer, well then, crown for crown : our dancers are not behindhand with David. But, further, I discover in Isaiah other signs of them still more clear, *et pilosi saltabant ibi*, and there danced those who had long hair, those who had flowing manes, those who had protracted looks. No vision can be more adequate to the present case.

“I would gladly go after the dance a little longer if I were not enchanted by that theatre which I observe erected close to the entrance of this temple, *ad fores templi*, as was elegantly said by the mitred honeycomb of Lombardy ; I speak of the mellifluous Ambrose. And what does this theatre import? According to some, it is a natural sign, or according to others a sign *ad placitum* of a sacramental act, a representation of the Sacrament. Indeed! Is it so? Then of these representations do we find

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at every turn the pages of scripture full. Was not the manna a representation of the Sacrament? So affirms Cajetan. Was not the sacramented lamb represented by the fleece of Gideon? So Lorinus thinks. Were not Ruth's ears of corn a representation of the Eucharistic wheat? So we are assured by Papebrockius. And were not all these representations made in the fields? Such is the common opinion of the expositors and the fathers. Who then can doubt, but that representations of the Sacrament and representations in the fields were prophetic figures of the sacramental acts which are exhibited every year in my beloved country of Campazas, *in loco campestri*?

But, away, away, off, off, run, flee, save yourself from the Bull! What is this? I see myself surrounded by these cornipetal brutes; what a front! What loins! What collops on his neck! *Tauri pingues me obfederunt*. Is there no one to help me? Oh they will have me, and gore me, and toss me! But no; this was a panic terror, the illusion of fancy, the fiction of ratiocinating reason. They are not mad Bulls of Basan; Steers they are indeed, alive and merry, but neither cunning nor sanguina-

ry ; *vituli multi*, or as the other reading has it *mutilati*, Steers without horns, or without any strength in them. Thank God ! I am recovering ; for I was terribly frightened. But what have steers to do with the festival of the Sacrament ? How ignorant a question ? What festival of the Sacrament can be complete if the steers are wanting ? Though the penitent prophet pushes the matter further when he says that the steers ought to be run, or (which comprehends the whole) that the steers ought to be presented on the very altars, *tunc imponent super altare tuum vitulos*.

I shall but just mention the bonfires and nocturnal luminaries which preceded this festive day. When does the Lord discover himself unless brilliant waxen carbuncles are lighted up ? Or what more was done by the three miraculous youths in the flammiferous bonfire of the Babylonian furnace, than what we saw last night done by the pubescent youth of my predilected country in the fumigerant bonfires kindled by the devotion, and the joy of its fevorous inhabitants ? If those played with the flames without “ their coats being changed, or the smell of fire passing upon them,” these leaped through them without an hair of their

their heads being singled, *et capillus de capite vestro non peribit*, as said the mouth of Gold. Then the multitude of stridulous volatiles, which ascended meandering through the diaphanous element, fiery arrows, shot by gallantry and valour, to dissipate the nigricant squadrons of darkness! It seems as if the monarchical diviner was viewing them when he sung prophetically, *Sagittas tuas ex dentibus effecit*. But more pertinently to the present case prognosticated he who said that the horrisonant bam bim, bom, of the bombs resounded throughout all the fields,

*Horrida per Campos bam, bim, bom-barda sonabant.*

“ I think I have now touched and retouched on all the circumstances of the day. But no; the most especial and never seen till now, I had like to have forgot. I speak of that vocal instrument and at the same time ventose, which so sweetly tickles our ears. I speak of that equivalent, or, as the discreet Pharmacopola expresses himself, that *quid pro quo* of an organ, which adds so much artificial harmony to the solemnity of the sacrifice. I speak in short, that all may understand me, of this sonorous Gallician bag-pipe, which so much bewitches and enchants us. But how op-



fortune, how discreet, how ingenious was the invention of my paternal majordomo, when he determined to adorn with it the function of the sacrament! For I ask, is not the sacrament, in its crystalline pix, the arms and the blazon of the most noble kingdom of Galicia? So I was informed last night by a pilgrim, who was returning from Compostella \*. This being so, it was very congruous, and in some measure *simpliciter* necessary (here the Logician and the Theologist will understand me) that there should not be wanting at the mass of the sacrament that harmonious, soothing, and delicate instrument, which derives its name from the same most noble kingdom, for as the philosopher says, *propter unumquodque tale & illud magis*. What a great glory for Galicia to have the sacrament for its coat of arms! But a much greater for Campazas to be the original soil and mansion of the sacred Eucharist! For, either the sacrament is in Campazas, or there is no faith in the church. This shall be the arduous enterprize in the gulph of which the little barque of my discourse shall display its sails; and that it may have

\* The metropolis of Galicia, and famous for there fort of pilgrims to the shrine of St. James in it.

the wind a-stern, it will be necessary that the benefic breeze of that deific empress of the seas blow upon the rudder, imploring whose protection and whose grace with the acrosticepinikion of the celestial Paranymp, we say AVE-MARIA, &c."

The judicious reader will easily suppose that it is utterly impossible for any human pen to describe—I will not say adequately and completely, but even to strike out the slightest sketch by which we might arrive at an obscure guess of—the admiration, and the amazement, and the astonishment, with which this salutation was received by the greatest part of that broad-shouldered, tangle-locked, auditory. It was a miracle of God that they gave him room to preach what is called the body of the sermon, and assuredly they would not have given it, if he had not held them suspended upon the tenter-hook of curiosity by so singular and so rare a subject as he had proposed; for when they were to hear it, it proved that Campazas was the original country and mansion of the most holy sacrament, and that if the sacrament was not in Campazas, there was no faith in the church, what dose of laudanum would have been sufficient to lay the most somnolent asleep?

But however, the audience could not contain themselves from bursting out, first into a buz and murmur, much like that which the bees make round the hive, and presently into declared acclamations and huzzas, throwing up to the roof of the church not only hats and caps, but also (and there are not wanting those who assert it) there were seen flying in the air even some bonnets of the priesthood. Above all the Maragaterians with their Gallician bag-pipes, delighted with having their instrument so suitably, so extemporaneously, so unexpectedly, celebrated from the pulpit, could not for their souls refrain from blowing a flourish to the preacher. This they did directly, and as we say, provisionally, reserving to themselves the right of running through all the stops when the sermon should be perfectly and completely ended. In short such was the tumult of applause that it was not possible, for more than half a quarter of an hour, for our Friar Gerund to proceed; and though the clerk kept ringing the little bell at the altar, as if he would have broken it to pieces, in order that the noise should cease, yet it availed nothing, for it could not be lessened, till the  
the

the good people began to be quiet of themselves.

In the mean while the wise, prudent, and discreet magistral was likewise astonished; but he could not tell whether most at the self-satisfaction and craziness of the orator, or the ignorance and folly of the rustic audience. The canon, Don Bartholemew, though he did not dive so deep into matters as the magistral, because his studies had not extended beyond what was necessary for a middling intelligence of the Breviary, and an article or two of the Council of Trent, yet as he had lively natural sense, he comprehended without difficulty that the salutation was a tissue of most precious absurdities, and immediately determined to entertain himself at the cost of our Friar Gerund. His other relation, the familiar of the holy office, the man of clownish expression, but of more than ordinary understanding, said within himself, "Either I am a leek \* or this Friar does not know the inclination of nouns, nor has studied *selmo selmonis*, as my Cuco has (his little boy Francisco, who had begun the Accidence that year) or all these people are drunk; but in truth I am but a poor lay-

\* A common term for an arrant blockhead.



man without letters, and it is possible I may be mistaken."

This was what passed in the minds of these three persons, when Friar Gerund began the body of his sermon, which he proved, confirmed, and adorned punctually and literally, according to the ingenious idea he had formed to himself, of which we have given sufficient information at the latter end of the second chapter, where our benevolent and pious readers may, if they please, read it again ; for, though it is true that we might promise ourselves from their great benignity, that they would not take it ill if we should again set it before their eyes more at length, and with all the energy, polish, and exactness peculiar to our orator ; yet, all things considered, it has appeared to us most judicious not to abuse their patience and good-nature, being well aware that all repetition is disgustful ; but without having any intention to derogate in the least from the good fame and opinion of him, who said that there are things which *decies repetita placebunt*, will please though ten times repeated. Let there be such i' God's name, but we have not the presumption to think ours are of the number ; and we call *ours* those of our Friar Gerund ;

Gerund; since we so far appropriate them as they are subject to the jurisdiction of our slow and sullyng pen. And in short, what signifies our puzzling our brains for nonsensical excuses, when we have already made a firm, determinate, and irrevocable resolution not to transcribe the said sermon into our history? Let the curious reader suppose that he has read it, and that at the conclusion of it, there were many more acclamations than at the end of the salutation. Let him hold it as a thing certain, that not only the bagpipes, but also the bagpipe-players were in danger of bursting, the one from blowing, and the other from being blowed. Let him receive as indubitable information that in the very church, immediately upon his coming down from the pulpit, they had like to have suffocated F. Gerund with their embraces, and that before he could get to the vestry he was near being drowned by the streams from the eyes and noses of the aunts, who trod upon one another in their eagerness to get at him, the same risque having been run respectively by Anthony Zotes and his consort the most happy Catanla Robollo. Finally, let him deem, what a faith-worthy and synchronous author asserts, as a settled point,

that the licentiate Quixano himself, notwithstanding his being cloathed with the sacerdotal habiliments, and not at all recollecting that he was celebrating the holy sacrifice of the mass, remained seated in the chair till his godson passed by the altar in his way to the vestry; and then, not able to contain himself, threw himself upon him, gave him a most close embrace, and turning to the table could scarcely repeat the *Credo* for the tears which flowed plentifully down his reverend cheeks out of pure joy and tenderness; a testimony of approbation, to which nothing will be found equal in all ecclesiastical history, not even in that of Elias Dupin himself, that very diligent author in collecting all apocryphal and ridiculous information, sufficient to make contemptible the sacred, august, and venerable ceremonies of the Holy Church.

Out of the church of Campazas did our Friar Gerund get as well as he could, and indeed it did not cost him a little trouble, for there is a tradition that his feet were not suffered to touch the ground all the way till he arrived at his father's house, being carried along by the innumerable throng of congratulators, which was composed of almost the whole multitude who had  
come

come to be present at the feast. It seems to us unnecessary to repeat the compliments, and wishings-of-joy, and thanks, and praise, which were there poured out, some extolling the preacher, others rejoicing with his parents, a third party expressing their complacency with Friar Blas, who received their civilities in the name of the order, though applying the greatest part of them to himself, a fourth loudly proclaiming the happiness of the place which had given birth to such a son, and finally all, with one accord, vociferously declaring that Friar Gerund was now the honour, and would in time be the immortal glory of the age: things so common and usual that there is no occasion for historians to waste their time in relating them, because the reader ought to take them for granted, and especially at such a time as this, for it was now one o' clock, the cloth laid, the guests hungry, and the dinner spoiling.



## C H A P. V.

*In which an account is given of what passed  
at Anthony Zotes's table.*

**I**T is not our design to make a pompous description of the great entertainment, or relate the order in which the guests were seated, or, much less, to give the reader a minute and individual information of the dishes which were served up. Besides that this might appear to many an impertinent prolixity, there might not perhaps be wanting some who would think it very foreign to that majesty which should reign throughout this most grave history, in which no room can be allowed to any other than information of the greatest importance. For though not a few historians have given us very pernicious examples in this respect, inserting in their works things sufficiently extravagant and ridiculous, like him who, in giving an account of the court of Caligula, stopped very opportunely to take measure of that emperor's breeches, and observing with great

great seriousness that he fastened them with tags, and not with buttons or clasps, which was most usual at that time; and another, who relates the circumstance (whether true or doubtful matters not) of the king Don Pedro the Cruel's throwing himself, sword in hand, into the river Guadalquivir to kill the Pope's Legate, who had excommunicated him from a barque prepared for this purpose, and who escaped from him by dint of rowing, upon which occasion the good creature of an historian entertains himself and his readers with very leisurely examining into the number of feet this barque had in length, what it had in breadth, how many rowers there were, how they were clothed, without omitting the colour of their caps, or the observing that there was to be seen upon them, in raised needle-work, the coat of arms of Don Henrique, Conde de Trastamara, brother and competitor of Don Pedro;—I say that these and other minuteneffes which historians relate are of those examples which are more admirable than imitable, and that it has appeared to us more convenient to respect them with profound veneration, than to undertake to follow them.

Besides

Besides which, having, in the very entrance of this our true history, given a punctual topographical description of Anthony Zotes's house, with its figure, dimensions, and divisions, it will be easy to be comprehended by any reader, however short the measure of sagacity which heaven has allowed him may be, that within the house it was not easy to meet with an inclosed space of capacity proportioned to the reception of so many guests, except the granary, which was already legitimately employed for another necessary purpose, as we have observed in the third chapter of this book. And though some were of opinion that the straw-house should be emptied, and the tables be placed there, yet the discretion of the majordomo would not permit it; first, because it was an indecent place; secondly, because to give their victuals to the guests in the place where the food for beasts was kept, might seem to be a banter upon them, and give occasion for satyrical verses; thirdly, because where should they lay the straw? fourthly, because all the inside of the roof was canopied with cobwebs; and fifthly and finally, because there was no other entrance to it than the aperture at which the trusses of straw

were

were thrown in, the height of which from the ground was at least six yards \*.

“ This last objection (said a gossip of Anthony Zotes, who assisted at the council upon this weighty point) is of no force with me ; because by the Gentlemen’s going down by a ladder as the hinds do when the straw-house is almost empty, the difficulty ceases.” “ And how is the dinner to be brought ?” (asked my uncle Anthony.) “ How ? (answered the Gossip) why by the servants’ going up and down ; or better still, by an excellent stratagem, which just now strikes me ; let two young men stand, or sit astride, at the aperture, with each of them a bucket tied to a rope ; and with these they may hoist and let down, backwards and forwards, all the plates, dishes, &c. to and from the kitchen-wenchcs, who may stand below. No, no, Gossip ; this objection is of no weight ; for the others indeed I cannot altogether find abso-  
lution.”

It was on this account, most likely, that the tables were placed under that coving over the house-door, opposite to the yard-gate, of which we have given exact infor-

\* Usually so made, that no person may inadvertently go into these outhouses with a light.



mation in the first chapter of the first book of this circumstantial history; and here too there was the conveniency of being very near the kitchen, a thing which conduces much to the having the victuals brought hot to table, as it has been wisely observed by *Monsieur Ferneyer*, first cook to his royal highness the Duke of Orleans, in his learned treatise of *Le Cusnier à la mode*, where, Chap. II. Of the situation in which the kitchen ought to be placed, he says, *Il faut mettre la cuisine le plus proche qu'il sera possible de la chambre à manger, par la raison que les viandes façonnées soient mises dans le table avec le temperament qu'il les faut.* Words worthy of being eternized in the memory of all, and which we have thought it indispensable to translate with the greatest fidelity, that those persons may not be deprived of them who are so unhappy as to be ignorant of the French language: *The kitchen should be built, says the learned author, as near as possible to the dining-room; and the reason is, that the dishes which are dressed in it may come to table with the temperament requisite to them; that is,* (adds an anonymous scholiast in an erudite remark) *neither more cold nor more hot than is convenient.*

As

As to the order in which the guests were seated, it is natural that the first place at the head of the table should be occupied by the Signior Magistral, as the most worthy personage, having on his right and left the father Vicar of the Nunnery, and the Canon Don Bartholemew; but this was insisted absolutely upon Friar Gerund's being seated next to the Magistral, though as one of the family it became him to take one of the lowest seats; and so, from his modesty, he would have done, but as a kind of bridegroom, if we may so speak, as that day wedded to his office, they all agreed that he ought to have one of the chief seats, and also added, that his mother ought to sit next her son, that she might eat her dinner with more pleasure; and the good creature of an aunt Catanla, without wanting any intreaty, immediately complied with the proposition. The rest of the guests took their places without personal preference, observing only that of station, for so the familiar with great judgment disposed the matter, saying, "Gemmen, the church has areddy rigalated the surrimoniul; what is practiced in percessions we will practise here with the greace of God; first, the Fliars, then the parish clargy, then the lay-

men, and after all the women, for this cattle are best there by themselves."

It does not appear that brother Bartolo (so the Donado was called) approved much of this disposition, as he said to the familiar, " Brother Syndic \* (he was so to his convent) if you don't understand the matters of the Enquistiun better than seating folks at table, you are but a poor minister. A percession is a percession, and a table is a table, and there is as much diffrunce between one and t'other as between me and the holy feyther of Room. For us to sit Fliars and Fliars together, we might as well be in our Convunts. What I have always seen at tables of respect (for though I am but a poor sinner, I have eat with folks who had titles before now) is, that the ladies set next to the fliars, and the fliars next to the ladies, this being a furrymoniul very agreeabul to consunce and reasun; for in short we all wear petticoats, and as the man said, Fariety is the Mother of Beauty. And that you may know the whole truth, there was a sartain occasion on which I was bid to sit and eat close by a sartain Dutcharse." " And close by an-

\* The Syndic is he who receives the money given in charity to the Mendicant Religious.

other Dutcharse (said the familiar) have I seen a Neger-wench, a Dwarf, and a Munkey eat." He was about to proceed, but a Religious of the same order and the same convent, who had arrived that morning, prevented him by saying, "Brother Syndic, never mind this simpleton, for you know that as he has never said mass, nor administered the sacrament, it is no wonder he should want natural sense. The disposition you have made is a good disposition, and the contrary is consistent neither with modesty nor religious decency. If the canonical law severely charges not only the religious, but also even the secular clergy, that they should avoid as much as in them is possible, all public entertainments, *Convivia publica fugiant*, how will it appear for a Religious at a public entertainment to be seated between two women, or a woman between two Religious?" Brother Bartolo did not venture to reply, and they all took their places according to the prudent disposition of the judicious familiar.

The dinner began according to the laudable custom of Campos at the tables of the majordomos, with a dish of chanfayna; there was roasted lamb, rabbits, salpi-



con \*, olla podrida of beef, mutton, hang-meat, sausages, and gammon of bacon, all in great abundance, and for a desert, olives, pickled capsicums, and cheese of the country; it is to be supposed that not only the wine of the desert run round the table, but that that of Nava made the heads run round of more than two of the guests before the feast was ended. Brother Bartolo was not of this number, for the virtue of the specific did not rise so high with him; but yet at the fourth draught, which some are of opinion was completed at the finishing his plate of chanfayna, he could not bear the gravity and silence which reigned, without recollecting that so in general begin all the carousals which end in sufficient noise, riot, and madness, according to that apophthegm, *Primo silentium, secundo stridor dentium, tertio rumor gentium, quarto vociferatio amentium*: but as the Donado did not understand Latin, and being desirous of immediately making the company merry, he took a cup of tolerable capacity in his hand, fixing his eyes on the aunt Catanla, and saying with a loud voice, *Bomba* †! by way

\* A *salpicon* is slices of meat with a sauce of vinegar, oil, &c. *Chanfayna* has been already explained, and *olla podrida* is known to all the world.

† *Bomba* is a pump. Hence metaphorically a burlesque

of calling to silence and for attention, he broke out into this ridiculous Decima as he called it.

O, of women most honour'd Catanla Rebollo,  
 Dam of this great and rare scientific Repollo †,  
 If we search the world round thou'rt the happiest  
 mother

That to light ever brought pious sister or brother.  
 Madam Fame with her trumpet shall loudly proclaim

And celebrate the name,  
 Extending thy bright glory

From Campazas to Victory ‡:

And how great is the pity, as say these Signiors,  
 That thou bring'st not by litters thy Predicadors!

The Decima was infinitely applauded with an universal ringing of the plates and glasses, being as it were the signal for onset, since from that moment it was all jollity and noise, insomuch that the healths and the verses trod upon one another's heels. The Canon Don Bartholemew, who could not have wished for any thing better, in order to throw up the reins to his festive

lesque phrase, *Parar la bomba*, to cease pumping, to cease the effusion of noise and nonsense; which is implied by the single word *Bomba*!

† An hard cabbage.

‡ A town in Spain so called.

humour, and admirable facility in expressing it, took a cup, called out *Bomba!* (upon which they were all silent) and said thus:

Such sermon did I never hear,  
Nor has been heard 'twixt pole to pole;  
The rhimes alone of Friend Bartole  
In merit equal can appear;  
In judging thus I neutral steer:  
Which is the best we may debate,  
Such equal glories each await,  
But when of each the claim's so strong,  
Who shall decide and not be wrong?  
Preacher and bard alike are great\*.

Only the Magistral, a few of the religious, and here and there a parish-priest, to which must be added the rough-hewn but sensible familiar, entered into the joke of the neat little decima. The rest all swallowed it as it sounded, and especially to the two interested ones it did much good, for the Donado visibly plumed himself upon it, and Friar Gerund, who understood as much of Spanish poetry as he did of sermons, seemed much pleased and very grate-

\* The order of the rhimes in this and the following little pieces is preserved.

ful. The Familiar, a man of such truth and sincerity that he could never dissemble what he thought, said very pleasantly, "A murrain upon them that wish me ill if this little Diffime ha'n't got a sting in its tail ! It seems to me like the answer a fly rogue of a liar gave me, when I asked un which of my two brothers, (both liars likewise, and living in his convunt) was the better scholar ? And a told me, "*They are both worse.*"

The Predicator Friar Blas, who had 'till now been silent, could not bear with patience the banter of the Signior Familiar ; and as he piqued himself also upon being a poet, and was in reality one of those poet-lings in bud which never ripen, who just know what a verse consists of, and think all grace comprized in puerile and insipid equivoques, he directly unsheathed his Decima, and taking fair aim at the Familiar, made this pass at him :

What this Familiar Signior says,  
In the strange thought he's pleas'd to bring,  
But buzzes round with stingleless sting ;  
Much too familiar is the phrase.  
The preacher worthily to praise



Is not for me ; Donado will ;  
 If Buen Donado, better still ;  
 But yet him Maldonado call,  
 And 'twere by far the best of all  
 Among the great a place to fill \* ,

The Familiar was rather startled ; and some plates and glasses were broken in ringing a triumphant peal to the Decima of Friar Blas. Four of the parochial clergy were particularly struck with admiration ; for those points of “ *Stinglefs Sting, Familiar and Familiar, Buen Donado and Mal Donado* ” seemed to them excellent to a degree that was not to be surpassed by human wit. Don Bartholemew observed it, and in order to laugh as well at them as at the poet, immediately gave the two following quintillas :

In truth, friend Blas, your equivoques  
 Cause wonder both at them and you,  
 But with the leave of these good folks  
 I wonder that there were so few  
 Of these your fav’rite witty strokes :

\* If he is a Good or *Buen Donado*, so much the better, because then he is a good man ; but if he were a Bad or *Mal Donado* he would be a greater man, as *Maldonado* is the name of a great family.

Since

Since with the first that head may class  
 In quaint Equivocation's † trade,  
 And does to such perfection pass,  
 That what we think by study made  
 Is simple nature all in Blas.

Friar Blas had so undistinguishing a taste that he swallowed the satire for flummery; and as Friar Gerund thought it incumbent upon him to answer to the praises which were dedicated to his friend, who could not very modestly have done it himself, he was very desirous of sporting his bit of poetry likewise, but as he was not accustomed to it he found it very difficult: this is to be understood with regard to the finding rhimes, for as to the feet he was at no loss, from his having been so enamoured of cadences in his oratorical style: but he came happily off by recollecting at that instant a Decima which is attributed to Don Francisco Quevedo when he was a prisoner in the tower of St. Mark at Leon, and they say that he made it upon a canon of the holy church in that city called St. Mary *de Regla* \*, who was a great rhymist and a

† *Equivocation* signifies in Spanish not only *ambiguous meaning* but also *mistake, error, blunder*.

\* St. Mary of the Rule. *Regla* signifies likewise the Catamenia.

jolly fellow, but seldom troubled the choir with his company. It was this:

My chearful pot-companion's muse  
Is beautiful I must confess;  
What, though she scorn the maiden-dress?  
The matron-robcs with grace she'll use:  
Nothing so just agreement shews:  
For who can modestly revoke  
What sage Hippocrates hath spoke,  
That wherefoe'er 'mong womankind  
The *Regla* to be miss'd we find  
A pregnancy we quickly smoke?

Don Bartholemew seemed not to be disgusted at the filthy nonsense of it, and even affected to celebrate it as a most witty thing, in order to take occasion of returning to the charge of blowing up Friar Gerund with applause; but the father Vicar now cried *Bomba!* After having filled a bumper, they were all silent, and his Reverence, with great deliberation adjusting his spectacles to his nose in a better manner than they were before, setting his scull-cap to rights, hemming lustily to clear his throat, laying hold of his glass, and looking round on all sides with disdainful gravity, brought out with much pomposity and satisfaction the following octave:

Sermons

Sermons with circumstances fraught I have seen ;

But, oh ye Gods ! What circumstances here !

Soto, Fiél, Ganancia ! Preachers mean !

Nor can the Arch-priest Lobo be his peer.

Extravagant Cotilla moves our spleen,

Who can endure De Guerra's mad career ?

Oh, Orator August, Divine ! Oh Thou

Gerund who hast been ! Thou art Supine now.

The canon Don Bartholemew paused at hearing it, as doubting whether the father Vicar was not intitled to more respect than he had at first imagined, and beginning to think him more than a fraternity-table-poet ; for if the octave was ironical, it shewed some abilities, good criticism, and sufficient archness. Nevertheless he could not help suspecting but that his paternity spoke with all his five senses, as his gestures, his presuming air, and affected self-complacency, gave him an idea that he was but of the common herd, and might be rather more innocent than he appeared. To sound him therefore, he said to him with his wonted waggishness, “ Father Master, we are all, except the Signior Magistral and some of these reverend Gentlemen, somewhat of laymen \*, even including

\* Which in Spain always carries with it an idea of ignorance.



those of the crown † ; and your Reverence must know too that we ecclesiastics of the sword and the cloak ‡ understand no other books than the Breviary ; and God knows if we understand that, and are therefore unacquainted with the merits of the authors mentioned in your most learned octave, which seems to flow with delicate measure and exquisite allusions : but to be sure they must be the princes of Spanish eloquence, when comparatively brought by your Reverence to set off the superiority of the most reverend father Master Friar Gerund.”

“ That undoubtedly they are, Signior Canon (answered the father Vicar with great stiffness and pomposity ;) at least in my poor judgment, till I heard the father Friar Gerund, I never found any one to exceed them, or, I may add, to equal them, especially in touching with the greatest skill and delicacy on the most minute circumstances, which are for that very reason the most precious.

“ The first, in a sermon on a certain function of jubilee, lately granted by his Holiness, desirous of taking notice at the same time of the new jubilee and of a newly-cast bell which had been hung a few days be-

† The Friars' circle of hairs,

‡ i. e. Secular,

fore in the belfry of the church, brought most opportunely the *Ecce nova facio omnia*, and immediately added, *laudate eum in cymbalis jubilationis, laudate eum in cymbalis bene sonantibus*. The texts are common, but the application of them was singular and amazing.

“The second once seized with great dexterity upon a most rare circumstance, which was that of the majordomo for whom he preached’s having put on a wig for the first time on the very day of the function; and after making a sweet description of Absalom’s head of hair, he said that his father David ordered it to be cut off as soon as he knew of his unhappy end, when he was suspended by it to a tree, and having given directions to his barber to make him a beautiful curling perriwig of it, he put it on the very day that he went dancing before the ark; for which exquisite piece of erudition, the judicious orator quoted the celebrated Rabbi Akados, and I know not what passage of the Talmud, which came in very pertinently.

“The third had been informed that the night before a certain function, to which he was appointed, a chopping boy had been brought into the world by the majordomo’s

mo's wife, whom her neighbours called *The Princess*, it is not known for what jocular or satirical reason; and with the greatest grace and dexterity imaginable, he on the sudden, brought into the salutation that most apposite text of *Puer natus est nobis datus est filius, & factus est principatus super humerum ejus*. A thing which astonished all who heard it, and which from the time I read it, I have not ceased to admire.

“The fourth”--was the father Vicar proceeding, but the Canon stopped him short by saying, “Don't trouble yourself, father Master, for by the thread we come to the ball, and what has been said is more than sufficient to shew us with how much reason, how much candour, and how much religious sincerity your Reverence celebrates these our heroes of Spanish eloquence. Of the fourth I have had some knowledge ever since I read an epigram of Horace \* applied to him by an evil-spoken wight on occasion of I-know-not-what sermon he preached to satirize one of his own cloth, whose applauses grated on his ear, and this foul-mouthed rogue (God forgive me!) allud-

\* It is *Horace* in the original; and perhaps to shew the Canon's acquaintance with the classics.

ing to the short stature of this orator, who fancied himself both a great man and a pretty one, said in ridicule of him,

*Bellus homo & magnus vis idem cotta videri ;*

*Sed qui bellus homo est, cotta, pusillus homo est.*

“ But pray, your Reverence, what was intended by the last conceit of your admirable octave, namely, that our inimitable orator is no longer a *Gerund* but a *Supine*, for if it is as it struck my wicked fancy, it cannot be said to redound much to his honour?” “ Signior Canon (replied the father Vicar rather seriously) I know not what might or might not strike your wicked fancy, for I do not chuse to have any thing to do with the wicked fancies of other people. What I do know is, that this conceit is very easy to be understood. The supine is the utmost limit to which any verb can go, and beyond which it cannot pass, as you may see, *Amo, amas, amavi, amatum ; doceo, doces, docui, doctum ; lego, legis, legi, lectum : lectum, doctum, amatum* are the supines of these verbs, which all terminate in it ; and there is nothing to go proing and conning about, for you cannot shew me a single verb which goes a step further : it must be clear then, that what



I would say, is, that as the *supine* is the *non plus ultra* of verbs, so the most reverend father Friar Gerund" (in saying this he put his hand to his scull-cap, as if to take it off, in token of respect) "is the *non plus ultra* of preachers."

"And so is your Reverence that of witty poets (answered the arch Don Bartholomew) and I would venture a wager, that no one would have given into the genuine meaning of the thought if your Reverence, had not done us the honour, or to speak after the mode, had not had the goodness, to explain it to us. What a sad thing it is to be ignorant! As I had read, I don't remember where, that an indolent; careless man, is called a *supine* \* man, and that the term might be applied to any idle drone or sluggard, who lays, as we say, all day with his belly to the sun, I confess I was somewhat surprized at your conclusion, fearing it might be a banter, and had got my poetical lance in its rest, prepared to vindicate our incomparable orator, to whom the epithet *supine* can by no means be applied in any of the senses I have men-

\* Such a mistake could not have been made in English on account of the different accent on *supine* and *supino*, but in the Spanish *supino* the accent is the same whether it signify the adjective or the verbal noun.

tioned; for he is so far from being any thing of a drone or sluggard that he is even laboriousness itself; nor much less, can he be said to be of a slow or rude genius, since I never knew a more delicate one, as indeed it is proved to be by every sentence of the admirable sermon with which he has favoured us.

“ I acknowledge that in the present case I am myself in this sense the *supine*, not to comprehend a signification so evident and palpable. And I must moreover declare for the ease of my conscience and for my greater confusion, that the name of *Gerund* does not now appear to me so proper and so adequate to the merits of the father preacher as that of *Supine* would be. Before I heard the learned, ingenious, and complete explanation of its meaning, I thought there had not been in all the nomenclature a name so exactly fitted to the mental shape of our model of preachers as that of *Gerund*; for the *Gerunds* are what shew the character of those we converse with, thus an haughty, furious, enraged man is called *Tremendo*, to a grave and respectable Religious we give the title of *Reverendo*, and one of malignant, dissolute, and contagious

tagious manners, especially if he should be publicly excommunicated too, we distinguish by *Vitando*, and the learned know that *Vitando Tremendo* and *Reverendo*, are as much Gerunds in our language as are in the Latin *Cænandus*, *Prandendus*, *Potandus*.

“ This being premised, as soon as I had the happiness of knowing and hearing the father Friar Gerund, I thought thus with myself. This is a man truly *admirando*, *stupendo*, *celebrando*, & *colendo*, which are all legitimate *Gerunds*, or there are none in the world, and therefore the name of *Gerund* was given him with the greatest propriety imaginable. But since I heard what your Reverence was pleased to say, I must repeat that I think an appellation far more suitable to him would be that of *Supine*, since this is a far greater thing: but I beg this may be understood without prejudice to the judgment and discretion of the Signior Licentiate Quixano, his most worthy godfather, by whom the name was given.”

The good licentiate, who had not shut his mouth during the whole dinner-time, though neither had he opened it to speak, but partly to eat and partly to admire the great eulogies, according to his way of thinking, which had been made upon his  
beloved

beloved godson, answered only, " Signior Don Bartholomew, I am but a poor priest, who do not understand these deep matters: I did learn something formerly about *Gerunds* and *Supines*, it is true, but I never troubled my head about which was greatest or which was least, for I was never a friend to quarrels, which in short are odious things. If to Friar Gerund I gave that name and not another, I had my reasons, which there is no necessity to tell any body: what I can assure you, is, that my godson, simple as you see him sit there, will be as much distinguished and as well known in the world with the name of *Gerund*, as any *Supine* could have been that was ever born of a woman."

" *Bomba!* (at this instant cried brother Bartolo) for this is all confounded prose; and what a thing it would be if we should finish the feast and nobody say a word of the Signior Majordomo! Here it goes, to God and to good-luck!" They were all silent, and he pulled out the spiggot and let it run as follows,

Charlemagne, his twelve peers, and all his whole  
garrison

Were, O Anthony Zotes, in thy comparison,



But a little lark's leg to of ven'son an haunch,  
 Or thy own little finger respecting thy paunch.  
 Firebras the great giant thou kill'dst not, 'tis true,  
 But much more by the mass will I swear thou did'st do,  
 When by mighty endeavours thou madest to leap  
 Into this world a well of science so deep  
 As is the well of my convent, tho' it is more  
 Than an hundred yards deep, ay and more than three-  
 score.

Had it not been for thee and Crtanla thy wife,  
 Gerund's name at the court would have scarce been  
 so rise,

Where the pope, and the king, and the cardinals all,  
 Dukes, provincials, and doctors, the great and the small,  
 In his praises so veh'ment t'out-do one another  
 Make, we hear, a most damnable uproar and pother.  
 If fruits of their trees with a knowledge will suit us,  
 As the great Divine says who is call'd Marcus Brutus,  
 Who adds, of his doctrine that a proof ye may see,  
 A Great-Fool-pippin comes from a Great-Fool-pip-  
 pin tree \*;

What a tree must thou be! What magnanimous  
 trunk!

With joy at the thoughts on't my fancy grows drunk.  
 Fame—————

“ Enough, enough enough, brother Bar-  
 tolo, in the name of patience !” cried the  
 Magistral, not able to endure any more;  
 and though he had dissembled his disgust

\* *Camueso*; signifying either an ignorant stupid fellow  
 or a pippin-tree.

as

as much as possible that he might not damp the joy of the day, yet his patience being now exhausted, he rose from table with the good excuse of going to take his siesta ; as did all the other guests, except Don Bartholomew, the father Vicar, Friar Blas, Friar Gerund, the Familiar, and the Donado, who still kept their seats, and entertained themselves as we shall see in the next chapter.

## C H A P. VI.

*Of the conversation, no less useful than pleasant, which passed after dinner.*

“ P E R M I T me, my dear father Friar Gerund, now that I have a proper opportunity (said Don Bartholomew) to give you a thousand embraces ; better entertainment than from your admirable sermon I never did or shall receive in my whole life-time : this is preaching ; and every thing else is stuff.” “ So say I (added the father Vicar) and if a young man, at the beginning of his career, commences thus, what will he be at the end of it ? I knew

a preacher of a certain order, a man now in years and grey-headed, who, though he took to the same walk as the father Friar Gerund, was not worthy to unloose his shoe-latchets, and yet he was called *Scare-christian*; but what will the father Friar Gerund be when he comes to his years? Certainly he will be called *The Monster of Spain*; and but a scanty and meagre title will it be, considering the fullness of his powers."

"Did I not tell thee so, friend Gerund, (cried Friar Blas, quivering through every joint with joy.) If thou hadst not followed my advice, and hadst suffered thyself to be governed by the doatings of our reverend father Friar *Anno Domini*, wouldst thou have obtained these applauses?"

"Who is that Friar (asked the Familiar) and what advice did a give my cuzzun?"

"He is a most reverend Mathusalem (answered Friar Blas) one of those who quarrel with all those things in sermons which are called conceits, strokes of wit, equivoques, circumstances; in a word, with all that delights and enchants the audience, and insures the applauses of the preacher. He has taken it into his head, that we should preach in a plain and solid manner, on se-

rious

rious and natural subjects, treat of indubitable truths, and bring weighty, massy, proofs, such (as they say) as will squeeze one [to conviction.] Of circumstances nothing is to be said; he will have it, that there is no other circumstance but that of the mystery, the saint, or the object which is preached on, and that all the rest is madness and profanation which often borders upon sacrilege. He adds, that to consult the taste or the pleasing of the audience and the applauses which are to accrue, is against all rules of true eloquence, the sole aim of which is to convince, persuade, and move; pretending that conceits, wit, quibble, and description, though they may please, neither convince, nor persuade, nor move.

“ Now do but think Sir, what blessed work a poor preacher would make of it with such choice rules as these, and if at the end of the year he would have half an hundred of chocolate in his box, or half a dozen doubloons rolling about his drawer.”

“ So this is what the good Friar said? asked the Familiar. “ Yes, Sir,” answered Blas, “ This is what he said, this is what he says, and this is what he will say, if God does not prevent it, to all eternity.” “ Then is



my soul like his soul; (saïd the honest Familiar.) I am but a poor ignorant lay-brother, as you see, Gemmen, who can but just read, and sign my name with difficulty; but, after all, two fingers' breadth of understanding must every irrational man necessarily have. I give my vote for this Eliar Matthias of Jerusalem, or however the feyther preacher is called, and may I be hanged if he has not a good measure of reasun, pressed down and running over. When I go to hear a sarmunt, be it about what it will, I go always with the intintion that they should make me good, either by raising my desires to emiteate the vartues of the saint they preach about, or by propoasing some emportunt truth, which they should fix well in my head, and afterwards dispoase my heart to practise it. But, away with you! For here instead of this, I find myself most times bewoildered in such a lybarunth of flourishes, and intricksies, and subtilelies, and sarcumlocutories, which, as God shall blefs me, I understands as much as it now rains cowcumbers. Then is lugged in by the head and shoulders the majordomo, then the comedy, here again the steers, now whether the citty is called this thing,

or

its founder t'other thing, if the prophets danced or did not dance, if there were bonfires and rockets, and catturn-wheels, and squibs, and farpunts, and deviltry in the law of the Jews ; presently come in the angels who go up and down Jacom's ladder, and then those sorryphins with their six wings, which seem no other than if they were the sparrows of all farmunts, for as the sparrows are to be seen in all seasons and all parts, so these poor sorryphins are har-  
 rassed with flying in all farmunts, that i' faith I wonder how they find strength or feathers ; tho' truly they did well in giving them so many wings sence they are to make such continual use of them. Then what shall we say to that cart as some call it, and others coach, of one Enzekiel ? I warrant you this blessed cart shall have carted more straw and dung in the good pulpits of God than all the carts of Campos ever since farming was in fashiun : so that at the end of the farmunt I returns hoame as bad as I set out ; without having understood a single word of all this gollymoffry. And away with you ! I say again, then forsooth such preachers are to be called men who *soar out of sight*, and so they should *soar* out of sight, for, if I could have my

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will,

will, I would send them all to the enquiry.

“ Signior Familiar (replied Friar Blas) do not talk of things you do not understand.” To which Gerund flippantly added; “ To think, uncle, that you can see farther than so many famous preachers who preach thus, and so many discreet men who celebrate and applaud them, is thinking too much.” “ Cuzzun (returned the Familiar) every poor soul sees as far as God helps him: as to there being so many preachers who preach thus, and so many discreet men who applaud them, I say, that there being so many who preach thus is the very thing which provokes me; and as to your discreet men who applaud them—’tis better not to stir it: I confess (that the devil may’nt laugh at a lie) I have heard many of these applauders, but within myself I always thought they were fools. And to what the Perdicador says of my talking of things I don’t understand, I answer his Reverence, that as farmunts (the things I talk of) are designed for every body to understand, by the very seame rule if I don’t understand most of those I hear, I say they are bad; and I shan’t be made to leave off

off, thinking so by all the tologers there are in the varfity of Salamancar."

"Very many indeed then are those to whom the Signior Familiar shews little favour (here put in the father Vicar with his usual stateliness). If they are fools who preach in this manner and they who are pleased with such sermons, what the holy spirit says will be found verified to the letter, *stultorum infinitus est numerus*; and it will be necessary to count in this number many worthy men, and though I may not be one, yet I at once reckon myself amongst them, for I would rather err with the many than be right with the few."

"Fire of God upon the maxum! (spiritedly exclaimed the Familiar) your Reverence shall not ingraft it on my head; in all things it appears to me much better to be right with one alone than to err with all the world; for, in concrusion, to err is always to err, and to be right is always to be right." "You are not so alone Signior Familiar (said Don Bartholomew) as not to have the Signior Magistrat on your side, for as well in the sermons which I have heard him preach, as in his conversation, when it turns on this topic, he shews himself both by his words and his example so opposite



posite to this manner of preaching, that he delights one when he is jocular upon it, and makes one tremble when he combats it in earnest."

"He has been so grave and starched on some account or other (said Brother Bartolo) all the dinner-time, that a never once opened his lips, so much as to say, This mouth is mine; and once or twice that I looked at un a had such a frown that a seemed like an Enquisitor. But after all I hold with our father Vicar and the reverunt father Friar Bras, who are larned preachers, and for my part, whenever I hear one of the right sort of farmunts I am so stupified with delight, that it is a thing to praise God for. But if the preacher should be a man that handles his hands well into the bargain, and acts it as it should be, and as they say with porpriety! Oh then I would not leave the farmunt for a comedy!"

"Ay, there again! (said the Familiar) preachers have I heard who were just for all the world like Mummers which I once saw at Valladolid, when I went upon some business of the Holy Office, and there were stage-pleays acted. Just so they throw about their hands when they preach as the top-pingest man among the Mummers did, who

who they said was a pordigy : if they speak of a cross, out they stretch their arms to make them's like one ; if of a banner, they make belief as if they were he that carries it ; if of a battle, they fall a cutting and thrusting ; and if of a bird, they make as if they would floy." " In so doing they do as they ought, (replied the father Vicar, authoritatively) for actions should accompany the words, and in this respect there should be no difference between the preacher and the player,"

" To another dog with that bone (said the Familiar) for I shall not gnaw it. So your reverence would fain persuade us that a preacher and a player are to act their parts in the same manner !" " Both are to describe as near as possible with their actions what they express with their words."

" Granted, Sir ; but then, the Player as a Player, and a Preacher as a Preacher."

" Well then, worthy Sir, do you explain the difference to us," said the father Vicar, somewhat disdainfully. " Oh, if I did but know how to explain it (said the Familiar) as I have it here in my noddle, I would not change with an archdeacon."

" I think (said Don Bartholomew) I understand what the Signior Familiar means. It seems to him, that, the ends proposed  
by

by the player and preacher being very different, very different likewise should be the means employed; and that what in the one is grace, beauty, and propriety, would in the other be extravagance, folly, and madness. The player aims only to entertain, divert, and please his audience; the preacher's sole endeavour should be to convince, persuade, and move. In the former, the actions and gestures appear the better, the more airy, lively, and unrestrained; in the latter, all ought to breathe gravity, majesty, modesty, and composure; and as action comprises not only the motion of the hands, but the air of the countenance, the posture of the body, and even the tone of the voice, there ought to reign throughout a modesty which is not required in the player. To this purpose I remember to have read in Quintilian that a good orator will rather wish to appear modest and reserved than free and graceful, *modestus & esse & videri malit*; and the reason must undoubtedly be, that, as it is the principal end of the orator to persuade and move, all which tends to make him less amiable, tends likewise to make him less efficacious, since it is certain that he who is master of the heart will more readily make himself

master

master of the understanding. And as pride, arrogance, and presumption are so disagreeable to all, the preacher who in his action, tone, and gesture, shews himself proud, arrogant, and presumptuous, immediately makes himself detestable, or at least disgusting. Hence it is that modesty and reserve, which are seldom approved of in the player, are always necessary in the preacher : and this I apprehend might have been what the Signior Familiar would wish to say."

"But when shall I be able to express myself with all that clearness and heresy!" [for elegance] exclaimed the Familiar, full of joy, and cordially embracing Don Bartholomew. "Sir, you drank my thought\*; and now, as one thing calls another, pray, Sir, tell us, I conjure you by your life, and as God may comfort the soul of your good mother, ah I knew her well, and she was a woman——God save us, what a woman she was! tell us what is Modesty of Voice, for you happened accidentally on purpose to drop this word, and I don't rightly know what it signifies."

\* To be perfectly and entirely master of it; or to be master of it as easy as one can drink.

"Neither



“ Neither might I have known much of it (replied the Canon) had I not accidentally read it a few days ago in a certain book which a friend sent me from Madrid, which treats of these things relating to preaching. It is intitled *Christian Eloquence*, the work of a French Jesuit called Father Blas Gisbert, a man undoubtedly capable, discreet, and learned, who has admirable thoughts, though, in my poor opinion, not written with the best method in the world, for he repeats much, heaps things confusedly, does not follow the chace, touches upon a thousand things and directly leaves them, and in the many examples which he brings from St. John Chrysostom, whom he proposes with great reason as the best model of sacred eloquence, though they are all chosen pieces, he seems rather prolix. But how now! Who am I, to take the critic upon me, without recollecting that this science was not made for a poor ignorant Canon? I return to the question.

“ This father, then, speaking of Modesty of Voice, says, if I remember right, pretty nearly these words. *You will be modest in this respect if you avoid a certain hoarse, swollen, domineering tone of voice, which carries to the very heart of the hearer the same disgust*

*disgust which its rude dissonance causes to the ear. A sweet, strong, equal, flexible, and modestly-commanding voice is of admirable help towards persuasion. On the contrary the understanding feels a certain repugnance in yielding to arguments conveyed in the ungrateful channel of a rough, jarring, fierce, violent, and impetuous voice."*

"And where shall he, to whom God has given a voice with these defects, go to buy another?" asked Friar Blas. "That my author does not tell us (replied the Canon); and I have not taken upon me the office of instructing preachers, for which I am little calculated. I only relate what I read. Though I think that art, and pains, and care, might correct these defects; and I remember too, if I do not mistake, to have heard or read that Demosthenes and Cicero, the two greatest orators the world has known, had both, by nature, unharmonious voices, and that they both reduced them to a temperate, sonorous, and pleasing medium, by art and exercise."

"But, hearkee, Signor Don Bartholomew (said the Familiar) though these bullocking voices and impetuous actions, as seyther What's-his-name calls them, seem to threaten to break one's head, yet I have  
been

been put as much out of humour by other preachers of a very different kind, your all-over-be-sugared things, so soft, and so sweet, with their little honey-words, and their lisp, and their amble, like any finical Madam, that are certainly enough to make a man spew." "When all this is natural," (replied the Canon) proceeding from a truly soft and sweet disposition, and from some natural defect in the tongue \*, it does not disgust; but when affectation and artifice have part in it, there is nothing more surfeiting or provoking: even in conversation it is disgusting and contemptible, but in the pulpit Patience herself could not endure it."

"In this we agree," interrupted the father Vicar; and the reason was because he had a sonorous, manly, graceful voice; "but I cannot say so much with regard to your judgment on father Gisbert's book, which I have in my cell, and have read with great attention, for though you have noted some little defects, venial indeed, yet one sees that at the bottom you approve it. Have

\* The Canon is not to be understood as condemning all lispings, but affected or improper lispings: for in the true elegant Castilian pronunciation the *z*, and the *c* before *e* and *i*; have always a slight lisp.

you read the critical remarks of Monsieur L'Enfant, upon this work?" "Yes, reverend father, for they are at the end of the second edition of the book, which is what I have." "And what do you think of them?" "Father master, it is not for a sorry Canon of the Sword and the Cloak like me, to give his opinion on such matters: but since your Reverence desires to know what I think, my opinion is, (pass for what it may) that, besides what he has said upon his want of method, his repetitions, and the prolixity of his citations from St. Chrysostom, which appears to me just, almost all the rest of the remarks of Monsieur L'Enfant are futile, ridiculous, puerile, and, in a word, first begging pardon for the quibble, worthy only of an *enfant*, which, in our language, would be called a *child*"

"What (replied the Vicar) do you give the epithet of puerile to the first remark he makes upon what the father Gilbert says in his preface, that, *The beauty of the composition supplies the want of brevity*, on which the critic says, *Here there is something obscure and equivocal, since he means to say only that the beautiful will excuse the prolix?* This remark appears to me just and solid."



“What a sad thing it is to be ignorant! (said the Canon.) Now to me it appeared insipid, futile, and totally unsupported by reason; for I did not comprehend that between these two clauses, *the beauty of a discourse supplies the want of brevity*, and, *the beauty of a discourse excuses its prolixity*, there was any other difference than that of saying one and the same thing, with more or less words; but that as to every thing else, both the propositions were equally clear and intelligible. But the superior lights of your Reverence discover what is hidden to us, to whom they are imparted in more scanty measure. I wish, however, your paternity would be pleased to inform me who this Monsieur L’Enfant was, whose notes have the good fortune to meet so much with your approbation.

“Signior Don Bartholomew, (replied the Vicar) I confess I do not know, nor have I troubled myself about enquiring; for when I read a book, it concerns me little to be acquainted with the life and miracles of the author; if it pleases me I go through with it, and praise it when I have done; and if it tires me, I shut it up and lay it upon the shelf without any more ado.”

“ See

“ See there now ! (returned the Canon) I had taken it into my foolish head, that to form a judgment of a work, especially a critical one, and one that related to matters of religion, it was necessary to have a knowledge, at least a general knowledge, of the studies, the circumstances, and, particularly, the profession of the author. I confess, that having observed in the notes of Monsieur L’Enfant the extraordinary pains he takes to censure the passages of that holy father of the church, St. Chrysostom, quoted in father Gilbert’s book, I began to have a suspicion about this Monsieur, which tempted me to enquire who he was, and, with a very little trouble, I was soon satisfied. For being one of those lazy, suddenly-learned gentry in fashion, who deal in Dictionaries, Compendiums, Epitomes, Synopses, and such things, wishing to know much at a little cost, and to speak on all subjects, without understanding any one, I turned to the abbreviation of Moreri’s Historical Dictionary, and there found that James L’Enfant was a famous Theologist and Historian, of the Protestant Religion, who left behind him many works, and died of the palsy in 1728.

Now Monsieur L'Enfant having been a Protestant, as furious as he was famous, some little caution, I should think, might be requisite in the reading his notes upon the work of a Jesuit, and particularly a work upon such a subject."

"What then! (replied the Vicar, not without some little contempt) Have you one of those vulgar understandings which think that an Heretic cannot write judiciously upon any subject?" "No, Reverend Sir, I am not so very ignorant as all that; I well know that there have been eminent authors, in some faculties, among them; I well know, for in short I studied as far as the *Sumulas*, that this consequence is not valid, *He is an Heretic, therefore he does not know what he says nor what he writes*; I well know, likewise, that, as there is a certain kind of madmen who are beside themselves, only when they touch upon a certain string, so there are many classes of understandings which lose themselves only upon certain subjects. But, at the same time, I am persuaded, that for this last reason, we ought always to read with caution and distrust those works of the heretics which directly, or indirectly, treat

treast of religious points, and such without doubt they are who criticize the holy fathers, the veneration and esteem for whom they endeavour by all means to diminish. The prejudice the heretics profess, especially against the Jesuits, is so notorious, that, when they write against them, equity, I think, demands that they be attended to as to a passionately partial party.



C H A P. VII.

*The Magistral awakes, and pursues the conversation of the preceding Chapter, with the rest that will be seen.*

JUST at this instant appeared the signor Magistral, after having slept a good decent siesta. They all rose respectfully at his approach, and most of them retired, some to their prayers, and others to take a short nap, for which, various authors assure us, brother Bartolo had, of all, the most urgent necessity. Friar Gerund was offering to retire likewise, but the Magistral detained him, and there remained only the Uncle and Nephew, Don Bartholemew, and the good Familiar. The Magistral took a pinch of snuff to clear his head, rubbed his eyes, blew his nose, and, there is a report, that, looking full in his Cousin's face, he began with him in this manner.

“ Without doubt, Friar Gerund, thou must be much blowed up with vanity from thy absurd sermon. The applauses of the ignorant, the shouts of these poor crea-  
tures,

tures, the vote of the multitude, and the acclamations of flatterers, if indeed they were not ironical praises from mockers or ill-wishers, must have persuaded thee that thou left us all astonished at thee and thy performance. I was in truth astonished, and I doubt if it was possible for any one to be more so; but it was not at thy discretion, or thy acuteness, or thy oratorical abilities, but I was astonished at thy most wretched ignorance, I was astonished at thy impious audacity, I was astonished at thy extravagant madness, and in short, I was astonished at thy intire, total, utter want of taste and judgment, and reflection, and common sense."

From this exordium the ingenious reader may form some faint idea in what sort of language the good old man would deliver himself when once he began to be a little warmed with his copious subject, which he diffusively handled. Poor Gerund and his salutation were most unmercifully cut up; and this greatest of all possible preachers in his own opinion, was shewn that with his no-stock to begin the trade he could not be intitled even to the name of a preacher.

After animadverting upon the intolerable abuse and foolish custom of touching upon circumstances in the salutation, the Magistral tells him that he was not content with taking notice of such as preachers of his stamp usually did, but that he descended even to the most minute and most ridiculous, that he might carry his extravagance to the utmost extent, bringing in his father, his mother, and his godfather, and the rockets, and the bonfire, and the sacramental act, and the steers, and the dancers, and their heads of hair; and to leave no impertinence untouched, even the Gallician bagpipe; that by the bare mention the ridiculousness of them might be seen, and that his very blushes declared the shame he felt at the enumeration of them, though he had the confidence to preach them. He shews him at large the folly of his *primum sermonem*, his scandalous attempt at wit about the devil's carrying him to the desert of religion, and his stupid lies about the progenitors of his godfather the licentiate Quixano and their jawbones. If he turned his eyes to his strange subject, he said, of Campazas, being the original soil and mansion of the sacrament, and, that either the sacrament was in Campazas,

pazas, or there was no faith in the church, he could not find words to express what he thought of it; that he believed such an absurdity, as he shews it to be, could have entered into no head but his, and that he might put to him the question made by the cardinal Hippolito d'Est to Ariosto, *Dove Diavolo, Messer Ludovico, avete pigliate tante coglionerie*, where the devil didst thou get such an heap of confounded stuff? With regard to the first clause he says that all countries producing corn and wine, must be as much the original soil and mansion of the sacrament as Campazas; and that by the same rule those producing oil must be that of extreme unction; those in which there is water, that of baptism; and the whole world, that of penitence, since every where in the world there is abundance of sin which is the remote matter of it. With regard to the second, he supposes he meant, as a great thing, that if it was not a truth that the sacrament was in Campazas, the proper elements being there placed and formally consecrated by a competent minister and with a due intention, neither was it a truth that it was at Rome or any other place of the church of God. But this he tells



tells the simpleton was a most insipid *Peregrullada*, and that the same might be asserted of any little dirty inn into which the divine sacrament was carried to a sick man; unless indeed he was as great a booby as the bumkin, who, upon being shewn the famous monuments at Seville, said with great satisfaction, “To be sure these are deadly fine *monuments*, but in all the world there is not such a place as my town for *sacraments*.” He then asks him if he knows whence it proceeds that he exposes himself by such shocking absurdities; and, taking it for granted that he does not know, kindly informs him that it is owing to his infamous and unpardonable neglect of logic, philosophy, and theology, crazily persuaded that there was no occasion for them in a preacher. He now enters into a wide field of argument to prove to him how indispensably necessary it is that a preacher should not be ignorant of them, and upon the first point is particularly diffuse in explaining what he means, lest he might be thought to recommend, at large, what has been called logic, and be understood, by an apprehension so prone to error, as that of our unfortunate hero, to exhort him to the contemptible *Dialectica Cavillatrix*, condemned

demned by Quintilian and every man of common sense, instead of what logic really is, or should be, the art of using reason well in our enquiries after truth and the communication of it to others\*. From the necessity of an acquaintance with theology, he tells him how miserably such stupid wretches as himself err, when to excuse their rash hyperboles, despicable and disgusting conceits, absurd and blasphemous propositions, &c. &c. they say with great satisfaction that they speak *more concionatorio et non scholastico*—as preachers and not as theologists—with the witty addition, as they think it, that the pulpit has no *posse*†. He wants to know who has told them that the chair of the Holy Spirit requires less so-

\* Not without reason was the learned Magistral very solicitous that Gerund should not mistake him upon this point, as he undoubtedly knew what Gerundical, what monstrous questions the *Dialectica Cavillatrix* had heretofore give birth to, in the wanton imagination of some theological disputants; such as *utrum Deus potuerit suppositare mulierem, vel diabolum, vel asinum, vel silicem, vel cucurbitam*; & *si suppositasset cucurbitam, quemadmodum fuerit concionatura, editura miracula, & quoniam modo fuisset fixa cruci*, &c.

† *Assistir al Posse*, is, to stand to be interrogated. A custom observed in the universities by every professor; who, when he leaves the chair, waits for a certain time for the hearers to propose any doubts or difficulties that may have occurred to them upon what he has said, in order to have them cleared up to them.

lidity

lidity and circumspection in what is delivered in it than that of the university, and whether propositions which would be ridiculous in the schools can be ever tolerable in the pulpit? The pulpit he grants has no *poste*, but it is because nothing ought to be said in the pulpit that will admit of reply, dispute, or argument. When he insists so much on the necessity of a preacher's being a theologist, he does not mean that he should go up into the pulpit to make a vain ostentation of it, with his, "*The Theologists say,*" "*As is known to the Theologist,*" "*Here the Theologist will understand me,*" which he calls puerile and contemptible, and says that he is not to treat in the pulpit of what the Theologist knows, but what every body knows; and that whenever he says any thing that may not equally be comprehended by the most simple old woman, as the most perspicacious Theologist, from anxiously wishing to be thought a Theologist he ceases to be a Preacher.

"Supposing now, (here concludes the mild admonisher) that some knowledge of divinity, philosophy, and logic, be so necessary, as I have demonstrated, in a preacher, how shouldst thou, who hast so shamefully, so infamously neglected to furnish thyself with

with the smallest shred, the minutest atom, of divinity, or of philosophy, or of logic, how shouldst thou know how to preach ! Thou, who hast never seen more of the councils, or of the holy fathers, or of the expositors than perhaps the binding ; and if thou wert to see the inside, most assuredly thou wouldst not understand a letter of them, how shouldst thou know how to preach ! Thou, who knowest no more neither of the sacred mysteries, nor of the precepts of the Decalogue, nor of the holy mother church, nor of the vices and virtues, than what is taught in the catechism, how shouldst thou know how to preach ! By reading good sermons thou wilt tell me. And how art thou to know which are good and which are bad, which to be imitated and which to be abhorred ? Thou, who in every thing, blind as a beetle, obstinate as a mule, affectest the worst of the worst ! Thou, who, as I infer from having heard that shocking mixture of every thing execrable which thou calledst a sermon, art idiot enough to admire a cursed *Florilegium*, which goes about, to the eternal scandal of our nation, and for an inexhaustible fund of ridicule to those who wish us ill ! Thou———



## C H A P. VIII.

*The thread of the discourse and of the anger of the Magistral is cut off by the arrival of an unexpected guest, who is a very diverting piece.*

AT this (as a punctual author affirms) three hundred and thirty-third *Thou* of the learned and zealously-inflamed Magistral, it pleased God and the good fortune of the blessed Friar Gerund, who was woefully shrunk by the loftily-didactic tone of his reprover, that, with much noise of neighing, prancing, steeds, his lacquey, groom of the bed-chamber, and other attendants, a sudden guest who was not expected, nor could have been thought of, should come into the court-yard, and alight at the entrance of the house. It was a young cavalier, of good appearance and easy carriage, the inhabitant of a city not far distant from Campazas, who had been a long time at court in prosecution of a suit of some importance, in which the Magistral, though he was not personally acquainted with

with him, had greatly helped him by powerful recommendations ; and hearing by accident, as he was now returning into the country after his success, that his benefactor was at this place, he thought it incumbent on him, as it was but a very little out of his way, to come and pay him his grateful acknowledgments.

Our new guest was called Don Carlos ; and as, on one hand, he was by no means dull of apprehension, and, on the other, had been so long at Madrid frequenting toilets, keeping stools warm, guarding anti-chambers, loitering about the purlieus of the palace, and even now and then getting into a Secretary of State's office, he was most furiously infected with the air of the Grand Mode. He made his civilities in the French manner, spoke Spanish stuck with Gallicisms, affecting the circumlocutions, and even the tone or shrill twang with which they of that nation speak their language ; their phrases and expressions were made familiar to him, by having heard them frequently in Court-conversations, by having observed them in the sermons of the famous preachers who then gave law to, and were most celebrated at, court, by having picked them out of books

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in the language itself, which he construed middlingly, and likewise by having caught them from the works of the bad translators from it, of which, for our sins, there is a pestilent multitude in these unhappy times. In short, our Don Carlos appeared to be a *Monsieur* complete, signed, sealed, and witnessed; and for his part, for a *Monsieur* would he have changed all the Donships in the world; insomuch that even the Donis of the Holy Spirit would have founded much better to him, and perhaps he would have solicited to be one of their number with great earnestness, had they been called *Monsieurs*.

As soon as he alighted, and was received by Anthony Zotes very lovingly and heartily from his natural goodness, he asked him “If there was in that *petite ville* and that house *Monsieur* the *Teologal* of Leon?” “Yes, your Honour,” answered Anthony, treating him at once with that respect which he thought due to a man who travelled with such a train, though he did not understand his question. “*Monsieur* the *Teologal* (added Don Carlos) is one of my best friends; and though I have not the honour to know him, I am beholden to his great goodness even to excess. I beseech

teech you, Monsieur, to be pleased to have the goodness to take the trouble of shewing me before all things to the *retreat* or *Camara* of Monsieur the *Teologal*."

The good creature of an Anthony, who had never heard such gibberish before, what did he think? Why that the poor gentleman was pressed by one of those natural urgencies which admits but of small delay, and from which he would wish to be relieved before he saw the Magistral; and therefore conducted him with the greatest candour to a little dark closet, which had a door opening into the alcove where his cousin's bed stood, and said with a submissive voice, "Go in here, your honour, and upon the right hand you will find what you want, for this is the *Camara*\* of my cousin the Magistral." Don Carlos was rather out of countenance, but as he was *extremement degagé*, he soon recovered himself, and said (first to himself) "It is plain the host is a gross *Bourgeois* or a miserable *Villageois*;" (and then to Anthony) "at present I have no need of such an utensil; what I want is, to be conducted to

\* *Camara* in the court style is used for a chamber, but it means a close-stool, and things thereunto appertaining, with the vulgar, who use it in no other sense.



the room, chamber, or parlour of the Signior Magistral." "O that is another thing (answered honest Anthony), if your honour had expained yourself so at first, you should have been shewn to it directly without going round about."

He shewed him into the parlour accordingly; where was the Magistral, with Don Bartholomew, the Familiar, and Friar Gerund, as we said in the last chapter; and he entered it just at the nick of time that the three-hundred-and-thirty-third *Thou* was fired, as it is noted in the antient manuscript of the punctual author preserved in the archives of the Zotes, and which we have before us in order to supply us with these minute informations concerning all the transactions which passed upon this occasion at Campazas. As soon as the Magistral saw before him so respectable a cavalier he hastily rose from his seat, and as he was going to accost him with due civility, Don Carlos stopped him short with saying, "Signior Magistral, don't give yourself the pain to incommode yourself; I have done myself the honour to take the liberty to drop in upon you at this house *à la Française*; this is the grand mode, for the free and *degagés* manners of that nation have

have banished from ours that air of slavery and *esclavitudinage*, which restraining our liberty, did us no honour. I am a furious Frenchman, though born in the bosom of the kingdom of Leon. I have the honour, Sir, to come to present my respects and my grateful acknowledgments to you. I am Don Carlos Osorio, whom you had the goodness to favour so much by your letters of recommendation, for I should be the most wretched ingrate amongst mortals, not to publish loudly that it is to them I owe the happiness of having had the felicity to gain my suit. I, Monsieur —."

The Magistral, a plain man, a staunch Spaniard and downright Leonian, who, though he was more than ordinarily versed in the French language, doing it all the justice it deserves, yet was very fond of his own, well persuaded that the devil a thing was there for the expressing of which it stood in need of foreign assistance, having within itself all that was necessary for copiousness, for propriety, for beauty, and for elegance.—The Magistral, I say, was farseited with the very first period, and would directly have cut off the remainder with contempt, had he not been restrained by the respect due to the birth of Don Car-

los, and the urbanity with which he ought to treat a man who had come to find him out purely to shew his gratitude. Nevertheless he resolved to divert himself a little at his expence with the best face he could put on; and therefore as soon as he called him *Monsieur* he said, “I, Signior Don Carlos, am not a *Monsieur*, nor ever have been, venerating at the same time those who are, in such a manner, that without envying them this respectful appellation as unknown in Spain, I am content with that which was given to my fathers and grandfathers, and more especially as there is no necessity to be a *Monsieur* in order to be very much and very sincerely your humble servant.”

“These, Signior Magistral, are prejudices of education, and it is a pity that a man of your understanding should accommodate himself to the sentiments of the vulgar. Understandings of the first rank have happily got rid of these preoccupations and find more grace in a *Monsieur* than in a *Don* or a *Signior*, which in cultivated nations are applied to tradesmen and mechanics and any gross *Bourgeois*. You will not deny me, Sir, that a *Monsieur le Margne* sounds better than a *Don Such-an-one Maniér*.”

“As

“As sound (said the Magistral) is a thing depending respectively on the ear, and there has been a man who preferred the neighing of an horse to the harp of Orpheus, I shall neither take upon me to deny or grant it : I only assure you, Sir, that nothing sounds so well to me as what is received in our own language, and this at the same time that I am not altogether a stranger to the foreign ones.”

“Ha, Signior Magistral, and what *damage*, that a man of your lights should give way to national prejudices.”

“My sense, natural or acquired, (since I suppose, Sir, that is what you mean by my *lights*) notwithstanding its being very limited, obliges me to know that it is a levity unbecoming our Spanish gravity, and an unwarrantable disesteem of our language, to introduce into it words and manners of speaking of which it is in no sort of need. But, in short, leaving every one to speak as he thinks fit, perhaps, Sir, you may not have yet dined, and before all things it is necessary”— “*Mon pardon*, Signior Magistral, I have taken care of that at a *petite ville* \* two leagues from hence,

\* The word used here, and in the question to Anthony, by Don Carlos is *Village*, a word not known, or at least not in common use in Spain.



and therefore there is no occasion for any body to give themselves the pain to incommode themselves."

"I don't know, (said the Familiar) that in this neighbourhood or in all Campos there be such a place at *Pettyfield*." Don Carlos laughed at what he thought the simplicity of the rustic, whom he did not know; and said to him with a kind of contemptuous smile, "Honest farmer, any village or small town is called a *petite ville*." "But Signior Don Carlos (said the Magistral) if *village* or *small town* would as well express your meaning, what particular grace is there in *petite ville* that we should give it naturalization in our language?"

"Oh, Signior Magistral! You are *diablement* Spanish, and according to this humour you would not give quarter neither to *Libertinage* for dissoluteness, to *pavé* for pavement, to *satisfaction* for pleasures, to *exercising the ministry of the word* for preaching, to *belles lettres* for polite literature, to——"

"Hold, Don Carlos, don't trouble yourself; for it would be endless to enumerate all the Frenchified words, phrases, and ways of speaking, which have been lately introduced, and are now daily introducing  
into

into our language, to the no small vanity of the strangers, and to the great concern and grief of all sensible and judicious men. I must tell you, Sir, that neither to these nor innumerable other Gallicisms, which, without any why or wherefore, have been smuggled in upon us, to the disfiguring our own tongue, will I ever give quarter in my conversation or my writings."

"Then you would make your way but indifferently at court, I can assure you, Signior Magistral; for such sentiments would appear ridiculous and *outré* at a toilet or a state office." "As to the toilets, (said the Magistral) they are not worth minding, and I agree that where they talk so much of *coiffures*, *robes de chambre*, and *pantouffles*, he would be but ill-received who calls such things, *caps*, *slippers*, and *night-gowns*. But in the offices perhaps, Sir, he might not be so ill received as you imagine, for in them there are people of all sorts. It is true that we now and then meet with some of those youngsters, those apprentices to the pen, initiated in politics,

*Anno non amplius uno,*

*Et minimo sudore, & amico abdomine salvo,*

who, only because they have read the works of Feyjoo, the books on the Science

of the Court, the *Spectacle de la Nature* the History of the People of God, and some few others of those which are most in fashion, not only think themselves capable of speaking confidently and decisively on all subjects, but think they have authority to foist in upon us those foreign words which sound well to their vitiated ear; and though we have at home those which are equally significant and expressive, it is not to be expected that they will use them, or even condescend to look them in the face.

“These gentry if they write a congratulatory letter, will not say, *I heartily give you joy of the new employment the king's goodness has conferred upon you*, if you should tear their eyes out; but, *I felicitate you, Sir, upon the just honour with which the king has rewarded your distinguished merit*. If they would express their complacency to a friend on any happy event, don't imagine that they will say in plain Spanish, *I am as happy with all that gives you pleasure as myself*, no, the phrase must be Frenchified, and they will say, *there is not in the world one who more interests himself in all your satisfactions; they hold in my estimation the same place as my own*. To say, *Command me, in every*

*every thing*, they would think a vulgarity and villagism ; but *count upon me in all*, has a smack of the court, and every thing that has not that smack is clownish. *This affair appertains not to my department*, to express, *this business belongs not to my office*, they never forget. It is now *upon the table*, for, *being ready to be despatched*, is a current clause ; and a letter have I seen of a certain confident young spark, which said, *your affair is now upon the tapis*, a thing which much surprised the person interested, for he thought full surely, that, in order to make a joke of him, he had caused some ridiculous figure of him to be wrought upon a piece of tapestry or carpetting.

I say, therefore, that these raw state-officials might not, perhaps, give the kindest reception to my language, plain, and adhering scrupulously to the laws of Covarrubias, and others whom I acknowledge and reverence as legitimate legislators of the Spanish tongue. And there are likewise many partizans of it in these very offices, in all of which the majority of the persons employed, and those who are most esteemed for their judgment and abilities, are so. For, believe me, Sir, that these offices are filled with men truly cultivated, and even learn-

ed,



ed, passionately fond of our language, well informed in the riches it contains, and perfectly persuaded that it has in its treasury a sufficient stock, honourably and elegantly, to satisfy every demand, except, perhaps, now and then some professional words, and a few other peculiar ones, which languages must necessarily borrow of one another, without exempting from this necessity also originals or primitives. I am sure that these true Spaniards must grieve secretly to find introduced, and as it were, made denizens in their offices, many words which might, and ought to have been excused, such as *Department, Arrangement, Levée, Glacis, Sortie, Intendant, Premier, Carte-blanche, Maitre-d'Hotel, Chargé d'Affaires, Routine, Congé d'elire, Manœuvre, Parole, Etiquette*, and innumerable others ; for they are so many that

———— *Nec tot simul Apula muscas  
Arva ferant, nec tot vendat mendacia falsi  
Inflitor unguenti.*

they would be glad to banish them from their letters and dispatches ; but either they have not sufficient power to do so, or seeing them as it were naturalized by virtue of possession, though of no long date, they  
will

will not embroil themselves in disputes on their propriety ; or, in short, they let them pass for other, political motives, which belong not to me to examine. But, however, be persuaded, Sir, that these gentlemen would not receive me ill, or hear me with disgust, as long as I conform to the language of our ancestors."

" But, at least, (replied Don Carlos) I would not be *Garant* that the translators of French books would allow you good quarter, and in truth they are respectable people, and very numerous, and in no small consideration at court."

" Let it alone, Signor Don Carlos, let it alone for the love of God ! The point you have touched on I would not willingly meddle with, for if I should warm myself a little, I should speak a whole library. *Translators of French books ! Translators of French books !* Call them not thus, Sir, call them rather *Traducers* of their own language, and corruptors of the other ; for, as an Italian says pleasantly, most of them do not so much make a translation as commit treason against both one and the other idiom. Except some very few, *quos digito monstrarier omni—vel cæco facile est*, all the rest you may huddle in a sack ; there is nothing

to

to pick and chuse ; and be assured Sir, that they are one of the greatest plagues which have infested this age.

“ Do not imagine that I despise those who have, or do dedicate themselves to this most useful and glorious employment. I am so far from such a thought, that I look upon those who acquit themselves properly, worthy of the highest estimation. In all ages and all nations, great applauses have been given to good translators, and men of the first consequence in the republic of letters have not disdained to apply themselves to this exercise. Cicero, Quintilian, and even Julius Cesar, enriched the Latin language with translations of excellent Greek works; and the version of the Bible which we call the Vulgate, gained St. Jerom the just renown of being *Doctor Maximus* of the church, and made him more celebrated than his learned commentaries on it, or his excellent treatises against the heretics of his time. St. Thomas translated the Political books of Aristotle into Latin, and acquired no less honour by it than by his incomparable *Summa Theologica*. And, in truth, if they deserve so well of their country who bring into it arts, manufactures, and riches, discovered in distant parts

parts, why should they deserve less who communicate to their language the treasures hidden in foreign tongues?

“ I am therefore of opinion that a good translator merits the greatest applause, the greatest reward, and the greatest estimation. But how few are there in this age who are thus deserving ! Nothing so much proves the great difficulty there is in translating well, as the multitude of translations with which we are suffocated ; and how very few are those which are worthy to be called, I will not say Good, but even Tolerable ? Now a days, unhappy is the mother who has not a translator in her son. There is now a plaguy heap of translators ; for almost all translations are a plague. Most of them are bad, and even perverse grammatical interpretations, in which, at the best, the language translated from is as much mangled as that translated into, a nauseous hotchpotch being made of them both together, which sickens a Frenchman, and gives a Spaniard an inclination to cascade. They are both unable to know their own idiom again ; each understands half, and neither of them the whole. I well know whence this proceeds, but have not a mind to tell.

“ What



“ What I say is, that, in short, the bad, the perverse, the ridiculous, the extravagant, or the idiot translators are they who principally contribute to the destruction of our language, corrupting as much the words of it as the spirit. These are the fellows who have given our poor idiom the French disease, for the cure of which will not suffice all the mercury prepared by the judicious pen of the elegant Fracastorius,

——— *Unicum illum*

*Ulcera qui jussit castas tractare Camænas.*

These are the people who have so contrived; that neither in our conversation, nor in our familiar letters, nor our public writings, can we see ourselves for French dust; I mean, that it seems as if they kept no other sand in their standish than that of the Loire, the Rhone, or the Seine, they so unsparingly sprinkle all they write with Gallicisms. In short, these are the skilful gentry who, whilst they should endeavour to make the Frenchman speak Spanish, (for, after all, that should be the object of the translator) seem to aim at the direct contrary, namely, to make the Spaniard speak French; and, in truth, they hit the mark.

In this, those translators are most happy who are, in reality, the most miserable. If,

by

by *their* good fortune, they meet with a worthy, curious, instructive, or diverting work, with that they do the greater mischief; because the more the book is relished, and the more extensive is the sale, so much more sticks the contagion, and so much more extensive is the evil. There is a certain work goes about, divided into many volumes, which, notwithstanding it is a problem amongst the wise whether it is more profitable or prejudicial, has nevertheless had a prodigious run. No library, public or private, no cell, no closet, no parlour; nor scarcely any woman's apartment is to be found without it; insomuch that even the lap-dogs play with it on the stools. This work fell into the hands of a translator, capable, skilful, and laborious indeed, but, at the same time, so hasty to finish it as soon as possible, that he published it half translated; that is to say, he turned half of it into Spanish, and left the other half of it in French. The quick translator without doubt forgot, that he who does things well always makes sufficient haste; and he who does them ill may lay his account in having done them very, very leisurely. And what followed? What I have already intimated. As this book is the mode throughout all Spain;

Spain; as the learned read it, the half-learned read it, the idiots read it, and even the women read it; and as all meet in it with so many terms, so many clauses, so many starts and snatches, and so many peculiarities of expression, all perfectly French, which they never met with in the more chaste and polished writings in our language, what do they think? Without doubt, that this is the Grand Mode at Court; and, capriciously bent on following it in their speaking as well as all other things, some, not to appear ignorant, and others, because they are in every thing complete apes, (which comprehends both genders) scarce do they bring out a sentence in conversation that does not seem to have been cast in the molds of Paris.

“ A few days ago, I was talking with a certain lady, who treated me with this piece of jargon: “ A man of character had the goodness to come to seek me at my country-house; and certainly, at the hour, I found myself in one of the apartments which are on a level with the parterre; for, as the pavé is of beautiful marble, and the deposite of the grand fountain falls below it, besides gaining a most beautiful blow of light, it makes a sejour very commode  
against

against the ardours of the season. This man of quality was penetrated with grief because they had arrested a son of his, making him criminal of I know not what pretended delits, which, every thing well considered, reduced themselves, to neat bagatelles; and he came to supplicate me, that I would have the complacency with him to interpose my credit with the minister that the arrest might be raised." She was going on, but I, not having patience to endure such gibberish, asked her, if she understood French? "Pardon me, Signior Magistral, (she replied immediately) I am not initiated not even into the first elements of that idiom all amiable." "Then how, Madam, can you speak such elegant French in Spanish?" "O, Sir, I am reading The History of—— which is an enchantment."

"My heart misgave me so, said I. The translation of this History is without doubt one of the most extraordinary works which was ever attempted; and as there is no hole or corner in Spain where it is not greedily read, neither is there one which has not felt the influence of the French contagion with which it is afflicted. This most particularly infects the women inclined to books. As they are almost all of them desti-



tute of those principles which are necessary for the distinguishing of good from evil in literature, and as they are all (without almost) inclined to novelty, they have found inconceivable grace in the Frenchified words, and phrases, and transitions, and manners of speaking, which swarm throughout the said translation, and the affection with which they have adopted them is incredible.

“ Our women are in the same case with regard to French, as the Roman women were in regard to Greek. She who did not stud her conversation with scraps of Greek was esteemed vulgar; and to such an height did the extravagance rise, that she could have no pretensions to elegance amongst them, who did not pronounce even her own language with the Attic accent. Every thing was to be done after the Greek mode, speaking, dressing, eating, drinking, dancing, singing, laughing, being frightened, feeling irksomeness and tediousness; in a word, they affected the Greek air in all their gestures, actions, and manners. And whence did this spring? Not only from the commerce of the Greeks with Romans, but principally from the absurdity of some Roman translators, who, thro’  
igno-

ignorance or caprice, took upon them to latinize an infinity of Greek words ; this new thing was mightily fancied by the ladies, who made a fashion of the extravagance, and gave just occasion to Juvenal for lashing them upon it in his sixth Satire.

“ If I were not afraid, Madam, continued I to this lady, that you might be offended, I would repeat to you a gloss not totally unhappy, which a friend of mine made upon a text in this Satire of Juvenal, applying it to our Spanish ladies, who are so blindly enamoured of all they see, hear, and read, so that it come from the other side of the Pyrenees. He has not confined himself indeed to the article of language ; no more would Juvenal, had the manners of the Roman women in his time been capable of being hurt by the introduction of any foreign fashions. But this is not the case with my fair countrywomen : I am persuaded, that they have much to lose ; and I am, at the same time, persuaded also, that nothing so hastily and mischievously contributes to this loss as their affecting the airs of their light, pert, vain, frivolous, and unprincipled neighbours ; it being, in my opinion, a truth as certain as it is grievous, that all the old Spanish honour, virtue, modesty, and wisdom

dom are apace declining, in exact proportion to the prevalence of French manners: My friend perfectly agrees with me in these sentiments, and has in his gloss expressed himself with a strength and freedom inspired by his zeal, and suitable to the subject, but which may be too much for the ear of a lady whom I wish not to offend." "Do not do me the injustice, Sir, to hold me for so delicate, (replied the lady) and therefore I pray you to repeat it with all the liberty of spirit." "Then, with your leave; Madam, said I, the gloss of my friend upon our Frenchified Spanish women ran thus:

"Scarce less the torment of an husband's life,  
 When Gallic Frenzy fastens on the wife.  
 She whom he woo'd an Andalusian maid,  
 When Beauteous Nature only she display'd;  
 Now wed, if once to Madrid she repair,  
 That *Paris-Madrid* which he should not bear,  
 Farewell the artless lisp that grac'd her tongue  
 When the Pure Spanish sweetly roll'd along,  
 When what in Humble, Native guise she dress'd  
 "Seem'd wisest, prudentest, discreetest, best!"  
 The Modish Madness of the land of Apes  
 Her Speech, her Manners—not her Soul escapes.  
 Her voice soon sharpens to the Piercing Clang,  
 And Snuff's Clean aid augments the Nasal Twang:  
 With tone Affected, Arrogant, and Loud  
 She grows familiar, and *Mon-Dieu's* her God.

Her

Her lovely auburne locks that guiltless play  
 Soon fall sad victims to *Bien Coiffée* ;  
 Those lovely locks, condemn'd, from mortal view,  
 In Monthly Clouts of Dust and Grease to stew,  
 Whose Luscious smells her other smells forestal,  
 And vie for Sweetness with a Caffre's Caul !  
 Without, Within, equipp'd complete *Françoise*,  
 Her ready visit to the club she pays.  
 Who but a *Bête Barbare* offence can see,  
 When the Lewd Orgies are Baptis'd *Cot'rie* ?  
 Does she 'gainst Wedlock's Sacred Laws rebel ?  
 'Tis but *Ennui* by grateful change to quell.  
 " Odious are drams !" Which yet her blood inflame  
 Under the soft *Liqueur*'s enchanting name.  
 If from the admiring Condé she withdraws,  
*Rien que piffer* is the Modest cause :  
 To shew in this no other call's implied,  
 She Boasts the *Lavement* which she late applied.  
 She to *French* measures only, at the ball,  
 Shakes that *Cotillon* which she Lifts to All :  
 Or here *assiss* eternal at *Quadrille*,  
 At once her Fortune, Time, and Health to kill ;  
 The Homely games her Grandame rarely play'd,  
 For Homely fums, she spurns ; and, undismay'd,  
 Stakes e'en her Casket at the Dreadful Trade.  
 Her pale lips quiver at the adverse *Vole*—  
 Still, still she urges ruin on *Parole*.  
 At her *Ruelle* the Sister-Judges sit,  
 Scan Authors' merits, and decide on Wit,  
 Or Laws of *Ton* establish and revoke,  
 While Sense and Nature Sicken at the Joke.



Female Preheminence in all must reign ;  
 Her Lord's a Stranger in his own domain ;  
 Or for his Vassal took, with Pert *French* air  
 The captain asks him if *Madame* lives there ?

'Tis hard to say which most our Scorn attracts,  
 The Fool who Suffers, or the Fool who Acts.  
 For what, O Jove, dost thou reserve thy frowns !  
 Than Thus Polite, 'tis better to be Clowns.

“ All this I repeated to the lady, as I had it as well by heart then as I have now, and without speaking another word, put an end to my visit, and left her, as it appeared to me, if not thoroughly reformed, at least pretty much ashamed, upon more accounts than one, and particularly with regard to the subject that introduced it, less satisfied with the contemptible mongrel translations, which have made our most pure and most elegant idiom so very French-sick and disfigured, that if our grandfathers were to come out of their graves they would not know us. And, to hide nothing from you, Sir, the author of this little satire is that gentleman, my good friend and ecclesiastical brother.” And at saying this, he pointed towards Don Bartholomew, over whose face, notwithstanding the freedom and gaiety of his manners, a light tinge, it was thought, was seen gracefully to pass.

Scarce

Scarce had the Familiar heard this, when, bereft of choice to do otherwise, he threw his arms round the Canon's neck, and all over joyed exclaimed, "O my Signior Don Bartholomew, and then you have a geenus to make such charming nice varses as these! I thought so; yes, I thought so in my heart, as soon as I seed that preatty diffime of ten lines that so hugely pleased me. God love ye, for imploying so well the geenus he has gin ye, in standing up for the talk of our ancendants, and for not going into that gibberish-way, which, by my fowl, seems as if they all talked Latin. Last time I was at Valladolid upon enquisishun-business, I seed a clargyman, (who, they said, belonged to a fraternity that was called,—that was called—sommut like *Gad demme*) who was a talking with a Signior Enquisitur above an hour; and though they seemed to talk Spanish, for one word I understood a hundred went by me. God love the mother that bore you, and grant you a long life to employ yourself in such good works!"

As Don Carlos saw that there was not in the company a single soul on his side, and that it was hopeless to think of introducing Spanish *a la Papillote* into Campazas,

and fearing likewise that if the conversation lasted much longer, he should be torn to pieces by these *Bâtes Rustiques*, for so he esteemed all who did not give into the phraseology of the grand mode, he took his leave, and, excusing himself, under pretence of being obliged to be that evening at Banieza, from accepting the pressing invitation of the Magistral to pass it in his company, he mounted his horse and pursued his journey.

## CH A P. IX.

*In which is related the marvellous effect the sermon of the Magistral had upon the mind of Friar Gerund,*

WHO as much attended to any part of the instructive and entertaining conversation that passed between the Magistral and the most be-monsieured Don Carlos as it now rains pack-saddles; for he was entirely pre-occupied by the pitiless pelting he had been forced to abide, and in which he had received some things that for his life he could not rid his imagination of; those which touched him most to the

quick sticking fastest, in no other manner than as an horse-fly sticks himself faster to the flesh than an ordinary fly, in as much as the sting of one is more penetrating than that of the other. But what afflicted him most cruelly of all was to see vanished in an instant all those joyful hopes of fortune which he had fondly entertained, upon the supposition that his uncle would be enchanted with his talents and endowments as soon as he should hear him preach. He wept bitterly in his heart to think that now the Magistral, even though he should be made Archbishop of Toledo, would take no notice of him, nor so much as make interest with the order to get him appointed Superior of the most beggarly little convent, and how much less procure for him a snug bishopric in the Indies, as he was before firmly persuaded he would do; so firmly persuaded, that he had given his word to a good widow of the place, that when he should be made a bishop, (which, in his opinion, would happen soon) he would take her son, who was then twelve years of age, to be his page of the bed-chamber, a matter of infinite consolation to the blessed woman, who begged earnestly that he would not let him eat turrón, marmalade,



malade, or any other sweet things ; for that the young rogue was apt to be liquorish, and was troubled with worms ; and concluded with saying, that she intreated for the love of God that this favour might be granted her by his *lordship*. Friar Gerund pledged his episcopal word that this should be one of the first instructions he would give both to his majordomo and his master of the pages ; and, holding her out his hand to kiss, pronounced the benediction with much authority, and sent her away greatly comforted.

But as all these delightful imaginations had been blown away by the powerful breath of the learned and judicious Magistral, it is not to be conceived what sorrow and melancholy had taken hold of the hapless Gerund. All the rest were gone out to wait upon Don Carlos to his horse, whilst he remained in the parlour by himself, sitting with his right elbow on the arm of the chair, his head reclining upon his hand, his eyes nailed on the floor, and drawing piteous sighs from the bottom of his heart. In this posture he was found by his great friend Friar Blas who had been till that time sleeping his siesta, the comfortable duration of which he had merited by his assiduity

duity at table. And as he had not heard the sermon of the Magistral he was strangely surpris'd when he saw Friar Gerund converted into a lively image of Melancholy herself.

“ Why, how now, friend Gerund ! (said he with astonishment.) What novelty is this ! Dost thou thus suffer thyself to be oppress'd with sadness on the day of thy greatest glory ! When thou hast fill'd thy country with triumphant joy, shalt thou give entrance to this confounded melancholy in thy own heart ! Is it possible that when the mouths of all are employed in panegyricizing thy wondrous talents, without knowing how to bring out other words than those of thy high applause, from thy own mouth alone shall dark sighs issue to obscure the brightness of the day ! Is any thing the matter with thee ? Has thy dinner disagreed with thee ? Or does thy apprehension grieve thee at the thought of any thing which thou hast omitted and mightest have wished to have inserted in the amazing sermon which thou preach'dst, or that thou has left out some important circumstance ; or that thou couldst have retouch'd some of those thou touch'dst ; or finally that some one of the innumerable

able texts thou appliedst did not hit so exactly to an hair as some other which may now offer to thy most delicate genius? Then I must let thee know, if any of these things sadden thee, that thy apprehension lies like a most deceitful husfly, and thou needest regard her no more than thou wouldest a fly buzzing at thy ear, all noise and no substance. Campos has not heard a sermon like it; nor in the famous pulpits laved by the waters of the Rio Tuerto, or those of the Rio Grande, will for many ages a greater thing be preached, whether we regard the ingenious propriety of the subject, whether we attend to the delicate energy of the proofs, whether we consider the minute and exact comprehension of all the circumstances, whether we reflect on the almost divine application of the texts, whether we examine the subtlety of the objections and the acuteness of their answers, or finally, whether we ponder on the beautiful variety of the style, sometimes elevated, sometimes flowing with a lovely fall, but always sonorous, always elegant. This being so then, why goest thou sorrowing? What motive hast thou to be so melancholy, absorbed, and pensive?"

"Ah

“ Ah, my dear father Predicador, beloved of my soul ! (sighed out Friar Gerund) it is plain you do not know what has passed between me and my uncle the Magistral !—But this is not the place ; we cannot speak freely here ; let us take our hats and sticks and get out into the fields whilst their attention is diverted in taking leave of a Don Carlos who came from Madrid, but with regard to me he may be looked on as an angel who came from heaven, sent by God to preserve my life, for I was come to that point that I could bear no more, and I was afraid that some terrible accident would have happened to me, hearing the things which my uncle said. The entrance of Don Carlos put a stop to him, and then they talked of something I know nothing of, though I was present, for I was too much occupied with painful sensations to attend. Let us get out into the fields, let us get out, for I am bursting to vent myself with you, my dear friend, and I shall tell you things which will surprise you.”

They took their hats and sticks accordingly and went out, without being observed by any one, at a back-door. Friar Gerund related to his beloved Predicador all that the Magistral had said, without losing scarcely



scarcely a syllable or comma, for, besides his having an happy memory, the arguments of his uncle had penetrated so deeply that they were engraved upon his very soul. He told him that what he most severely felt in this bloody correction, was; that it should be given in the presence of Don Bartholomew and the Familiar, because, besides the hurt that must be done him in their opinion, they would not fail to divulge it to all the world, and then his credit was gone for ever to the dogs ; particularly he much distrusted his cousin the Familiar, because he had observed the great complacency with which he listened to the Magistral, and kept nodding his clownish pate in approbation of his maxims, and was besides of such a nasty jeering, sneering, sneering disposition, that he might divert himself as long as he lived at his expence. Finally, he did not dissemble that the arguments of his uncle had appeared to him very powerful, and that he was much tempted to quit the pulpit, for that he began to find he was not fit for it, and to petition the community that he might go back to his studies, or if that could not be, that he might be dedicated to the service of the choir.

“O the pretty fellow! (said Friar Blas, clapping him upon the back) and he shall have a sugar-plumb then for being such a good boy. Truly the little dear’s docility is great, and his softness of heart admirable. (Then changing his tone) Is it possible, sinner that I am! That the sorry sermon of this Signior Magistral can have made such an impression on thee, which, if it consists only of what thou hast told me, and I have been hearing thee with the greatest patience, is one of the most futile and ridiculous that can be imagined! Tell me, thou nose of wax, did thy uncle tell thee any thing which thou hast not already heard fifty-thousand times? Did he make any important addition to the doatings of old Morocco Buskins, alias the reverend father Prudencio? Is not the pitiful mission which the most circumspect Signior Don Magistral has preached to thee as like as one egg is like another to that which the old Friar Former-times I just mentioned preached to me after my two famous sermons, on the Trinity and the Incarnation, the memory of which will last to all eternity, and of the utility of which will reliques be preserved for some years in my trunk and in my drawer.

“Lord

“ Lord, Lord, what absurdities ! Lord, Lord, what madneſſes ! This is what they ſay, but what they do not prove. If abſurdities and madneſſes gain ſo many applauſes, where is there in the world greater or better wiſdom ? If abſurdities and madneſſes are ſo profitable, what can be a greater madneſs than to be wiſe ? Or a greater abſurdity than to preach with judgment ? At this price let who will be wiſe, for I look to my purſe. Let fortune come into the houſe, though ſhe come in at the garret-window. All this has been ſaid divinely by a Theatine, and before God and in conſcience it is a pity he ſhould be one :

*Quod ſi hæc infania dici  
Debet, amabilior nulla eſt ſapientia : malo  
Deſipere hoc pacto ; ſias utcumque beatus.*

“ Come, come, thou heart of wool, doſt thou not know the ſtrict friendſhip and great correſpondence the Magiſtral has with all our old Square-toes of the order ? Art thou ignorant that they have infected him with their maxims of “ *in illo tempore,*” and that all his maxims are no more than the echo of their Reverences’ ? Now if they had no weight with you in their mouths, why ſhould they have weight in his ? Can  
the

the difference of their coming from under a cowl or a cap make any material alteration?

“ Besides this, thou must know that this Signior uncle of thine has declared himself, by what I am informed, for a sectary of certain preachers which have lately come into fashion, as well at court as at other places; and are called *Modern Preachers* to distinguish them from the ancient, to whom the title of *Veteran Preachers* is given, and in my poor judgment, with great propriety: for as in war one veteran soldier is worth four raw recruits, so in the field of the pulpit one veteran preacher is worth, and believe me I speak with modesty when I say, *four* modern ones, for I should not exaggerate much if I should say *forty*.

“ For, in short, what is the sum of the doctrine of this sect? Before all things it necessary that they believe, as the first and fundamental maxim, that every sermon, be it panegyrical, be it moral, be it funeral, and even though it were an All-Soul’s sermon (how ridiculous!) ought to tend, primarily and principally, to the reformation of manners, making virtue amiable and vice detestable. With this difference only, that in those of the laudatory kind, which



comprehends the panegyrical and funeral sermons, it is to be done by the way of exciting to imitation, in the moral ones by strength of argument, and in those for the souls they are to proceed by the way of terror and warning examples. Hast thou ever in thy life heard any thing more extravagant? So that according to this thou seest that every sermon is to be a bawling, canting mission, and the preacher who does not play the missionary may go learn some other trade. To be sure, 'tis a choice piece of impertinence!

“ This grand principle supposed, the other follows of course, namely, that the proposition or subject of every sermon, be it upon what day it will, must be so solid and massy that lead cannot be more so. For example, one is to preach a panegyric on the festival of All Saints; then thou art to take this or something equivalent to it for thy subject, *Holiness is true wisdom, it dwells in the saints, and reigns throughout all their conduct.* The utmost that can be allowed thee is to be permitted to divide this thought, or other like it, into two propositions, stating them with a little air of antithesis, as if we should say, *The Saint, accounted ignorant, is the truly wise man*; first  
part

part ; *the wise man without virtue, accounted learned, is truly ignorant* ; second part. Was there ever any thing more frigid ?

“ Thou art to preach a panegyric upon a saint ; for example, upon St. Joseph. Be well aware then of taking for your subject, that *St. Joseph was more the father of Jesus than even the Eternal Father ; was more the son of the Eternal Father than even the Divine Word ; was more the spouse of the Virgin than even the Holy Spirit* : for this divine subject preached by a Portuguese orator, a monster of the pulpit (and it was not father Vieyra) though at the most it can be said to consist but of three *gallant hyperboles*, will be loudly abused by the sectaries of the New Way, who will tell thee, with all the coolness imaginable, to thy face, that they are three audacious heresies ; since the utmost that is allowable to say would have been, that *St. Joseph, as the putative father of Jesus, was the man to whose orders God most submitted ; and was the man who most submitted to the orders of God*. Now see, I beseech thee, what futility !

“ Thou art to preach upon some mystery ; suppose the Trinity. If thou shouldst think to prove that the three divine persons in one indivisible essence, were, *The Ge-*

*ryon of Grace, or the Impossible of Oedipus. or the Gordian knot, mocker of the sword of Alexander,* all these modern orators would bellow out that thou wast an impious wretch, a blasphemer, a madman, and thou wouldst not see thyself for dust, though all the three (with three other wondrous thoughts which are published in a book that has all the necessary licences and approbations) deserve to be eternized—I will not say in print but—in letters of diamonds. But thou must guard carefully against these great strokes of genius; for these men who turn up their nose at every thing that is delicate, besides abusing thee with foul names, will inform against thee to the inquisition, or make thee ridiculous in all public and private meetings. Content thyself therefore with saying plainly and simply as any poor rustic would, the mystery of the most Holy Trinity is, of all the mysteries (first) *the most obscure to reason,* and (secondly) *the most evident to faith.* An insipidity enough to make salt itself insulse.

“Then they say, adhering throughout to their own system, that these solid propositions are to be proved by suitably-substantial arguments. And it is very easy to see  
that

that they may meet with them as plenty as rabbits in a warren, for as all these propositions are truths so peremptory that it seems as if natural reason herself was dictating them, at the first stroke of the spade they discover a quarry of proofs to build a sermon with more solid than the edifice of the Escorial \*. It is certain that they toss, and turn, and view, and consider, and proportion these arguments a thousand different ways, adorning them with tropes and figures and all the rhetorical apparatus, that it seems as if a man was hearing Cicero, Junius Brutus, Caius Gracchus, or Cornelius Cethegus. They have never out of their hands that eternal Prate-apace who has perked himself up the most iniquitously in the world with the title of *The Prince of all Orators*, when at the same time he would be much better fitted with that of *Superintendant of all the Parlatories* †.

\* It is Escorial in the original, and therefore we may suppose that the learned Spaniards chuse to write it in this manner, rather than in the more common one, Escorial, as the name was given from the *Escoria*, the dross or refuse, of the Iron Mines which were formerly near the spot where this famous palace stands.

† It has been already observed that these are the places where the nuns talk with their friends, and their friends talk with the nuns, and where of course there is no want of talk.



*Manibus Cicerunculus hæret*

*Semper, et aditritus nocturno idemque diurno*

*Pollice.*

Conceits, refinements, wit, equivoques, subtle objections, and delicate replies, all these things they banish from their sermons; and if at any time they touch on mythology or profane literature, they do it so lightly, and with so much shame, that their modest countenance is filled with maidenly blushes.

“To sacred and ecclesiastical history, and to the holy fathers, they give indeed some room; but how? Not as we do, who, if we quote any text, historical passage, piece of doctrine, or sentence of an holy father, however large it be, we present it in its natural form, size, body, and being, that it may come to the knowledge of all the audience with all its moles, marks, and circumstances. They do not go this way to work; all these things they weave in with, beat up with, or lay over, their own matter, so that the whole appears of a piece, without one’s discovering any gaps, or flits, or packthread, or stitches, or varnish. Sermons, like the modern buildings at Rome, which they call skinned over\*, and which

\* Impellicciati.

appear to be all porphyry, marble, jasper, or alabaster, when, in reality, they have no more of these stones than a thin superficial leaf for the deception of the eye, but which is soon discovered by the application of the nail of one's finger.

*Vana superficies quam solus judicat unguis  
Aut oculus.*

And there is as much difference between the manners of quoting of the *veteran* preachers and the *modern*, as there is between the ancient and modern fabricks. In the former, in order to make an urn of jasper, it was necessary to consume a whole mountain,

*Scilicet ut grandem mons integer irret in urnam ;*

and in the latter, they build a palace with the jasper which was before expended on an urn.

“ Now comes the way in which they cite other texts of scripture, which are not historical, but doctrinal, sententious, or prophetical. Most of them bring them ready melted down, or digested with their own arguments ; so that it seems as if the text, the gloss, and the application, were all wine of the same cask, citing them without

citing them, like St. Bernard, who composes a whole clause half with his own words and half with the words of Scripture. Here and there some little text they may perhaps present to the audience with its natural, naked face, but with as much parsimony as spices are used in made-dishes, which, they say, if put in by wholesale, instead of relishing, will disrelish them. Even the few which they take from the *Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ*, are for the most part literal ones ; the allegorical sense they have little taste for, and less use of ; of the tropological or accommodatitious, next to none ; and they are within an ace of utterly condemning this divine book. They do not indeed do it by their words, but they do it sufficiently by their actions, letting it lie unheeded in a corner, and caring not how disgracefully it is covered with dust and cobwebs.

“ Of interpreters, expositors, and different versions, the beautiful variety of which so much adorns our sermons, and serves so excellently for the proving whatever we have a mind to prove, they make little account, or more properly none at all. In a whole volume of *modern* sermons, one shall scarcely once find mention made of *the wise*

*Cornelius*, or of *the purple of Hugo*, or of *the profound Baexa*, or of *Celada*, from whom nothing was hidden\*, or of *the acute Zuleta*, or, what is still more, even of *the most learned Silveyra*; when by the help of this last inexhaustible expositor alone, may a preacher, who shall know how to handle him, go from one end to the other of this good world of God, and prove even the existence of impossibilities themselves in a case of necessity; as it is a settled point, that there is no magazine like it to have recourse to on an hard push, and upon any subject whatever.

“ It is a shame to hear how these modish preachers treat many of the expositors. They have not the hardiness to attack the holy fathers; of them indeed they speak with respect—for I would not damn my soul by raising a false testimony against them. They are likewise tolerably civil to some few interpreters who are not so high in fame, confessing that they were men of true wisdom, judgment, penetration, and profound knowledge in the scriptures, which, they allow, they illustrated

\* A pun upon the name; *Celada* (the feminine of *Celado*) being the participle past of the verb *celar*, to hide.



well by their learned commentaries: but of other expositors, those whom they call *the below-stairs expositors, of the herd, &c.* it makes one mad to hear them talk. They say, that most of them did nothing more than put into bad Latin the sermons they had preached in worse Spanish; that, with the pompous title of Commentaries upon this or that part of Scripture, they had daubed an immense quantity of paper, filling it with airy conceits, *tympanitical* thoughts, puerile arguments, and fantastical dissertations, charged up to the muzzle with whatever rubbish of profane learning came to hand; and, finally, that the greatest part of them being totally ignorant of the Hebrew and Greek tongues, in which the Sacred Books were originally written, mistook miserably in their construction of the text of the Vulgate, giving it sometimes an interpretation contrary to the true sense, many times a violent, and almost always an arbitrary, interpretation. Wedded as they are to these maxims, it is enough to break one's heart to see the contempt with which they treat the best and most useful authors of which the chosen library of a preacher of the old, true, settled stamp is generally composed; and consequently thou wilt

wilt never see them cited in their sermons, though thou wouldst hang thyself, or give a double real of silver for every citation.

“As to the variety of versions, they never trouble their heads about it; of their Vulgate they give a belly-full, and now and then, as an extraordinary dish, a little bit of the Septuagint, and good night t’ye. The Syriac, the Chaldee, the version of Pagninus, that of Vatablus, or to know how Arias Montanus read the place in question, gives them as much concern as to settle who was the hundredth grandfather of Thomas Kouli-Kan; whilst, at the same time, we, the veteran preachers, with the variety of versions, shift about and contrive marvellously to dress, prove, and garnish whatever we will, seasoning our thoughts with so much delicacy, that the eyes of the most sleepy appetite are opened eagerly, and the most dainty palate is ready to gnaw its fingers after them. For, in reality, what can be more relishing, more savoury, more poignant, than for a preacher to say, where the Vulgate reads *a stone*, the Syriac reads *a ring*, the Chaldee *a circle*, the Septuagint *a cupola*; and where the Vulgate says *bread*, Vatablus has *a sword*, Pagninus *mercy*, Arias Montanus *wisdom*, and the Burgenian  
a pump-

a *pumpkin*, and making afterwards of these ideas, as many combinations as he pleases, to prove whatever he has a mind with ingenuity and subtilty? Besides, when the audience hear a preacher citing languages thus pell-mell, Syriac, Chaldee, Greek, and Hebrew, they are persuaded, beyond doubting, that he knows them all as well as his mother-tongue, esteem him a monster of erudition, and listen to all he says, with a respect that is astonishing. The modern orators laugh at all this, calling it ostentation, apparatus, quackery, and self-huzzaing; but, with their good leaves, I, in my turn, laugh at all their reverences.

“Now here, Friend Gerund, thou seest the plan of the new sect, of which, according to what I understand, thy uncle has declared himself a most blind partisan, being one of those who most furiously run into the French manner of preaching; for to this, in short, is the new way upon the whole to be reduced. I will not hide from thee, that the critical gentry, as they are called, the pious toads, and the affectors of politeness, have likewise loudly declared themselves on the same side. They run after a modern  
orator,

orator, as the boys run after the dancers, or the serpent Tarasca on the day of Corpus; and praise, and celebrate, and exalt him above the clouds, whilst they depress and despise us, and make such a joke and mockery of our manner of preaching, as if we were born only to be the May-game of their conversations and their clubs.

“ But what does it signify? Why should we be deterred by this handful of melancholy discontented souls, when we have in our favour by far the greatest, the soundest, the discreetest part of our peninsula from east to west, and from north to south? Ours are all the fraternities which bear the wand, or display the standard from the Pyrenees to the bay of Cadiz, from Cape Finisterre to Carthage’s port. Ours are all the Major-domos of these illustrious bodies, who harass themselves to seek, and impoverish themselves to pay us. Ours is the formidable phalanx of the taylor, with those of the tanners, the fullers, the chandlers, the shoemakers, the notaries, and scriveners, and even in the respectable community of the advocates, have we innumerable fautors. Ours is the fond  
Many of the cities, the council of towns,  
the



the totality of villages, the musquetry of the universities, the youth of the cloisters, and even in old age itself, may we reckon many friends, auxiliaries, and defenders.

“ Declare it that valiant Champion and renowned Paladin, who, at more than the seventieth year of his age, and more than the twentieth of his being a veteran preacher (exercised, for many of these years, in the most august theatres of Spain) went forth so courageously to our defence. In one of the most famous functions at court, had preached in the modern way, a certain orator, at that time a professor in a celebrated university, and though not much advanced in life, generally reputed for a great theologist, an illustrious preacher, a known genius, and, in short, truly wise, and more than ordinarily informed in divine and polite letters. Let this opinion keep its currency, say I, for I am no friend to the taking from any one the Good or the Ill which God sends him.

“ Be it as it will, he preached a sermon which gained him exquisite applause from all the anti-veterans ; a solid subject, massy proofs, much of what they call Eloquence, few texts, citations but as if they had

been dropped from the Alembic, moral reflections in abundance, some scripture melted down and incorporated, and That the gospel of the day ; no wit, and no circumstances. This sermon was printed and prefaced with the approbation of a certain Reverence of many founding titles, and much authority, who has put the foolish madness into the people's heads, of his being " the Cock \* of Preachers", and qualified to crow throughout all Spain, as if we should say, upon his own dunghill. And there are men of so vile a taste, as not to hesitate at saying, that this Cock, in regard to our evangelical oratory, which they suppose buried in profoundest night, is the precursor of the day, the awakener of the sun, the dissipator of the thick darkness which had invested our pulpit-pole, and the disperser of the squadrons of harlequin, mountebank, merry-andrew, preachers, who divert the people, instead of instructing them, and rather corrupt, than reform their manners. They apply to him, without any more ado, this strophe from a certain hymn,

\* This preacher's name was Gallo.

*A nocte*

*A nocte noctem segregans  
 Præco diei jam sonat,  
 Jubarque solis evocat ;  
 Hoc excitatus Lucifer  
 Solvit polum caligine ;  
 Hoc omnis errata cohors  
 Viam nocendi deserit.*

And dost thou think they are content with this ! They do not stop here ; they go on, and scruple not to apply to him another curious piece of the said hymn, thinking to persuade us, that it suits as if it were cast in a mould for him.

*Gallus jacentes excitat,  
 Et somnolientes increpat,  
 Gallus negantes arguit,  
 Gallo canente spes redit.*

All this is in the approbation of that reverend Bugbear of preachers, that Cori-  
 pheus of the new sect.

“ It was not to be endured by the veteran preacher I mentioned, whose most noble sermons are as honourably old and grey as his hoary head. He grasped his feathered lance, and, from the very dedication, which is addressed to a great man, began throwing at this Cock.—But how ? So as to displume him, so as to discredit him, so, in short, as to make minced-  
 meat

meat of him. He reprobates what the other praises, and praises what he reprobates, making so gallant a description of the sermons according to the New Mode that nothing can exceed it. I was so much pleased with it, that I got it by heart; and it says thus:

“ My Lord, if your Excellency will  
 “ give your mind to it, as our chaste idiom  
 “ has it, you will find in these sermons  
 “ which they call, of the Mode, and which  
 “ people are so crazy after, saying, “ Let  
 “ us go, let us go, to hear the Reverend  
 “ Father A. B. or C. D. or Doctor such-  
 “ an-one, who preaches in the Mode.”  
 “ Your Excellency, I say, will find, if I  
 “ am not mistaken, that a sermon of the  
 “ mode; is a Picture without an Image, an  
 “ Image without a Temple, a Temple  
 “ without an Altar, an Altar without a  
 “ Sacrifice, a Sacrifice without a Priest,  
 “ and a Priest without suitable Habiliments.  
 “ This is an exact description of a ser-  
 “ mon of the Mode.”

“ What say’st thou to that, my friend? Didst thou ever in thy life hear a comparison more to an hair, a simile more adequate, or description more exact of a sermon of the Mode? For, in reality, if the



thing be well and dispassionately considered, the multitude of texts, the bustle of citations, the apparatus of erudition, the variety of versions, the rattling and clattering of the quibbles, the gallantry of the equivoques, the subtilty of the conceits, the delicacy of the objections, the evasion of their solutions, and every now and then the zest of a good joke, are, with all precision and punctuality the very Image, Temple, Altar, Sacrifice, Priest, Amice, Albe, Circingle, Maniple, Stole, and Chasuble of a sermon, equipped as it ought to be; and he who gives a sermon without all this, gives a sermon so stark-naked, that it is at once both a shame and a pity.

“It is not my intention, nor is it to the purpose, now, to give thee a minute detail of all that the veteran preacher said in the course of his sermon (which he dedicated to the great man) to our immortal glory, and to the eternal confusion of the moderns. This would be a long work, and would require the whole piece to be produced, which is singular in its kind, and which I preserve in my cell, in a gilt-paper cover, as a pattern and example for my own sermons. (but understand me, this

is always after the sacred Florilegium) if my poor powers should ever rise to a faint imitation of it. I would not weary thy attention with relating to thee, how a certain Guitierrez Fernandez (a most ignorant and gross wretch, if ever there was one in the world) let fly upon it a couple of insolent letters, to a Don somebody of three oughts, which, though they were never published, went round from hand to hand, and house to house, and study to study, in the court and out of it, and caused a laughter like all the infernals. But in whom? Why in such as your anti-orator Magistrals and their followers, who are but a parcel of poor creatures. For though these letters pretended to shew that in the sermon of our illustrious defender were to be found three or four propositions which touched rather than not a little upon heresy; some others, which carried but a bad sound with them; here and there a feigned text of Scripture, many badly cited; and now and then an insignificant false testimony raised against the holy fathers, and so on with other little niceties of this kind—what man of judgment makes any account of these trifles? Who does not know that these

are “ *gallant hyperboles, great strokes of genius, noble darings, and festive openings of a fancy which is elevated, rapt, transported, and scorns to be groveling in the dust!*” If they come to objecting to, and cutting short, these Icarian flights in our sermons, in what will it end?

In short this illustrious veteran, who then reckoned seventy-eight years of age, and twenty-four of ministry of the word, into which, according to this account, he did not enter till he was forty-four, an age so mature, that even the dullest preacher must, by that time, have attained to the use of his pulpitable reason; this veteran orator, I say, renowned, in age profound, and with hoary locks crowned, is a demonstration that even in the Cloisters we have a party, not only amongst those who are just putting forth the down of oratory, for all these we sweep before us, as with a drag-net, but also amongst those of the longest and maturest beards. And there is a particular happiness in that what these men speak is dictated by experience, in whose school (the most infallible in the world) they have learned to be sensible of the advantage accruing from an adherence to the

veteran method ; since there is no better hundred of doubloons, than those which are laid up in their religious drawers, nor richer chocolate, nor more excellent tobacco, nor better handkerchiefs in texture or in colour, nor more fine nor more white linen, than what thou wilt meet with in their poor cupboards, trunks, and coffers.

“ Then this being the case, *quis furor, quæ te dementia cæpit* ? What madness is thine, what delirium has taken possession of thy head, to suffer it to be turned topsy-turvy, and thyself laid sprawling, by the three or four miserable arguments of thy Buckram uncle ! Forgive me, if I speak uncivilly, for I own I lose my patience at the idle prate of these blind, capricious, mule-headed abettors of absurdity, though they may be otherwise men of authority and respect. I would not wish my arguments to have any weight with thee, unless they were all so convincing and triumphant, as not to admit resistance or reply. Neither do I want thee to be influenced by the examples I have set before thy eyes, nor by so many thousands of thousands of veteran preachers, as have made their fortune in this road ; nor by



that demonstration so palpable which thou hast touched, and art touching with thy very hands in myself, who have ever followed this road, and shall depart from it only when I depart from life; for is it possible, my dear Gerund, friend of my soul, that thou must not be convinced by thy own experience? Has it gone so ill with thee, since thou hast begun the function, entering on it by this broad, or to speak with more propriety, by this broidered way? But a sermon and a half hast thou yet preached in public, and another within the walls of the convent; and what man is there more famous throughout all the country? Whose applauses are echoed more repeatedly or more strongly in the whole wide-extended circuit of the Desert? Think'st thou thy fame has reached only to Campazas' Walls? O how much does thy modesty and reserve deceive thee! It is arrived at Villaquixida, it has attained to Villamundos, it has spread to Villamañan, and even on the banks of the Orbigo, does the echo of thy name resound with as much clearness, as in the concavities of Villaornate. I have said but little; either my imagination much deceives me, or I feel here in my inmost soul,

soul, I know not what prophetic presages, that in a short time no other thing than Friar Gerund shall be talked of in all Spain; and my vaticinating spirit seems still farther to descry, amidst some remote lights, that thy renown will penetrate even to distant realms.

“ In the mean while, this is certain, that in these ways, these fields, these lands, these vineyards, these threshing-floors, these sandy wastes, and even in the neighbouring markets, men know not how to speak but of thy sermons, thy talents, thy wondrous endowments. In the mean while, this is indubitable, that there is no fraternity but will desire thee, no majordomo but will seek thee, no sermon of souls but will await thee, no beautification of an altar but will call thee, and no holy week but what to thee will extend its arms. Why then, Chicken-heart, art thou cowed? Soul of a Pitcher, why art thou broken? Pusillanimous Spirit, why art thou dismayed? Despise, generously despise, this panic terror which occupies thy breast. Make no account of these false fears, with which the blindly-passionate sectaries of novelty would frighten thee; and confirming thyself in

the heroic determination of never departing a straw's breadth from the right, strait, secure highway, thou hast so gloriously begun; laugh to the fullest extension of thy jaws, at all those who would terrify or entice thee from it, giving no other answer to their arguments, than that which I have now given thee, and likewise subministered to thee on a similar occasion."

As when in the depth of winter, from the east breaks the morn, covered with a thick cloud, which seems to be rarifying by degrees, as soon as the sun gives it battle, beginning the action by a skirmish of his forerunning rays; yet the rout of the gloomy squadrons is not so suddenly declared, but that they for a long time dispute the field; now (victory doubtfully hovering, and as it were neutral) the sun himself directs the charge, and opens the ranks of the swarthy troops; now these unite again more closely than before; many times again he breaks them, and as many do they rally, and regain their ground; now the army of the sun penetrates the centre of the field of the dusky foe, and, with a fatigued light, rather silvers than gilds the summit of a neighbouring mountain;

tain; now the dark forces of the enemy unite once more, and, in a last effort, summoning all their valour, repulse them with such ardour, that it seems, during the flux and reflux of the doubtful contest, they will drive them to their very trenches; till the sons of splendour, gaining the eminence of highest noon, and inflamed with all their father's fury, launch with such resistless sway upon the sable host, that in all parts they break, pierce, penetrate, drive, dissipate, and tread them under foot; and (the sun at last complete master of the field of battle) the whole hemisphere rejoices in a most clear, serene, and unembarrassed day.

So, exactly so, neither more nor less, did the reasoning of Friar Blas dissipate the clouds, which had obscured the understanding of Friar Gerund, who remained as unembarrassed, as clear, and as serene, as the brightest January or February-day. He gave his friend a thousand embraces, for having thus consoled, enlightened, and encouraged him, and instantly renewed the solemn oath of fealty he had before made, that he would never, all the days of his life, preach in any other  
manner



manner——even though the very *Cock of the Passion* should exhort him to the contrary. With this they returned home, where the next chapter will relate what happened; but before I write it, I must beg the reader to have a little patience, for I am going to take a pinch of snuff.

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
FAMOUS PREACHER  
FRIAR GERUND.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

*Friar Gerund is requested to preach a Funeral-Sermon, which he does not refuse, with the rest of what we shall say.*

“ **B**UT look ye, (said Friar Blas on the way) if thy uncle should touch upon this matter again, thou art to lie perdue or play the Dead Cat; I mean thou art to shew thyself docile to his instructions, convinced by his arguments, given up to his advice, hearing him exteriorly with great respect, reverence, and humility;

mility; but there, in the inside of thy heart,—thou understandst me,—thou art to resolve only to laugh at and turn into ridicule whatever he shall say. The reason of this most admirable and no less important counsel is very evident; for these Church-men who have been exalted to any dignity, and more particularly when they have a mitre in view, are wont to be mighty delicate gentry; they like that whatever *they* say, should be received as coming from an oracle, and take it very ill to be answered. When to this is added the circumstance of affinity, especially so close and superior an one as that of an uncle, it gives them such a weight of authority over the whole family, that they seem from their dogmatical decisions to be very councils in their individual reverences, and even the elder brothers, who have not been bred to the church, listen to them with a frightful degree of veneration. It is true that what glitters is not always gold, since sometimes they laugh at them in their own minds; but however they take care to humour them exteriorly in this assumed privilege they are so fond of, as well to be benefited by them whilst they are living as to be the better for them when they are dead. To  
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no one can it be of more importance than to thee to be well with thy uncle, as no one more wants him than thee, both on account of the little succours he is wont to send thee from time to time, and of the great things he may do for thee by his authority, and that of his friends, to advance thee in the order and out of it. Therefore observe carefully this my capital advice, and endeavour to play thy part well : hold thy tongue, dissemble, humble thyself, shew thyself convinced, promise him to amend, consult him in every thing that may offer, —but do that is right in thine own eyes."

Though this pretty little lecture of the father predicator mayor was not one of those which are most conformable to the Gospel, or even to the Catechism, it highly pleased our most docile Friar Gerund, and fixed itself so deeply on his memory that he never forgot it. When they got home they found the whole troop taking their afternoon-refreshment of wine-lemonade and biscuits, as is usual at the great feasts in Campos ; and there were now added to the dinner-guests many of the neighbouring clergy who had been present at the function, and not a few of the most broad-shouldered farmers, all with the motive of congratulating



lating Friar Gerund, his parents, and all his kindred.

Very pleasant were the ways in which some of them expressed themselves, especially those who most piqued themselves upon being decisive judges in the affair of sermons. One of them who had served all the majordomoships of his town, and was persuaded that no one ever went beyond him in chusing the best orators, said with an imposing tone, "The feyther Fliar Gerund has this day preached a farmunt that while Campazas be Campazas nobody at all won't never come up to." Another, who had been many years the lawyer of the place, and was a man of a large and solid head, thinking the first speaker had fallen short, added, as if to correct him, "Yes, to be sure, you and your Campazas! In *Leon* have I heard many of the best cocks in Spain; but another Friar Gerund! —I say no more, for comparisons are hideous." Brother Bartolo, the lemonade having loosened his tongue, which he was not able to restrain, insisted strongly that in all his born days he never had heard, nor ever should hear, a farmunt more *mathematicul*: a word which he did not understand the meaning of, but it had always ap-  
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peared

pearee to him to signify some great and unheard-of thing. Then came the eulogy of the clerk of Venafarzes, who happened to be at the function it is not known by what accident, and was esteemed by those who knew him to be one of the knowingest men who at that time quavered a stave: he called out for silence holding in his hand a glass of lemonade running over the brim, and when they were all hushed with expectation, he said in a slow guttural voice, ramming down close every word he spoke, "Gentlemen, let us do justice, for the sermon from the beginning to the end, from the cross to the date \*, from the text to the Dolly Roxy, was all a pure construction of *philosophy*." Upon this they all kept looking wistfully at one another for some time, and though no one understood what the clerk would mean to say, yet it was the general opinion that it was impossible for any one to have said more.

Very attentive and equally silent had sat during this, a good priest of those they call of the mass and the pot †, who, upon his chapelry and a decent patrimony lived

\* Alluding to letters, at the top of which the Spaniards always mark a cross the first thing.

† A Secular, as has been observed before.

quietly and peaceably in his town and better than an archdeacon. He had in truth but little learning, since he possessed no more than what was necessary for understanding the Breviary, and the Missal as it were. But for his good-natured peaceable disposition, and because he was charitable and a friend to good deeds, he was much esteemed by his people. Scarcely did any die amongst them but what left him their principal executor, charges which he willingly took upon him, as well to have something wherewith laudably to employ his time, as from a notion he had conceived that if he complied faithfully, legally, and punctually with this pious and charitable office, he might do much good to the defunct and be very useful to the living.

A few days before had died the scrivener\* of his place, who, being a widower, not only named him for his executor, but like-

\* *Escribano* is a word of very diffusive import, meaning many distinct offices, to none of which is there any thing in England which exactly tallies. Our *attorney* is perhaps the nearest to the *Escribano* here meant, who manages law-suits, &c. but he differs from the attorney in being, besides, a king's-officer, appointed for the drawing up the offences of criminals, keeping registers, &c. and therefore *scrivener*, as having more latitude of signification, as well as verbal conformity to the original, is preferred.

wife for tutor and guardian to his children, who were not to call him to any account, but to take what he should give them, all in pure confidence of his great uprightness and integrity. He left a charge in his will, that there should be a funeral and an anniversary sermon for him according to custom, and appointed two hundred reals to be paid to the orator who should preach them, "*in consideration (he said) of the trouble some poor preacher must have in finding any thing to praise me for † ; because, if he does not chuse to lie, he must be driven to great extremity.*"

And so indeed he must have been ; for there was a general report, that this same scrivener had been a man not very over-and-above scrupulous. When he came to that town, he was the first lawyer who had ever entered it ; there was never any suit before his time, nor was there any memory or tradition of there ever having been one since its foundation ; but in the year (and that not a complete one) of his residence in it, the whole place was on fire with quarrelling and law-suits ; and when he died, he left pending, though the inha-

† So intirely are Funeral Sermons amongst the Spaniards looked upon only as an eulogy of the deceased that they are called *Sermons of Honours*.



bitants in all did not amount to above two hundred persons, six and thirty causes; so sedulouſly had he thrown bones of contention to the poor ſimple hounds, hallooed them on, and wretchedly embroiled them. If the two oppoſite parties conſulted him upon the ſame affair, he would answer to each ſeparately, with his affected knaviſh modeſty; that he was no advocate, that he did not underſtand the niceties of the law, and that it was not for him to give an opinion; but that, as far as experience had inſtructed him in ſo many years' practice, and ſo many cauſes as he had been concerned in, he muſt ſay, that he had all the juſtice in the world on his ſide; that the pretenſion of his adverſary was raſh and groundleſs, and that the beſt he could hope to come off with would be to be condemned in coſts; concluding, that if the thing did not turn out ſo, the profeſſion might go and be hanged for him, for he would forſwear it; that he ſaid this in confidence to him only, ſtrictly charging him to keep it ſecret. After having thus ſpurred on both ſides, he would add, with much affectation, that though what he had ſaid was certain, yet, why would they go to law? That it was better to compound the matter; for though

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no one was more interested than himself in every man's having justice done him, since he lived by it and had no other rents, but yet he preferred peace and good neighbourhood to all the interest in the world. With this artifice, after having irritated each party, he got out of the scrape, and gained the credit of a disinterested man.

When any little quarrel, however light, had happened in the place, especially if there had been any blows, scratches, or bloodshed, he immediately went to the Alcaldes, took them aside, and in a tone of friendship and confidence persuaded them to arrest the parties, for that they ought to take care of themselves, intimating to them that to-day or to-morrow a residence† might come; that every man had his enemies; that there might not be wanting those who would accuse them of remissness or partiality; and that it would be well if they came off without having a fine laid upon their back that would raise a confounded weal. After having caused the quarrellers to be arrested, and having blotted a great quantity of paper in declarations, charges, and discharges, when there was no

† The coming of a judge to enquire into the conduct of inferior magistrates, and hear any complaints against them, is called a *residence*.

pretext left to squeeze any thing farther out of the poor devils, he himself solicited them privately to make the affair up, and loading each side pretty handsomely with costs, which he never remitted to any mortal, he at the same time filled his purse, and was applauded by the innocent creatures with the glorious renown of a pacificator.

He was very free of giving his testimony upon oath, even of what he had never seen ; and by way of easing the scruples of those who might remark upon his want of integrity, he would say, with a goodness that was enchanting, that one honest man ought to rely upon another honest man more than upon himself ; that he ought to give more credit to the eyes of others than to his own, because these might deceive him ; but that there was neither reason, nor good manners, nor even conscience, in presuming so with regard to those ; and finally that this was a thing which shewed itself evidently at every turn in the use of spectacles, with which a man sees more and better than with his own eyes, when at the same time the spectacles are not his eyes ; in like manner he may and ought to give credit to what he sees with the eyes of any honest man, when this man assures him that he

has

has seen it, and that the affair passed just so, neither more nor less than as he relates it. And as to the reply they might make him, that he could not be sure whether or no he who desired him to give his testimony was an honest man, he came off with saying, that he had a thousand times heard it laid down as a principle of justice by the advocates, That no one ought to be presumed a bad man till it was proved he was so; and that, in case of doubt, we ought always to presume the best.

The silly geese were astonished at hearing this doctrine, which appeared to them clearer than the light at noon; and the simile of the spectacles bound them hand and foot. To put the finishing stroke to their amazement and intire conviction, he added another simile with which he left them stupified with admiration. “It is necessary perhaps (he said) for a scrivener to verify the hand-writing of an alcalde or any other magistrate: the alcalde signs the paper, and afterwards the scrivener testifies below, *Signed before me A. B. scrivener, &c.* Now how often does it happen that the alcalde, at the time of signing, is not *before* the scrivener, but on one side, or at his back; for the scrivener, for example,



is walking about the room? And who shall say for this, that the scrivener is perjured if he swears to the hand-writing of the alcalde, saying it was signed *before* him? Then, if this is no falsity, why should it be one to give a testimony of a thing not seen or heard, in the good faith that he deals truly who assures me he has seen or heard it? Of those of my profession, who stumble at such straws as these, one may say, that they have the scruples of Friar Gargajo.\*

By virtue of this docility, he was not only very frank in giving testimonies of what he had never seen, but, from the bounty of his heart, he oftentimes could not refuse to give them contrary to what he had seen with his eyes and handled with his hands, and even did not boggle much to give opposite testimonies for each of the contending parties, because, as he said, he was a great enemy to the withholding consolation from any one. This practice indeed more than once occasioned him some little embarrassment at the superior tribunals, but he never came off so ill as he might have

\* A *gargajo* is the quantity of saliva or phlegm which is spit out of the mouth at once: whence the ingenious reader may form his own idea of what the scruples of Friar Gargajo may be.

reason to fear, for he had great dexterity in the management of every thing. He was backward in giving testimonies only when he suspected they might be prejudicial to some object of his predilection; and in this case he would say, that he could not give any testimony, unless he was commanded by the chief officer of justice; and when they retorted, that he was obliged to do it by virtue of his office, inasmuch as every faithful Christian had a right to demand his testimony of what he had seen and heard; he would tell them frowningly, that to talk thus was shewing their ignorance of the new Pragmatic Sactions, respecting the office of a scrivener, and the poor rustics shrunk at hearing the name of *Pragmatic Sanction*, thinking that, to be sure, it must be some excommunication of the Holy Father of Rome upon any scrivener who should do his duty without the leave of the alcalde.

Such had been the exemplary life of the man who had made the licentiate Flechilla (as the good priest was called, of whom we were just now speaking) his executor, and ordered in his will that a funeral sermon should be preached for him, as was the usual custom of the country. This Licen-

tiate then, as soon as he heard Friar Gerund's sermon on the sacrament, was truly astonished, and directly said in his heart, " This cock shall not escape me, and any other shall as much preach the funeral sermon of the scrivener of my town as I am now an archbishop." And after having heard in profound silence the variety of expressions with which they all complimented Gerund, he stole calmly and gently off his seat, and going up to our Friar, who stood at a little distance from him, gave him a close embrace, and, with tears beginning to appear in his eyes from pure joy, said to him with the most tender goodness, " My dear father, works are love, and not fine words ; I have the appointment of a funeral sermon for the deceased scrivener of my town, which is worth two hundred reals, and were it worth two hundred thousand, I should lay it, with two hundred thousand loves, at the disposition of your paternity. The scrivener, now with God, certainly was not a canonizable man, but difficult subjects were made for rare geniuses ; and if that of your paternity be not a rare one, will I burn my Larraga and Piscator de Salamanca, which is all my library. "

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There is no expressing the exultation which instantly filled the heart of Gerund, to himself invited in that public manner and see in those circumstances to a sermon of weight and magnitude as many a father Designer would have thought himself happy to obtain after the exertion of his best endeavours, and here did it drop into his hands without knowing, as they say commonly, how to write or read ! From that very moment, as clean swept from his memory was all that had been said to him by his uncle the Magistral as if he had never heard it, and he now looked upon the said Magistral to be so much beneath him, that he only not pitied him ; but notwithstanding, he resolved to shew him an outward respect in conformity to the important lesson of his beloved friend.

He told the licentiate Flechilla in answer, that he was exceedingly obliged to him for his partial opinion and favourable preference, and that he gratefully accepted of the appointment on his part, provided, he should have the beneplacito and benediction of his superior, which he doubted not he would bestow, with many acknowledgments to the licentiate for the honour he did the order in the person of its minuteft



nuteſt individual. There are thoſe who ſay he answered thus, in theſe very words, though ſo foreign to his uſual ſtyle; but there are not wanting others who contradict it, reſting upon this very argument, and perſuaded that the expreſſions were more polite than what correſponded to his breeding, and to the idea of ſpeaking, which he had formed to himſelf as well in his private converſations as his public functions. As for our parts we preſume not to take a ſide on this intricate point of criticiſm; however we are inclined to believe, that though the ſubſtance and meaning of the answer might be of Friar Gerund, yet that the dreſſing of it and the words were of the curious author who made the notes whence we draw theſe punctual informations.

Be it as it will, this is certain, that Friar Gerund did not forget to aſk the licentiate for ſome anecdotes of the life and miracles of the deſunct ſcrivener, a diligence neceſſary for the diſpoſing his funeral panegyric, and at the ſame wiſhed to be informed of the day he had deſtined for the celebration of the pompous rite. “The ſooner, father preacher, (ſaid the good prieſt) the ſooner we give the aſſiſtances to  
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the blessed souls in purgatory, even to those who may not be in so much want of them as that of our scrivener, so much the better ; for the place is not very commodious, and to be sure the poor things cannot have much comfort to hope for in it. To delay it through idleness is cruel, and can be done only by him who makes little or no reflexion upon what those indeed happy but yet tormented spirits suffer ; and therefore the sooner your paternity composes your sermon, the sooner will the poor things feel the comfort of it, the sooner shall I fulfil my obligation to my gossip the scrivener (God rest his soul !) and the sooner shall we your friends and admirers have the pleasure to be your hearers."

They agreed that it should be preached within a month : Friar Gerund protested that such a space of time at least was necessary for the composition of it, especially as this was a sermon, according to his opinion, of the most difficult and intricate kind of any, and required that he should seek for rules and directions for the going properly about it. He had never heard a funeral sermon in his life, nor, as he then thought, had he ever read one ; but in that his memory was unfaithful as will be seen presently.

presently. In short, not to lose time, he directly dispatched a messenger to his superior, begging leave to be permitted to accept the offer of this sermon in a letter to the following purport and tenour.

“ Our reverend Father,

“ I preached the sermon of the sacrament in my own town, at the feast of my worthy parents, in such a manner as others will inform you of, for it does not become me to tell. I can only assure your Reverence, that no circumstance whatever escaped me; even one which took me quite unawares, that of a Gallician bagpipe instead of an organ, I touched; and there are not wanting those who say that not even the bagpipe-player himself touched his instrument more skilfully than I did the circumstance. I hope your paternity will pardon this piece of self-praise, which escaped me unwittingly, and of which I am ashamed, for as the man said, *laus in ore proprio vilescit*. The embraces that were given me, upon finishing the sermon; are countless; and the decimas, the octaves, and even the sonnets which came out upon me at table, were so superlatively astonishing that they were enough to have turned one's brain. In  
short,

short, to make an end of the matter, the licentiate Flechilla, chaplain of Pero Rubio, has desired me to preach the funeral sermon of the scrivener of his town, who died a few days ago, and has left two hundred reals for the preacher. I am much more allured by the honour than the profit, and likewise by the hope of bringing to the convent a good share of the masses which the deceased has appointed to be distributed. I humbly beseech your paternity's Benedicite for preaching this sermon, which will be some time within a month, and I shall keep composing it the best I can at my leisure hours. The bearer carries with him a sheep and three gallons of wine, which my parents beg the holy community to accept, and to excuse the smallness of the gift, as their good inclination has not at present greater power. They desire their best respects to your paternity, whose life may God preserve many years! I most dutifully kiss your Reverence's hands, and am the humblest of your sons and servants,

Campazas, FRIAR GERUND,  
Such a day, &c. The unworthy Preacher.

The Benedicite came directly, by the return of the messenger; for as the Superior



rrior knew nothing of the sacrament-fermon, but by Friar Gerund's own account of it, the good soul supposed, that he had acquitted himself with some decency, availing himself of one of the compositions of the remarker upon style which he had given him, or of some other person, and thought that he might do the same, with regard to the funeral discourse. At the same time, the arguments he alledged had their weight with him; the masses which he would probably bring for the community, were not to be despised; the sheep and the three gallons of wine, likewise, deserved some acknowledgement; and, in short, by the absence of a Friar a whole month from the convent, there would be, for a whole month, a mouth less to feed. Upon these accounts, he not only very willingly gave his permission, but, considering that his father's house was not over-stocked with books which might help him in the composition of a sermon, he sent by the same messenger five or six volumes (which Friar Gerund had left upon the table in his cell) without examining what they were, thinking, prudently enough, that, as he kept them so at hand, they might be his most favourite authors,

authors, and what he himself would chuse to consult upon this occasion.

## CHAP. II.

*Friar Gerund begs instructions for the making of a funeral-sermon from his friend Friar Blas, who gives him most divine ones.*

IT would have been highly proper to have premised in the preceding chapter, that neither in the affair of the messenger, or of the letter, or of its contents, or of the sheep, or of the wine, had the good Gerund more art or part, than the doing what he was advised by his friend Friar Blas. The truth of the matter was, that as soon as the licentiate Flechilla had recommended the sermon to him, he was full of joy to communicate the news of his good fortune to his confidant, the incomparable predicador mayor; and putting the case that the predicador could not help feeling a spice of envy, accompanied with a grain of jealousy, beginning to fear lest Friar Gerund might get the whip-hand of him in point of fame, and

stop

stop many emoluments that would drop into his mouth, which must needs water at hearing, as it were to his very face, an appointment to a sermon, of no less than two hundred reals, given to a stripling of an orator, on whom the preaching down was but just shooting forth; but, yet, when he considered that Friar Gerund was his disciple, that the glory of the disciple reflects upon the master, and that even in the profit he might be a partaker, he stifled the first emotions (if he felt them) of those not very honourable passions, and testifying great joy (at least teeth outwards) advised him soundly to the most prudent measures, and dictated the letter to the Superior, with all the other matters which it contained.

We said, and we repeat it, that it would have been highly proper to have premised this in the preceding chapter, because, by that means, we should have spared ourselves the trouble to relate it now. But, besides, that very often a poor historian forgets, and, it sometimes happens, that whilst he takes a pinch of snuff, the thought which he had at the end of his pen is flown; who knows whether or not, upon this occasion, we have done it

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purposely,

purposely, not to interrupt the thread of the narration? For our parts we are determined firmly, not to declare how it was, that we may leave the pleasure of guessing at it to the curious reader.

Three natural days was the messenger in going and returning, during which time the guests, by degrees, dropped off, each one repairing to his respective destiny; the Magistral and the Canon to their church, the Familiar to his house, the Father Vicar to his nuns, the Friar and the Donado to their convents, only that the latter went first to the market of Villalon, as he wanted to buy some onions. And let them go, blessed of God, and may the Virgin accompany them; for certainly they were as troublesome to poor Zotes's house, as to the history, which did not know what to do with so many personages! Especially the Signior Magistral incommoded us not a little, for his extraordinary seriousness was not at all relished by Friar Gerund, and it will be well if he did not likewise tire many of our readers. And now remained our Friar Gerund with his Friar Blas, alone and at their ease, absolute masters of the spot; and having at their devotion the uncle Anthony, the aunt

VOL. II. R Catanla,



Catanla, and the licentiate Quixano, who were scarcely ever out of their sight or hearing.

When, behold, at the gate of the court-yard enters the desired messenger, loaded with a large wallet of books, and the Superior's letter, which was as if it had been chalked out by themselves. As soon as they read it their delight was such, that they gave many reciprocal embraces; and Friar Blas even added, with religious confidence, a frolicksome kick and a cuff to Gerund, out of the wantonness of his joy. But, above all, they were highly pleased with the providence of the Superior in sending the books, not only as it was a mark of the complacency with which he gave his benediction, but because, in reality, without books they would have been put greatly to their shifts, not having by heart erudition sufficient for so arduous an undertaking; and to be obliged to retire to the convent to compose their sermon would have made them laughed at.

After the first tumult of joy was over, Friar Gerund observed to Friar Blas, that it would be necessary for them two to retire to the fields, to hold a conference at liberty

liberty upon the subject. “With all my heart,” said the Predicator; and as soon as they were out of the town, (which might be at such a thing as ten or a dozen steps, for Antony Zotes’s house was in the centre of it) Friar Gerund began to speak in the following manner: “Father Predicator Mayor, your Reverence knows”——Friar Blas cut him short directly with saying, “My dear Gerund;

*Non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur  
Majestas et amor.*

Friendship and compliments do not lye in one sack. Hitherto I have suffered this behaviour in thee on account of some trifling difference in age, since, at the most, I am but two and twenty or three and twenty years older than thee; but I will not now suffer it, at least when we two are talking hand to fist. A man who is appointed to a funeral-sermon of two hundred reals may very well thou—I will not say a Predicator Mayor of a mother-convent, but—all the Predicators of the king. Therefore, compliments aside! and for the future, if thou wouldst have me love thee, treat me as another thee.” Friar Gerund was docile, and it cost him no trouble to conform;

besides which, he felt at that moment a certain secret vanity and complacency in seeing that he was permitted to treat so familiarly, and be upon a footing with a Whole Predicador Mayor of so mighty a convent as that which he belonged to; and he had even a sort of a notion, that he could not be much inferior to one who made him in his treatment so equal to himself. He leaped the difficult boundary then at once, and without any hesitation said, “ Well, well, Friend Predicador, I will endeavour to please thee, and begin already.”

“ Thou knowest, that in all my life I never heard a funeral-sermon. At Campazas they are not usual: no person of consequence died whilst I was at school with the cripple at Villaornate: Domine Zancaslargas never spoke a single word to us upon this kind of orations; neither during my noviciate, nor my studentship, did any thing offer upon this subject. I have read no sermons but the Florilegium; and in that I don't remember to have met a funeral-sermon, or any thing in the shape of one; so that if thou dost not lend me the light of thy knowledge, I must be fain to grope my way in the dark.”

“ Sin-

“ Sinner that I am ! (answered Friar Blas) what a memory thou hast got ! Not remember to have read a funeral-sermon in the Florilegium ! And canst thou not, simpleton, call to mind that most famous sermon preached by the author in the city Rodrigo, at the funeral honours celebrated by the regiment of Toledo for their deceased comrades ? I do not indeed remember all its contents, but I have a very lively idea, that in general it is one of the most divine pieces in all that truly celestial work. It is impossible, that a more finished model for the composing a funeral-oration, with all the excellencies of which the art is capable, should ever yet have sprung from the human understanding.” “ Thou art right, man ; how lost was I ! thou art right ; I now remember to have read it ; and I remember likewise that it amazed me ; for though I did not understand what many of the things meant, yet that circumstance itself filled me with stupour, striking such an inward echo as astonished all the faculties of my soul.” “ When we return home, (said Friar Blas) I will make thee see, admire, and penetrate, inch by inch, into his inimitable and recondite beauties, since amongst the books the Su-



perior sent thee, I observed by the binding there was the Florilegium." "But, in the mean time, (said Gerund) wilt thou not give me some little, clever, general rules for my direction?"

"Content (said the Predicator); and before all things never forget that which I gave thee on another occasion, when I read to thee the sermon I preached on St. Benedict of the Hill, or rather that which thou thyself producedst by the strength of thy own genius without my giving it expressly. This is that of recurring always to some Pagan or Mythological Registers of Festivals, Menologies, Almanacs, or Calendars, and seeing what festival, ceremony, or remarkable thing was celebrated on that same day as thou art to preach on, and applying it intrepidly to thy subject, be it what it will, for that thou wilt be able to do with a marvellous facility. This is a general rule, and agrees with all kinds of subjects, panegyric, gratulatory, exoratory or deprecatory, funeral, and moral, even tho' thou preachest the very sermon of the Passion itself, thou may'st avail thyself of it with a suitableness that is enchanting.

"But to come particularly to a funeral-sermon, or a funeral-oration—for it is all

one—it is indispenfible that thou directly give vent to a copious and bubbling torrent of erudition, concerning the time when this kind of homage to the deceased began to be observed; upon what occafion the firft instance of it was given by the inventors, whether Greeks or Romans; what progrefs it made in the courfe of time; and in fhort every thing of this fort thou canft fcraper together will be fo much gold, for thou wilt immediately captivate the admiration of the audience by thy portentous knowledge.” “But, the deuce take the man! where am I to find fuch ancient and fuch abftrufe knowledge? Dofth thou think that every body is like thee, who feemeft to have at thy fingers’ ends all that ever paffed in the world from Adam to Antichrift; and tho’ one fhould mention the moft contemptible and ridiculous things, as if one fhould fay *palaynas*\* and *alpargatas*†, canft immediately tell the inventor of them, with the precise year, month, and day, when they began to be ufed?”

“Good God, Friar Gerund, thou art as ignorant as a Donado! Haft thou not Bey-

\* Stockings without feet.

† A fort of bufkins, made of packthread or rufhes, worn by the poor mountaineers.

erlink, who will help thee to as much sudden erudition as thou hast need of, for whatever thou hast a mind? Besides Beyerlink, are there not the Passeraciuses, the Ambrosios, Calepinos, and the Universal Dictionaries now in use in all languages, which will give thee such historical and critical information upon each word, that thy memory will scarce contain it? It is true, the critics call this a make-shift learning, alluding to the water so called with which infants are baptised, when the urgency of the case will not admit of waiting for water that has been duly consecrated in the church. But what is that to the purpose? Are not those who are so baptised as substantially baptised as the Emperor Constantine himself was by Pope Silvester—if it is true that he was baptised by him, for at present it is altogether doubted? Then, why shall not the make-shift scholars be as much scholars as those who are so with all the ceremonies of the order? Let them refute this parity, if they can; and as long as they refute it not, which assuredly they never will, laugh at all their malignant and envious expressions.”

“ Now I have it: but after having sucked in this stream of erudition, which with-  
out

out doubt, would do credit to any one, how am I to apply it to the particular intent of my funeral-sermon? how am I to turn it to the purpose of celebrating the memory of my good scrivener?" "In a little water dost thou drown thyself. I am surpris'd, that a man who applied whatever he had a mind so well to the circumstances in the sermon on the Sacrament and the Discipulant-Exhortation, should be now embarrassed by a trifle. Look ye, there are two opinions, as well as I remember, concerning the things called funeral-orations, or panegyrics on the dead. Some will have it, that the first inventors of this kind of eulogy were the Greeks, and even go so far as to name him who pronounced the first, who, they say, was Theseus, on occasion of the interment of the bodies of the Argives. Others attribute the glory of this gracious invention to the Romans, affirming, that the first funeral-oration that was ever heard, was that which Lucius Junius Brutus pronounced on occasion of the death of the chaste Lucretia, with which he so inflamed the minds of the Romans against the Proud Tarquin, that they cast him from his throne, and founded the republic, five hundred and nine years before the birth of Christ. Others again under-



undertake to reconcile these two opinions, saying, that the Greeks were, in a rigorous sense, the first inventors of these funeral eulogies, but limited them precisely to those who had been slain in war in defence of their country; and that the Romans were the first who extended them to all renowned personages, eminent for their virtues, though they might not be military ones, or who had done considerable service to their country or the state.

“Thou hast no need to detain thyself with this useless question, tho’ it will be proper that thou note it by the way, that they may understand thou knowest much more than what thou sayest; and then with a gay and easy confidence thou shouldest add—Whether posthumous panegyrics were consecrated to Arms, whether they were dedicated to Letters, whether they were destined to whatever other virtues exalted illustrious men, with the highest justice are those posthumous, funereal, and cypressian eulogies always due to our *Domingo Conejo* \*: (that was the name of the scrivener deceased, whom God receive!) if to Arms,—behold him continually with his penknife

\* Conejo signifies a rabbit.  
in

in his hand, cutting off the heads of quills as he might have done of Moors, Turks, Jews, and Infidels! If to Letters,—who formed more or better letters, or with more airy flourishes in all the country! Let him that doubts examine the immense volumes of those deeds and registers! If to the other heroic virtues which swell the trump of Fame to bursting in its broadest part,—let me be shewn in which the *non plus ultra* might not have been said to be our most plangible Conejo!”

“Son of Satan, how clever thou art! That of Arms and of Letters is applied *so*—that it could not be exceeded even by the florilegist himself! But that of the virtues—how can it be applied without the devil’s and the hearers’ laughing at the lie? Seest thou not, sinner that I am! that in the notes of the licentiate Flechilla it is said plainly that the scrivener was a wicked man; a perjured tricking rascal, a sower of discord, a thief with a strong tincture of hypocrisy?” “And dost thou boggle at that? (said Friar Blas, making faces at him behind his back.) Why, Gerund, thou seemest to me to be every day growing such a cautious thing, that I am afraid thou wilt turn out scrupulous. What is there more than to christen

christen his vices with the name of virtues, and thy business is done? Say that no one exceeded him in *condescension*, that few equalled him in *ingenuity*, that he was out-done by nobody in *penetration*, that he was singularly great in *persuasion*, and that in regard to *defending his right*, he was not only matchless, but even reached the line of nimity. There thou hast his vices metamorphosed at once, and fashionably cloathed in the garb of moral virtues, against which no one can have a word to say, and 'tis great odds but that at the end of the sermon some good old woman will devoutly recommend her soul to the care of *the Holy Saint Scrivener Conejo*.

“ And in short, tho' it all run muddy, what does it cost thee to feign in the deceased the virtues which may appear most suitable according to the materials thou hast at hand; for if he had not these virtues, at least he ought to have had them? Dost thou think that thou wilt be the first who has done so? Many famous men have I seen who practise it at every turn, without spoiling their fortune by it, or losing any of their due respect. There is in a certain part of the world a society worthy of all veneration in which it is the custom to pronounce a  
funeral

funeral oration for every individual of it, though he die on the other side of Cape Comorin. Now to think that all the members of this respectable body are canonizable would be an opinion so charitable as to exceed pure piety itself; yet scarce is there a funeral oration on any of them heard or read (for most of them are printed), but the hearer or reader is almost tempted to dedicate a *Novena* \* with private worship to the holy subject of it, when at the same time their subjects are often such, as, by whatever we could learn of them before their deaths, never wrought any miracles. And how is this done? Most elegantly: the orator unfurnishes his own house to supply what was wanting in that of the deceased; and let him thank him for his kindness.

“ O Lord ! But this would be deceiving the public, thou wilt say, and a deception very prejudicial. Mere scruples of Friar Gargajo ! Does not all the world know that the principal qualification in every good orator must be what is called *in-*

\* The space of nine days dedicated to the devotion and worship of a saint, in order to procure some particular grace or favour by his intercession.



*vention*? And what does this mean? What can it mean but that every good orator must *invent* that which he praises; for it is plain that if any thing praise-worthy was to be found in the subject of his eulogy, he who relates it does not *invent* it.”

This did not sound well to Gerund, seeming to have great absurdity in it, and therefore he could not refrain from interrupting him by saying, “Friar Blas, I think that thou art rather mistaken, and that thou confoundest *invention* with *fiction*, things in themselves very distinct and distant. I remember than when the Domine Zancas-largas explained to us the affair of *Invention* he did not give it the sense which thou givest it, but told us that *Invention* was that virtue or grace of the understanding by which the orator, wanting to magnify any circumstance, sought with art, suitable ways and means for it, which ways and means he called the *fountains of invention* (by the same token I shall ever remember these said fountains, for they cost me two flogging-bouts to learn them); and he said that they were, first, *history*; secondly, *apologues and parables*; thirdly, *adages or proverbs*; fourthly, *hieroglyphics*; fifthly, *emblems*; sixthly, *testimonies of the ancients*; seventhly,

venthly, *grave and sententious sayings*; eighthly, *laws*; ninthly, *Holy Scripture*; tenthly, *the use and discreet choice of common places*: thus he explained the matter of Invention; but he never told us that the Invention of an orator consisted in inventing or feigning that which he was to praise; he rather taught us, if I don't greatly mistake, that Fiction was the property only of the poets."

Friar Blas did not much relish this reply; whether it was that he was in truth inwardly convinced of the absurdity of what he had said, or whether because he was bent upon maintaining his argument, and therefore said to him very indignantly, "The devil take thee, and thy Domine Zancas-largas, for thou hast Zancas-largassed my patience out. If this Domine Zany taught thee, that to feign was the property of the poets, it must likewise be that of the orators, inasmuch as there cannot be a good orator who is not a poet: so says Cicero, though I don't remember where, but it is sufficient that *I* say it; for a man is not to go with his sleeve full of citations when he goes out to take a walk."

Friar Gerund was silent when he saw the choler rising in his friend, who proceeded, saying, "What is said, is said;  
the

the praising the deceased, whether in funeral orations, or poetical epicedia sung to their honour, and the feigning the virtues, endowments, and graces which they had not, is not a thing of yesterday or an invention of the moderns. One of the many Senecas which one meets with up and down in the libraries, I believe it was the *Tragic*, who must have been called so from his father's having been called the *Tragon*\*, I say there is this Seneca who introduces the poets of his time bewailing the death of the emperor Claudius Drusus, and telling a million of exploits of him which never so much as entered the poor emperor's head. And however thou mayest fret and fume, and whether thou will or no, thou shalt hear the hymn which he pretends they made in his praise, and which, only because I liked the rattling run of it, seeming to me like that of *Iste confessor Domine colentes*, I got it by heart.

*Fundite fletus, edite planctus,*

*Fingite luctus, resonet tristi*

*Clamore forum.*

*Cecidit pulchre cordatus homo,*

*Quo non alius fuit in toto*

*Fortior orbe.*

\* A glutton.

*Ille*

*Ille citato vincere cursu*

*Poterat celeres ; ille rebelles*

*Fundere Parthus :*

*Levibusque sequi Persida telis*

*Certaque manu*

*Tendere nervum.*

*Qui præcipites vulnere parvo*

*Figeret hostes ; pictaque Medi*

*Terra fugacis.*

*Ille Britannos, ultraque noti*

*Littora ponti, et ceruleos*

*Scuta Brigantes*

*Dare. Romuleis colla catenis*

*Fussit, et ipsum nova Romanæ*

*Jura securis tremere Oceanum, &c.*

“ I am a sincere man, and do not like a burdened conscience, and therefore confess to thee that this was too much Latin for my grammar, and that I understood it only much in the lumps, and as they say but at half-speed. But God sent me a Lecturer of our order, who for more than three years, had been Captain of the head-form at Villagarcia, and he declared to me the contents ; and, it seems, in this hymn the Emperor Claudius is praised as having been a very wise man, of great strength, extreme celerity, and of so much valour, that he subdued the Persians,



Medes, Britons, &c. and made even the ocean obey his laws. This is what the hymn says; but what was there of all this? In short, nothing: for I have read in an old book, without beginning or end, but of great authority, that the Emperor Claudius was a stupid fellow, so much so that his own mother Antonia, when she would strongly express the simplicity of any one, said, “He is as great a fool as my son Claudius.” In all his reign he did nothing of utility, but eat and drank, and associated with the vilest and most despicable creatures. To be sure his son Britannicus triumphed over the Britons, because he took them at unawares, and there was an end of his exploits. He married four times, and would have married four hundred times, if his cousin and fourth wife Agrippina had not had a vocation to become a widow before her time, and sent him off by a dose of poison. He adopted his son-in-law Nero, without taking any notice of his own son; and here thou seest the sum of his achievements. Nevertheless the poet did beautifully well in feigning all those endowments which appeared suitable to a great emperor and in celebrating him for them, however

destitute of them he might have been, for this was no fault of the panegyrist, as neither he nor any body else prevented him from having them. Then what reason shall there be divine or human why thou may'st not do the same by the Scrivener Conejo?"

"Thy arguments are such (answered Friar Gerund) that a whole entire university with every individual body and soul in it would not be able to take them off. They admit not of reply, and therefore I shall incontinently conform myself to thy opinion; and hence a very easy way occurs to me of preaching a thousand funeral sermons for a thousand dead Scriveners, that may fall into my hands." "How so?" asked Friar Blas.

## C H A P. III.

*The conversation is interrupted by the sudden appearance of an unexpected guest: they join the thread of their discourse again, with the rest which will be seen.*

FRIAR Gerund was about to answer him when upon turning the corner of a vineyard-hedge, they saw in the path which led from the famous spot of the mountain of Valderas a young man, about five-and-twenty years of age with all the appointments of a gay sportsman: a little green net, with a tassel in the middle, from under which appeared somewhat of his fore-top and the side-curls; an hat, with the flaps on the fore-part horizontal, gold and silver band with its rose-knot wriggling as it were up to the top of the crown; short scarlet jacket, with flashed sleeves reaching down to the waist; green waistcoat with long flaps; fine buff-leather breeches, fitting to the greatest nicety, and as if glued to his skin; a gold ribbon, dangling from the fob a considerable way down

down the thigh, with a seal and a watch-key at the end ; white linen spatter-dashes with blue stripes beautiful to behold, and white shoes ; a gun, powder-horn, and shot-bag, two pointers, and four partridges just killed, which he had in a thread-net, neatly woven, hanging from a silk cord, which crossed him like a sash, from the right shoulder to the left hip, and which he carried very gracefully, and in a sportsman-like manner.

He was a trilinguist Collegian of the university of Salamanca, a youth as we have said about five-and-twenty, well made, sprightly, clever, of a festive humour and given to be <sup>ironical</sup> ~~satirical~~, though somewhat quick, bold, and petulant ; more than moderately imbued with polite literature and above all with rhetoric, for the professorship of which he was a candidate, and already had performed one exercise for it. He was called Don Casimire, and was come for a few days recreation to Valderas where he had a married sister whom he was very fond of, and his brother-in-law had been within an ace of being Corregidor of Villalobos. That afternoon he had come out a-shooting, and being fatigued and thirsty was going



(for the nearest succour) to get a draught of cellar-water [wine] at Campazas, when at the corner of the hedge he met with our two Friars. He knew Friar Blas, who had gone through his courses, well or ill, at Salamanca, though Don Casimire was but a boy in the grammar-school, and the other already a collegiate father, as the strings of Theologists who flock to the greater and smaller schools are called.

They immediately recognized each other, for Friar Blas was not in the least changed, as he was as well booted with beard, and his head as well settled when a collegiate, as now when predicador mayor of his convent, having been rather passed his youth when he took the sacred habit. As to Don Casimire, it is true, he was much grown, become a man, and was very nice in his dress and person, but yet he retained the same features, and air of countenance, and certain vivacity of the eyes which greatly became him, as when a boy. They embraced heartily; and after the usual effects of joy and of that croud of former remembrances which rush upon two old acquaintances on a casual meeting, after having crossed themselves half a dozen times for wonder,

with,

with, "God bless me!—What a lucky chance!—who could have told me this!—Who would have thought it!" Friar Blas not omitting, "Jésus! and how he is grown! How he is shot up! What a man! What a clever fellow! Let me embrace thee again!" &c. The two Friars put him between them; and the Predicador in a few words informed Don Casimire of who Friar Gerund was, his endowments, his talents, his sermon lately preached, the applauses it had gained, the funeral sermon to which he was appointed, and, in short, of all the conversation they had held from the time of their setting out from home to the very moment of the happy meeting inclusively.

Don Casimire paid his compliments very courteously to Friar Gerund, who, having answered to them with such words as his good-nature, his breeding, and his attainments would supply, proceeded without delay, "Now, Signior Don Ramire"—  
 "Casimire (interrupted the Collegian) at your Reverence's service." "I beg your pardon, Sir, (continued Gerund) but when my friend the Predicador Mayer mentioned your name I was somewhat distracted, and could only observe that it ended in

*ire.* Now, Signior Don Casimire, what I was saying to Friar Blas when we were favoured by our good fortune with lighting upon you, was, that a most stupendous way had occurred to me to preach though it might be a thousand funeral sermons for all the Scriveners whom the earth is swallowing. That is to go running in my sermon through all and through each of what the rhetoricians call the Ten Fountains of Invention."

"Why this is meat and drink to me (interrupted the Collegian) and your Reverence has touched upon a subject on which perhaps I may say something not quite beside the purpose, for, in short, this is my faculty. Whether the fountains of invention be precisely ten, or more, or less, is a very questionable point, and your Reverence is not ignorant how much it is controverted by authors. Cicero in his *de Inventione* marks somewhat more; our Quintilian in his *Oratorical Institutions* reduces them to fewer; and Longinus in his treatise on the Sublime, which I read translated from the Greek into French by Monsieur Boileau, says, in my opinion with more judgment, that these fountains of invention cannot be fix-

ed to a determinate number, as they will be more or less according to the greater or less degree of fecundity or power of imagination in the Orator. But there is no need to detain ourselves about what is not clear; it signifies little whether the fountains be ten or ten thousand; what is certain, is, that from ten fountains only one may derive an oratorical stream sufficiently copious to form a navigable river of eloquence. And what are these ten fountains whence your Reverence thinks to take in your water for an happy voyage over the procellous ocean of your funeral parentation?"

"With your leave, Sir, (answered Friar Gerund) the Scrivener for whom I am to preach a funeral sermon was no parent of mine." "Why, did I say he was?" asked the Collegian. "You said something of *Parentage* (proceeded Gerund) and I thought you meant that I was descended from him." Without further examination Don Casimire saw how weak a brother he had to deal with, but dissembled it as much as he could; and now, with some more knowledge of his ground, answered, "Your Reverence laboured under a mistake, occasioned without doubt by  
some



some involuntary distraction: I did not say *Parentage* but *Parentation*." "Ay, well, one or t'other, there's no difference;" said Friar Gerund. "Your Reverence (answered the bantering Collegian) seems disposed to be jocular, and have a mind to divert yourself this afternoon at my expence: a man like your Reverence who is acquainted with invention and its fountains, cannot be ignorant that Cicero calls *mortuis parentare* the performing the obsequies of the deceased, and that hence all that is consecrated to their memory, whether offerings, eulogies, orations, or sermons, is called *Parentation*." As Friar Gerund saw himself treated with so much respect, which, as it was in reality the first time he had ever received it, he admitted with no little pride and pleasure, though he was somewhat out of countenance at being thus caught tripping, he endeavoured to hide it, that he might not be lessened in Don Casimire's estimation; and therefore said to him, with an attempt at a smile, "Yes, yes, I knew it well enough; but I had a mind to play the simpleton only for the pleasure of hearing what you would say." "Then I say, (replied the arch wag) another time don't let  
your

your reverence play it so much to the life, for you almost made me believe it to be real. But, to return to the question, what is the first fountain of invention remarked by your Reverence's author?"

"History," answered Gerund. "Quintilian, likewise (said Don Casimire) fixes this as the first fountain: I don't know if I can remember his exact words, as it is some years since I committed them to memory, but I will try; *In primis vero*, I think he would say, *abundare debet orator exemplorum copia, cum veterum, tum etiam novorum; adeo ut non ea modo quæ conscripta sunt historiis, aut sermonibus veluti per manus tradita, quæque quotidie aguntur debeat noscere; verum ne ea quidem quæ a clarioribus poetis ficta sunt, negligere*. So that Quintilian requires in every perfect orator, not only a comprehensive knowledge of history, tradition, and even of the particular events which happen in his time, but that he ought not to despise the fictions and the fables of the more illustrious poets, because it all serves to adorn what he says with ancient and modern examples."

"Dost thou see, Friar Gerund, dost thou see! (here interrupted Friar Blas, full of joy and giving him a slap upon the

the

the left shoulder ) See how Quintilian approves of fables in sermons and orations, according to the literal and decisive text which the Signior Don Casimire has so punctually repeated ! And dost thou think that the Signior Don Casimire is a man of straw ? Know then that he will very soon be as much a professor of Rhetoric in the university of Salamanca as thou art Sabatine Preacher of the house. Now tell all the Magistrals of the world, and as many father master Prudentios as all the communities, mendicant, monastic, and clerical can hold, to come and argue against Quintilian !”

“ Fair and softly, fair and softly, most reverend Friar Blas (said Don Casimire) ; Quintilian is instructing a profane not a sacred orator ; he gives rules for those who were to speak in academies, harangue the magistracy, make representations to princes, advise in councils, and defend or accuse before tribunals ; he has nothing to do with those who are to instruct, persuade, and convince the people from the pulpit. It is true both the one and the other may and ought to avail themselves of history with suitableness and moderation, but fiction and fable are to be used, with great parsimony and

and caution, by the former only. Thus Quintilian himself gives it to be understood, for let your Reverence observe the circumspection with which he expresses himself; *ne ea quidem quæ a clarioribus poetis ficta sunt negligere*. He does not say that they should make a study of the fictions and fables, but that they should not despise or forget them altogether. If Quintilian thinks so much caution requisite in the use of fable even in profane orations, how highly would he condemn a profusion of it in sacred orations, which indeed he knew not and therefore could not speak about, as he had the unhappiness to die a pagan? But, leaving this on one side, for it does not belong to my profession, let your Reverence tell me, father Friar Gerund, how your paternity is to make use of History for the sermon of the Scrivener."

"How! most elegantly! (answered Friar Gerund.) In the first place I trip me neatly to the Concordances to find the word *Scribe*, and then reading all that is said in the Bible upon the *Scribes*, I fit it nicely to my Scrivener. Afterwards I go me to consult some Thesaurus for the Latin for *Scrivener*, for on the faith of an honest man I do not know it, for no one is obliged, though he be the greatest Latinist  
in



in the universe, to know how all the things in the world are called in Latin." " Don't trouble yourself to seek for that (said the collegian), for I will tell your Reverence ; Scrivener and Notary is in Latin called *Tabularius*, and likewise as others have it *Tabellio*." " Excellent ! (continued Gerund) I look then for the words *Tabellio* and *Tabularius* in the *Theatrum vitæ humanæ* of Beyerlink, and there I shall find every thing I can desire about the time, and the origin, and the progress, and the variety of fortunes, and a thousand other curiosities touching the office of Scrivener, from its foundation to the time at which his Theatre was written by the devout and pious Beyerlink, archdeacon of Antwerp. If I find not this word there, which is very possible, I shall have it infallibly in the *Calepino* of Ambrosio, augmented by Passerasio."

" Stop, sir (interrupted the Collegian) ; give me leave to ask you what your Reverence means by the *Calepino* of *Ambrosio*, for it strikes me as if one should talk of the *Carabina de Ambrosio* \* ?" " To be sure,

\* *Carabina de Ambrosio*, (Ambrose's gun) a proverbial phrase, applied to those things which serve not to the use for which they were destined. Taken probably from some one of that name who boasted of keeping a gun to defend himself, but which was hung up uncharged and rusty.

Signior Collegian, (replied Gerund not without an air of disdain) the question is a very deep one! Why any child at the grammar-school can answer it, since even those who are but in their Accidence know that *Calepino* is a Greek, Hebrew, or Muscovy word (I don't trouble my head which) that signifies the same as *Dictionary* or *Vocabulary*, in which, following the alphabet, one goes running through all the Latin words and is told what they signify in Spanish."

"This is the answer I was looking for, most reverend Father; (said the Collegian in a scornful tone) it is no wonder the children at the grammar-school are ignorant of the signification of *Calepino* when the most reverend Fathers, the Sabatine Preachers, know it not. *Calepino* is not a Greek, Arabic, Hebrew, or Hungarian word, but purely Italian: neither is it the title of a work, but a patronymic of the country of the author; who was Friar Ambrosio *Calepino* of the order of St. Augustine, called so because he was a native of *Calepio* in Italy, just as St. Nicholas de Tolentino and St. Thomas de Villanueva, Religious of the same order were called thus, because one, though he was a native of the town of St. Angel near Termo in the marquisate of

of Ancona, lived thirty years in Tolentino an episcopal city of the same marquisate, where he died, and from this long residence in it took its name ; the other took his from Villanueva de los Infantes where he was educated, though he was born in Fuentillana a little place distant three-quarters of a league from that town. Now then if one should mention the sermons of St. Thomas de Villanueva, saying thus, we find it in *the Villanueva of St. Thomas*, would it not be ridiculous ? Full as ridiculous is it, if not much more so, to say, without any motive in the world, the Calepino of Ambrosio, as if the author had put to his Dictionary the title of *Calepino*. And now your Reverence sees, that the question had more depth than you imagined. But I beg your paternity will go on, for this is only a short digression."

In this *Calepinal* rencounter did poor Gerund get a bit of a broken head ; but, binding it up as well as he could, he proceeded with saying, " Once informed in all that the Calepino, or Dictionary of Pasteracio, (for we won't stand remarking upon these ticklish points) contains concerning Scriveners, I have got a notable provision of ancient learning to adorn my sermon.

I am

I am well aware that a little modern erudition is wanting ; but where shall I find it ? or who could ever dream of such a thing as writing the history of the Scriveners ?” “ Make yourself easy, reverend Father, (said the Collegian) for this may not be so impossible as it seems. If there is a complete history, and not badly written, by John Baptist Thierres, of *Perukes and Peruke-makers*, why should there not be one of the Scriveners ? and if the Book-sellers, Binders, Copiers, and Amanuenses have their history sufficiently laboured by Christian Schoettgen, what reason divine or human shall forbid the Scriveners to have theirs ? In truth John Michael Enecius was not a great way off writing it in his work in folio, which he intitled, *De veteribus Germanorum & aliarum Nationum Signis*, Of the Signs or Marks which the ancient Germans used to authenticate their Letters and public Instruments. Nor could the Father Reinerio Carfughio, who in didactic verse taught The Art of Writing well, or The Beauty of Penmanship, have failed to suffer some temptation to sing the history of Scriveners. In short, most reverend Father, I cannot give your Paternity any certain knowledge of any history of these worthy



gentlemen, for I have it not ; but such a thing as *The History of Secretaries of State*, with their eulogies, arms, and genealogies, there is, by the Signior Fauvelet du Toc, which is well received."

" Son of all the devils, 'tis a treasure ! (exclaimed Friar Blas) *The History of Secretaries of State* ! oh, the sweet book ! 'tis the quintessence of quintessences ! a thing more exactly to the purpose it was impossible to find ; for the Scrivener Conejo was it all completely ; since in the first place he was a *Secretary*, and in the second of *State*, " the holy *state* of matrimony," which he entered into, *in facie ecclesiæ*, with the Signiora Maria Beltrana Pichon, otherwise called *Flat-nose*, who is now his widow, and may she be so many years !"\*

" Most reverend Father, most reverend Father (said Don Casimire, laying hold of Friar Blas's arm) take care, for God's sake, that you do not fall headlong : your Pater-

\* Just now Conejo was expressly said to have been a widower. Friar Gerund had never heard or seen any funeral-sermon but that in the *Florilegium* ; he shews presently that he had seen others. In these and similar examples the author perhaps meant to imitate Cervantes, who is supposed to have made seeming slips on purpose for a bait to tempt the minor critics ; if, indeed, the present instance be not designed as a stroke of character in the slipshod Predicator.

nity made such a stumble, that I wonder how you come off without a broken nose. To be a Secretary of State is not this, nor ever dreamed of being it; and to confound Secretaries of State with Scriveners, whether King's Scriveners, or Scriveners of the Society, or of the Council, &c. &c. is very absurd, and if it was not for the innocence of the meaning, would be highly disrespectful. Secretaries of State are those superior officers who transact immediately with kings, form decrees, authorise treaties, and expedite orders in the royal name. They are called of *State*, because they are concerned only, immediately with the prince, in those matters which pertain to it. They are not Scriveners, an office immensely inferior to their elevated employ; and to give them this name would be an insolence deserving the greatest punishment, if it was not excused by ignorance. Public Scriveners, authorised by the council for the service of the community, though it is a creditable office, and exercised by many honest men, are infinitely lower, and I do not see how the history of Secretaries of State can serve to the funeral-sermon of a Scrivener."

“ Signior Don Casimire, (replied Blas, with great serenity) as in our community we do not read the Gazettes we are not very expert in matters so high as these. It was not my intention to offend any body : having all my life heard Secretaries called Scriveners, and Scriveners Secretaries, I thought they were one and the same thing ; and it will be well if I did not make a mistake the other day, when I had occasion to write a letter to the Secretary of a certain Bishop, and directed it, To Don Such-an-one, Scrivener to the Lord Bishop of Such-a-place ; but the letter is scarcely delivered yet ; and if I find the Secretary laughs at this pleasantry, he shall have more of it. After all, the audience before whom the Father Friar Gerund is to preach, know as much about Secretaries of State as I do ; so that if he talks to them about Secretaries, of whatever kind, they will have it all at the same price ; and, I warrant him, never go to examine whether it be to the purpose.”

“ That’s another story (said Don Casimire), which I have nothing to do with, who am never for putting my sickle into my neighbour’s corn. And therefore, to

go on with our subject, pray tell me, father Friar Gerund, what is the second fountain of invention noted by your Reverence's author?"

"Apologues and parables," answered Gerund. "But what does your Reverence understand by apologues and parables?" "As to apologues, I confess that I have not yet been able to form a clear conception of what they are; but as to parables, though of them neither can I give a precise definition, yet I can conceive of them with clearness from the parables we find in the gospel of the vine, the fig-tree, the talents, and others."

Why look ye, reverend father, (said Don Casimire) an apologue and a parable, and a parable and an apologue, are the same thing; as they each mean a similitude or comparison founded in somewhat feigned, probable or improbable, from whence to draw a sentence or moral maxim true and certain. As when Menemius Agrippa availed himself of the parable or apologue of the human body and its members, to appease the Roman people, who, mutinying against the senate, had retired to the Mons Aventinus, and Menemius by his apologue reduced them again to their obe-



dience to the conscript fathers. The use of parables, even in the most serious and sacred subjects is canonized for our veneration in the example of Christ himself. Many holy fathers practised it with success; and we know that St. Gregory Nazianzen subdued the vanity of the president Celusius with the pleasant apologue of the swallows and the swans. But, in my opinion, the judicious rule which is given by the father Nicholas Causino, in his very learned work of sacred and profound eloquence, should always be remembered. *Observandum autem erit in his apologis ne nimis sint crebri, ne dictione nimis faceta, & quæ ad scurrilitatem, accedant, prætexantur; denique ut personam, ut locum, ut rem deceant.* The frequent use of parables is not to be justified by the example of Christ, who was wont to string them upon one another in his discourses; for we are to consider, that in this the divine preacher, speaking to an Eastern people, only accommodated himself to the taste of those who heard him. But though; under the restrictions specified, parables may be very useful in doctrinal and moral subjects, I do not see how your Reverence can accommodate them to the funeral sermon of a scrivener."

"Yes,

“ Yes, (cried Friar Blas) if Friar Gerund does but know how to chip it and fit it in, I have one just popped into my head, that will suit his sermon as if it had been cut out of the quarry on purpose for it, no less than one of the great Demosthenes himself.” “ And what is it, reverend Father ?” Asked the collegian. “ What ! that of the traveller who hired an ass at two reals a day for a certain journey in the intemperate heat of August, and every day at noon, not able to endure the power of the sun, laid himself down in the shade of the ass. The master of the beast, who accompanied him, held his peace ; and when they came to settle accounts the traveller, paid him twelve reals for six days’ journey. I must have twelve more, said the master. How so ? said the traveller : six days at two reals each make twelve complete. Very true, said the master, but I must have twelve more for the shade of the ass ; for the agreement was only for the ass, and not for the shade too.”

“ The apologue is a pleasant one (said the collegian) and I remember to have read it in Plutarch, attributed to Demosthenes, who by this joke roused the attention of the audience which was rather flagging ;

but I do not see how the father Friar Gerund can apply it to his Scrivener." "Heavenly powers! No! Why what is there more to do than to extol the disinterestedness and integrity of the Scrivener Conejo, and say, that he always remitted somewhat of his right; for though he charged, as it was highly reasonable he should, the cost of paper, quills, ink, and sand, without forgetting to give his client a broad hint of leaving upon the table a couple of double reals of silver for his clerk, yet, notwithstanding he mended his pen very often, that he never charged a marevedi for the knife. And here comes in the apologue of the ass and the shade, which, even had it been cast in a mould, could not have fitted better."

Don Casimire smiled, and continuing his questions, asked Friar Gerund, "According to your Reverence's author which is the third fountain of invention?" "*Adages.*" "'Tis a very copious fountain; but what does your Reverence understand by adages?" "What should I understand? That which every old woman in the town understands. Adages and proverbs are the same thing." "What! (said Don Casimire) can proverbs find a place in sermons even of any kind!"

"O

“ O that’s fine indeed ! (cried Gerund) can they find a place ! Ay, and a great place, an honourable place. Why there is nothing which more adorns, more graces them, or which is more enchanting. I have made notes of various adages which I have heard and read in sermons, which truly amazed me, and which I think to avail myself of when occasion serves. Where, for example, can there be a more magnificent introduction to a funeral sermon than that in one of a grave religious, preached at the interment of a master of his order, who was called Friar Cuchillada and Grande, when he began with, *al Maestro Cuchillada y Grande* \* ! A proverb and equivoque which immediately struck all the audience not only with admiration but astonishment. And to this day have I not recovered from the stupefaction with which I myself was struck at so beautiful an introduction. Then what shall we say to that divine subject on which a most famous orator preached at the exequies of Don Antonio Campillo, who had

\* “ The scholar gives his fencing-master an hit and a great one.” Applied to him who presuming to be very wise in any thing is corrected by one generally supposed to be greatly his inferior.



been parochial priest of a certain church, on the belfry of which he erected a beautiful *Aguja* or spire at his own expence! This subject was, *el fastre del Campillo que puso la Aguja y el hilo* \*. This is true ingenuity and every thing else prittle-prattle. And the other, who, preaching the sermon of the Dumb Devil in Lent before the officers of the Holy Tribunal, began with this most suitable proverb, “*About the king and the Inquisition, mum!*” Adding, that upon this account the Devil that was spoken of in the Gospel was dumb, because he was before the inquisition. And don’t you think, Sir, that this might be preached though it should be before even the Pope himself? These examples are sufficient (but I am ready to give you an hundred of them) to shew you, Sir, that proverbs may find a place in sermons.”

“ I, reverend father, (replied the collegian) have not age and experience enough to meddle with these deep matters, especially as they are not of my profession, which consists solely of what I think they

\* “ The taylor of Campillo (or the little field) who sewed for nothing and found his own needle and thread.” To give one’s labour and be at charges besides to serve others. *Aguja* signifies either a spire or a needle.

call polite letters. Nevertheless, as in Salamanca one must necessarily have intercourse with many great men, I assure your Reverence I have more than once heard various learned father masters of all orders severely censure those preachers who in their sermons, are given to the frequent use of popular and vulgar proverbs. The most temperate would say that it was an insipid puerility; others went so far as to intitle it extravagant folly and ignorance; and there were not wanting even those who called it frenzy, madness, profanation of the pulpit, and other things to this tenour. I only relate, and do not presume to judge. What belongs to me, with respect to my profession, is, to assure your Reverence that I never heard, read, or understood that Adages, as a fountain of invention, were ever before taken in the sense in which they are received by your Paternity, that of popular proverbs." "Why then, what is to be understood by Adages." "I will tell your Reverence.

"An Adage or Proverb (which are the same thing, as Syrecius says) is a sentence, grave, worthy, beautiful, comprehended in few words, and as it were, a jewel drawn from the treasury of moral philosophy. On this account Aristotle called  
 proverbs,

proverbs, “ Precious reliques of venerable  
 “ antiquity, rescued from the ruins of true  
 “ philosophy, and preserved in the minds  
 “ of men by their brevity, worth, and ele-  
 “ gance.” This, if I am not much mistaken,  
 will comprehend the Proverbs of Solomon,  
 which differ infinitely from what we popu-  
 larly call proverbs, being a collection of  
 inspired sentences, truly divine, directed  
 to the government of our actions by the  
 rules of a most perfect, rational, political,  
 and christian conduct. This, reverend father,  
 is what I have understood ’till now by  
 Adages ; which appear to me very suitable  
 for the adorning an oration when parsi-  
 moniously employed. But as your Paternity  
 is pleased to understand them otherwise, let  
 us proceed.”

## C H A P. IV.

*Don Casimire forgets his thirst : they arrive at Campazas without knowing how : the collegian remains there all night ; and the point is exhausted which was touched upon, and not promised, in the preceding chapter.*

AS they were proceeding to the fourth fountain of invention they found themselves arrived to their astonishment at the gate of Anthony Zotes's back-yard, having come, diverted by their conversation, by slow degrees, and, as they say, without thinking, a good half league, with their stops and all. The best of it was that when they got to the town Don Casimire never remembered that he had a great desire to drink, and as the sun was now down, without making mention of either wine or water, he would return directly to Valderas. But as he had a very long league to go, as night was coming on, and as he was a man of such pleasant conversation, notwithstanding the back-strokes and fore-strokes which he laid with so much urbanity



banity and archness from time to time upon the two friars, they both urged him with such pressing instances to stay all night that at length they overcame him, under the express condition that a servant should be despatched immediately to Valderas that his sister and his brother-in-law, the almost corregidor of Villalabos, might not be under any uneasiness upon his account.

Nevertheless it appears from an authentic and curious manuscript that the finishing hand to determining him was put by the aunt Catanla, who opened the gate to let the hogs in precisely at the time that they were altercationing the point of his return. When she saw such a well-looking gallant young man who came with her son and was treating him apparently with great civility and friendship; as she was a good soul, she directly took a liking to him, and, approaching nearer to them, asked Friar Gerund in the simplicity of her heart, "Who is this handsome gentleman, God bless him!" "Signora, (said the Collegian, before Gerund could reply) I am one of your most humble servants;" and in a few words told her who he was, of his accidental meeting with their reverences, of the necessity of his return, and of the happiness he had,

had in not having made it before he had paid his respects to so amiable a lady. But this would not do for the good Catanla, for she was a steady woman ; and therefore, bending her knees to make him a low country court'sy, she gave vent to a stream of such stuff as was most current in Campazas:—"May your wuship live a thousand years,---much at your sarvice,---I esteem it much,---a thousand years, and all good ones, à greace of God,---but as for returning to-night, you mussunt think o'nt,---son of my bowels! who could bear for to think for to let you go at the edge of night,---mayhap the wolves may eat you, choak 'um,---they eat me four good sheep the night my son Gerund preach'd, and be hang'd to 'um,---no, Signior; now I am so lucky as to have the good fortin as to see you at our poor house you must stay this night and do penitunce wi' us,---you sha'nt want for fresh eggs, laid this blessed day---for else for what do I keep my hens, if it be'n't for sich occashuns,---and pigeons we have always in the house,---thanks be to God for the same,---for my Tony has a pigeon-house well-stock'd,---if it wa'n't for the toady gardunias\*, cufs'd and excom-

\* A sort of small fox, which destroys hen-roosts and pigeon-houses.

municated as they are---and a salpicon of butter, onions, and hard eggs, do I know how to make, that the king's majesty himself might eat,---there's a nice bed, and nice white sheets, like any gold, à God's mercy, ---it i'n't so good as you desearves indeed, but when all's said and done, it sarv'd for my cousin the Magistral of Leon, who will be a bishop to-morrow—or next day." And saying and doing, up she goes to him, and takes away his gun with such gentle, winning violence, and such heartiness of intention, that the Collegian was enchanted by it, and, in short, determined to sleep that night at Campazas, taking care of the message to Valderas.

Anthony Zotes received him in the same manner as his wife had done, having the same disposition to be a friendly entertainer; and after the usual compliments, made by Don Casimire, with the free and easy air of an university, and returned by those of the house, with the best that God gave them, according to country ceremony; Anthony went to look after his men, and give them orders what they were to do the next day, Cataula to prepare the supper, the wenches to make the beds, and the three scholars, poor or rich, remained in the parlour

by

by themselves. "Let us now proceed with our conversation (said the collegian), and I beg your reverence will tell me what is the fourth fountain of invention which your master taught you.

"*Hieroglyphics and emblems*," answered Gerund. "Of this fountain (observed the collegian) some are for making two, on account of the difference there is between Emblems and Hieroglyphics; but it is so small, that I am inclined to think they are rather in the right who reduce them to one only. Your reverence must know better than I the difference there is between hieroglyphics and emblems." "I never knew it, nor have I stopped to examine it, (said Gerund): for my part, I think the Emblems of Alciatus, and the Hieroglyphics of Piconelus, which are the only ones I have any knowledge of, are distinguished only by the one's being a less and the other a larger book." "It is plain, (replied the collegian) that your reverence, through modesty, would hide what you know, and thence take occasion to examine me concerning the little I have studied. I will obey your Paternity's pleasure.

"Hieroglyphics are a figurative, mute and mysterious explication of what would b



given to be understood by means of painted or carved images, or offered to the imagination by a lively, expressive, energetick, verbal description, to imprint on it an idea of what would be represented. No motto, inscription, or word is added to the painting, or description, to explain it, the curious trouble of divining its true signification being left entirely to the judgment and penetration of him who sees, reads, or hears it. In an emblem there is added to the hieroglyphic, a motto or inscription, in few words, declaring what is intended to be meant by it.

“ I will give you an example—not by way of illustrating it to your reverence, that would be presuming to be a master where I am not worthy to be a scholar; but that your reverence may judge of the manner in which I conceive what I say, and in case I mistake, you will have the goodness to correct my errors. The twelve signs of the Zodiac, or the twelve houses which divide in equal parts that space of the heavens which the sun runs through in the course of the year, are so many hieroglyphics or symbols, which represent what commonly passes upon earth in each of the twelve months corresponding to the twelve houses.

houses. The first is *Aquarius*, symbolized by a boy who is pouring water from an urn, to signify the great quantity of rain which usually falls in January. The second is *Pisces*, represented by two fishes, to denote that in February the greatest part of the different kinds of fishes are in season. The third is *Aries*, represented by a ram, and means, that March is the time that sheep bring forth. The fourth is *Taurus*, figured by a bull, signifying, that in April calves are born. Next comes *Gemini*, at present represented by the twin brothers Castor and Pollux, and anciently by two kids, as Herodotus affirms, signifying, that goats generally produce twins, on which account nature has provided them with so great an abundance of milk.

“These examples are sufficient to show the idea which I form of hieroglyphics, the origin of which is commonly attributed to the Egyptians; but I have a notion that their origin was much more ancient, inclining greatly to the opinion of those who place it in the tower of Babel; though it was the Egyptians who afterwards preserved, promoted, and extended the use of them, of which there can be no rational doubt. But this is not to the purpose. To symbols or hiero-

glyphics the Greeks afterwards added a short motto or inscription, to explain its signification, and this together they called an Emblem. They made use of them particularly in their armour or shields, as Eschylus, Homer, and Virgil say; exerting all their skill in the brevity and pithiness of the sentence, which was as it were the spirit of the device of each. The Athenians were above all remarkable; on whom Lycón cuts a pleasant joke, feigning, that on all their shields they had engraved a very small fly, with this inscription, *Till I may be seen*: implying, that all the Athenians were so valorous as to approach so near the enemy, that they might see the fly; in which case they must necessarily die or conquer.

“There is no doubt but that in all times, both profane and sacred, orators have occasionally made use of hieroglyphics, symbols, and emblems. Horus Niliacus wrote a little book upon this subject, in which he brings examples of it from every kind of orations. The prophets availed themselves much of this mysterious and emphatic method of persuasion. The Apocalypse is a continued series of symbolical figures and representations. St. Augustin, in epistle 119. says, that as the gauze and glass give a very particular and pleasing appearance to the  
images

images which are viewed through them ; so truth itself appears more delightful, when it shines from under figures, symbols, and hieroglyphics ; of which he gives this example : “ If to set forth the advantages which result from union, and the ill effects of the contrary, one should say simply, *By Concord small things encrease, by Discord the greatest lessen* ; the naked truth would not be striking, would persuade but slowly ; but if one should add, *This is what the ancient sages would inculcate when they painted, with a caduceus over it, an Ant which grew to the size of an Elephant ; and an Elephant with a drawn sword over it, which shrank to the minuteness of an Ant* ; the subtilty of the invention together with the lively representation of the image, makes a particularly pleasing impression on the soul and senses, and at the same time that it most sweetly delights, most efficaciously persuades”

“ O let me embrace you, Signior Don Casimire, (exclaimed Friar Blas) you have spoke divinely ! I am most passionately fond of emblems and hieroglyphics. A sermon which shall begin with, *The ancient Macedonians painted*, &c. or another which shall set off with, *The learned Picenelus*, has need of nothing more to make me ready to gnaw



my fingers after it. But then, what if afterwards there should be added ten or a dozen citations from the Symbolical World, as many more from Lillius Giraldus, some from Pierius, and half a dozen choice ones should be picked from Brixianus! There is not in the world gold enough to pay a sermon so erudite and ingenious. I confess to you, Sir, that, after the Mythologists, my heroes are the Symbolists and Emblematisers. This doctrine I have always taught to my disciple in the predicative, Friar Gerund; with these arms have I armed him a knight of the pulpit; these authors have I recommended to him,—and there are no others; all the rest are fit only to explain the catechism to old women, and that is all.”

“ Most reverend father, I have already said, that I am but ill qualified to give my vote in regard to sermons, and therefore I do not presume to judge whether those which are well charged with symbols, emblems, and hieroglyphics are good or bad. I only know that the father Nicholas Caufino advises they be used with the same prudence and moderation as should be observed with regard to Fable, Adages, &c. for otherwise the sweetness itself will cloy, as it is certain that the most ingenious thoughts, if too much loaded with them, will become  
tire-

tiresome and disgusting. I must likewise add, that for my part, I am highly pleased with what a certain duke said to an orator whom he had heard preach a sermon made up of hieroglyphics; My good Father, I would not change the set of prints of Don Quixote which I have in my gallery, for all the pictures in your sermon. Such a difference there is in tastes! Now I am so strangely made, that whenever I hear them in their sermons touch upon hieroglyphics, *aut dormitabo aut ridebo*, I either fall asleep or fall a-laughing. But don't let us detain ourselves. I should be glad to know what is the fifth fountain of invention which the father Friar Gerund has studied.

“ *The testimonies of the ancients*, (replied he directly) for the confirmation of what the preacher says.” “ A great fountain, and very necessary (remarked Don Casimire) especially the testimonies and authorities of the holy fathers, as well with regard to the right understanding of scripture, as to the treating properly on manners, whether virtuous or vicious. As to the explanation of the sacred text, I have heard very learned men say, that it is always necessary to support it by the authority of some father

or classic, and approved expositor, it being insufferable in any preacher to arrogate to himself the authority of understanding or expounding scripture at his own caprice. And also I remember to have read, I don't know where, that this was one of the errors of Luther, who pretended that every one had as much authority to understand and interpret scripture, as St. Jerom and St. Augustin; supporting this arrogant, proud, and presumptuous madness, by this text of St. Paul, *Unusquisque suo sensu abundet*. In regard to Manners, it is well known what weight is given to what is said by any authority or testimony of the holy fathers; and also when any historical or philological matter is touched on, especially if it be something singular and little known, an ornament and recommendation is given to the discourse by the citation of it, and even by the words of the author who relates it."

"I have a reason (said Friar Gerund) for being so delighted as I am with the sermons, whose bodies are well charged with Latin, and their margins crammed full of references and citations: for by only looking upon a sermon printed in this form, without reading a word of it, I am firmly persuaded that it is a most learned and profound one. But on the contrary, now-a-

days there is a fashion of using and even printing sermons from one end to the other, of which one shall scarcely see four lines of Italics, and their margins as clean and unconscious of a letter, as an eunuch's chin is of an hair, that it makes one sick to see them. What is to be hoped for from such sermons? I never had the patience to read one of them."

"But I have, (said Friar Blas); for my sins did one of them fall into my hands the other day, the funeral-sermon preached by the licentiate Don Francisco Alexandro de Bocanegra, upon the Queen of Portugal, on occasion of the honours consecrated to her memory by the city of Almeria, and I summoned phlegm enough to persevere in reading it *de verbo ad verbum*; but God knows what it cost me! In the whole first six pages there is no more Latin than the words of the subject, *Omnis gloria ejus filiae Regis ab intus*, repeated twice or three times; in the six and an half remaining pages, there are only seven texts of scripture cited, and of two of them the words are not given; those of the other five which are expressed make in all but six lines and an half. Now go stuff yourselves, ye gluttons of erudition! The holy fathers he leaves at their ease;



ease; once only cites St. Francisco de Sales, St. Gregory, and St. Ambrose. Expositors are not to be mentioned; he does indeed once cite Tirino; and in the same manner does he behave to the profane authors quoting no more of them than Seneca, and that but once. Then what shall I say to the subject? It may be all reduced to this, That the Queen loved God and her neighbour, and there is an end of the affair. The rest is all prate, nothing but prate. And such sermons are printed! and such sermons are celebrated!"

"Stop, Friar Blas! You go too far, (said the collegian, rather quickly, and not able entirely to hide his indignation, in the warmth of which he forgot his title of Reverence); I have also read this sermon, for there were many copies of it came to Salamanca, where in all the communities of so many learned, polite, discreet, wise, and religious men, as it is notorious there are, it was much talked of, and, except here and there an ignorant and presumptuous block-head, which for our sins there are in all societies and bodies, there was not one who did not look upon this sermon as one of the most solid, grave, eloquent, nervous, and even most ingenious pieces which our Spanish oratory

oratory has ever yet produced. It was the public opinion that it might vie with the most precious which the Gallos, the Radas, the Arabacas, the Rubios, the Ordenianas, and the Guerras have produced, and are still producing in this our age, and this our Spanish hemisphere. And there were not wanting those who asserted it might stand in competition with many excellent funeral orations with which the Reverend Father Salvador Oforio, of the company of Jesus, majestically and astonishingly filled the pulpit and chapel of St. Jerom in the university of Salamanca. Orations, of which if a collection were to be made, they would compose a body of eloquence to which nothing equal could be found in what we have yet of that kind, either in or out of Spain.

“ As to the oration of the licentiate Boccanegra’s having but few texts, that can be said only by those who are utter strangers to the sacred books. Scarce is there a sentence, or even a word which alludes not to some place, event, or passage of scripture; and if the texts are not regularly cited, they are incorporated after St. Bernard’s manner, with the substance of the discourse. The testimonies and authorities of fathers, expositors, and profane authors, I grant, are but few,

few, but those which are brought are very pertinent.

“ And who has told your Paternity that sermons are to be crammed at random with all sorts of testimonies, authorities, and citations? Is your Paternity ignorant of what a most eloquent orator hath said, speaking of authorities in sermons: “ If they are too  
 “ many, if they are vulgar, if without  
 “ weight or spirit, they show rather the  
 “ genius of a boy, who will take every  
 “ thing that offers, green and ripe, than  
 “ of a learned and judicious man.”

“ This sensible author says very well: “ In order to fill, I will not say a sermon, but an hundred folio volumes, with citations, authorities, testimonies, sentences, verses, histories, examples, similies, parables, symbols, emblems, and hieroglyphics, there is need of no more than to get together so many sentence-mongers, so many books of apophthegms, so many *Polyanthea*, so many *Theatra*, so many *Thesauri*, so many dictionaries, historical, critical, geographical, nautical, so many *Bibliothèques*, and so many expositors, who run through all the common places, and taking from each what you please, the work is done.” In short, such a wood of allegories and sayings as are every day springing  
 in

in this nation, make suddenly erudite him who has the thickest scull, him who has the wildest head, him who does not know who reigned in Spain before Charles the Second. A sermon stuffed with this trash, transports the silly geese, amongst whom I count many who do not think themselves included in the number, whilst the real learned groan inwardly, or are filled with shame, or with indignation, or with laughter, according to the predominant humour. More than once have I heard a man of great judgment say, that these public magazines of tumultuary erudition ought to be entirely banished from the literary world, since they serve only to feed drones, whilst the truly industrious are perishing with hunger. It is a problematical point which might admit of a middle term. But thus much I will say, that one may apply to these promptuaries of cheap erudition, what Agesilaus said to the inventor of a warlike machine, which any cowardly soldier might move, and do much mischief with, *Papæ! Virtutem subtilisti*, —O brave! with this machine you have taken away valour.

“As to what your paternity adds concerning the subject which the Signior Bocanegra chose for his oration, pardon me, Sir,  
but



but there is no cause to censure it. What is best and most precious in this subject, is, that it is so simple, so natural, and so solid. Subjects rumbling, rattling, ringing; subjects delicate, allegorical, metaphorical, symbolical; and still more, titles of comedies for subjects; old women's proverbs for subjects; such as, *The true Phenix of Arabia*, for St. Augustin; *The Lion in his den*, for St. Jerom; *The Onyx*, for St. Thomas Aquinas; *The Canonized Encyclopedia*, for the same; *The Maximus Minimus*, for St. Francisca de Paula; *Woman weep, and thou shalt conquer*, for the tears of the Magdalen; *The Knight of Alcantara*, for St. Peter of that name; *The Dead and the Absent have no friends*, for the funeral of a bishop; I say that these and other similar subjects, may God have forgiven them! now stink, and are fallen to some preacherlings of the very lowest sort, who make a noise only amongst those who run after the giants and the drum. The world is now recovering from its prejudices; at least the men who know any thing, never take other subjects than solid, massy, characteristic, and consequently natural ones. Such is that of the Signor Bocanegra, resting on the two axles on which turn all the law and the virtues. The wise man  
gives

gives no other eulogy to the best men, nor can there be greater, than *Dilectus Deo & hominibus, cujus memoria in benedictione est*. Did she love God, and love man? Then shall she be beloved of God and man, and whenever her name is repeated it shall be accompanied with many blessings ;—this said the orator of that most exemplary princess, and this he pressed upon his hearers, moving the hardest hearts, at least to a desire of imitating her royal virtues.”

As Friar Blas saw the collegian was somewhat warmed, and as he had already had some experience of his quick and ticklish temper, he did not venture to reply, but contenting himself with hinting in general, that in these matters every one had his taste, beseeched him to proceed in examining Friar Gerund upon the fountains of invention, as he was highly pleased at seeing his friend so ready with his answers. Don Casimire was soon calm, and continuing his interrogatories, begged Friar Gerund would be pleased to tell him what was his seventh fountain of invention.

“ *The grave and sententious sayings of the ancients,*” answered he without delay : and the collegian proceeded, “ It is a very beautiful and very copious fountain, comprehending

prehending what we call sentences and apophthegms, which differ only in that sentences admit a greater extension of words, but apophthegms ought to be confined to as few as possible. Sentences may be taken out of any author in which they are to be met with; but apophthegms receive the greater recommendation from having been the sayings of great personages, such as popes, emperors, kings, cardinals, bishops, &c. This distinction is made on the credit of Budeus, who has noted it; but I shall not venture to defend it in this age of ours, which is as it were infected with a rage for books of apophthegms. Such are the books which are called of *Ana*; as the *Menagiana*, the *Perroniana*, the *Scaligeriana*, the *St. Evremoniana*, the *Furetieriana*, and innumerable others, of which a pleasant joke is made in the first volume of the *Menagiana*, in some satirical lines, all rhiming to *ana*, which I remember concludes with,

*All these sickening books in ana,  
Deserve a place with ipecacuanha.*

“ It is certain that the apophthegms collected in the books of *Ana*, are not all of them the sayings of great personages, since there are some of such as are very much

upon the below-stairs order, if their wit and literature be not to be taken into the account.

“ However it is not to be doubted but that the sayings, sentences, and apophthegms both of the ancients and moderns, are a most precious ornament to eloquence, when used with the three precautions which Quintilian recommends: first, that they be most chosen ones; secondly, that they be rare; and, thirdly, that they be correspondent to the age, character, and other circumstances of the orator. If they are trivial, they are heard with contempt; if too frequent, they weary and cloy the attention; if they are not accommodated to the apparent and implied circumstances of the orator, they are laughed at: and I should think there might be added a fourth quality, which is, that they be suitable to the circumstances of the audience. In a village or country town, that justly celebrated sentence or apophthegm which is attributed to Afrus Domicius, would be ridiculous; *The Prince who would know every thing, will have much to forgive.* What prince could avail himself of this remark in a small town? In a rustic and gross audience, that discreet saying of Plutarch would be im-

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pertinent, *God's mill grinds late, but it grinds small.* How many would there be in such an audience who would understand the metaphor? Let us go to the eighth fountain."

"That (said Gerund, meaning to be witty) is to my thinking the dryest of all: for my author says, that the eighth fountain is *Laws*; and I confess that I have never studied, and do not understand a word of law." "Neither have I studied Laws, (said the collegian) it not being my profession; but it is not necessary to study them in order to know some of the most ancient and primitive laws, which were instituted in the world for the government of men, and which serve as a beautiful ornament on any sacred occasion, particularly a moral or doctrinal one. It is certain that the laws of man can never add weight or authority to the holy law of God; but it is as certain, that the understanding finds a particular satisfaction in seeing the divine law so conformable to human laws, promulgated by legislators, who had no knowledge of the true God.

"I recollect some, which, as to what relates to the directive, are very conformable to many precepts of the Decalogue, though they are erroneous and heathen in the doctrinal

trinal part. The first commandment is, to love God above all things; conformable to this is the law of Numa Pompilius, *Deos patrios colunto, exteras superstitiones aut fabulas ne admiscendo*. The second \* commandment is, Not to take the name of the Lord in vain; to this is very conformable the law of the Egyptians, *Perjuri capite mulcentur*. The fourth, To honour father and mother; the same was commanded by the law mentioned by Herodotus, *Magistratibus parento*, and that of the Lacedemonians, cited by Plato in his Republic, *Majorum imperio libenter omnes parati assuescant*. The sixth, against fornication and adultery, which were prohibited by many laws: that which Josephus cites, *Adulterii et lecti genitalis injurias vendicanto*; that of Numa, *Pellex aram Junonis ne tangito*; and the celebrated one of the Athenians, which inter-

\* The first commandment in the Decalogue, according to the Romish Church, comprehends the first and second of the Protestant Decalogue, expressing the whole affair of what the protestants so spin out in the second commandment by this concise sentence, added to that of having but one God, *Non facies tibi sculptile ut adores illud*, Thou shalt not make to thyself a sculpture to adore it. On the contrary, the tenth commandment in the Protestant Decalogue comprehends the ninth and tenth in that of the Romish Church, which for the ninth, says, *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife*; and for the tenth, *Thou shalt not covet his house, &c.*

dicted any impure person from haranguing in public. The seventh, not to steal; to this alluded that law of the Egyptians, *Singulis annis apud provinciarum præsides omnes unde vivant demonstranto, si quis secus faxit aut unde vivat non demonstrarit, capitale esto.*

“The use of these ancient laws, as well as of others more modern, patrician and municipal, provided it be wise, prudent, and suitable, has its grace, and likewise its efficacy in any sacred oration. But to compose a sermon, studiously filled with citations of laws, canons, and constitutions, like one I heard from a certain professor, besides being the highest impertinence, is a puerile ostentation, with a view to get the vain credit of being skilled in a foreign faculty. But, to have done with this, pray what is the ninth fountain of invention, according to your Reverence’s author?”

“*Sacræ literæ*, (answered Friar Gerund very smartly)—Holy Scripture;” and directly added, “On this point, Sir, you have no occasion to detain yourself, for I know quite sufficient for my direction: I have taken my determination, and shall not alter my course for all that can be said.”

“Your Reverence might have spared your  
caution,

caution, (said Don Casimire) since I know very well that this is a point on which it does not become me to dictate, and have not forgotten what I read a few days ago, in a certain author of my profession, who, speaking of holy scripture, says, "As to what respects the use of it, this belongs to the theologists, this is their inheritance, their field, their course." By the same token, I remember, (in confirmation of what we were just now talking of) he laments greatly that divines should take upon them the lawyer, and lawyers the divine; the one improperly citing laws, and the other glossing upon texts. He does not absolutely exclude either from borrowing of the other. on account of the union and good correspondence there is between the faculties, he only abominates the excess, the itch, and the ostentation of it."

"Nevertheless your Reverence will permit me, without presuming to give directions for the application of this fountain, which in reality exceeds the limits of my studies, to make a reflection concerning it, which may be within my jurisdiction. It is certain that the holy scriptures were so highly thought of even by gentile philosophers,



phers, that Emilius of Apamea was astonished, at reading the first sentence in the Gospel of St. John, that a barbarian, as he called the evangelist, should have philosophised with so much propriety. We know likewise that Longinus, making a parallel between Moses and Homer, gave the legislator of the Jews the title of No Vulgar Man, as he could not be so who had so high an idea of God as was evident from that expression of his in the history of the creation of the world, *Dixit Deus, Fiat lux, & facta est*, which he proposes as a thought truly sublime. It is no less certain, that in holy scripture is to be found not only what is to be seen in other books, but likewise what is *not* to be found in any others. This being so, it appeared to me (according to my gross way of judging) that holy scripture ought to have been the only, or at least the first fountain of invention, to a sacred orator; for what reason then does your Reverence, or your author, not only not give it the first place, but bring it in so at the tail of your account, that it is well it was not the very last of all?"

Friar Gerund found himself embarrassed with this question, which he did not expect; but his watchful and dear friend  
suc-

succoured him at the instant, saying with great satisfaction, " The reason of this is plain; because the scripture is a fountain at which all drink, and is ever at hand for every thirsty labourer to swill himself with, whenever he has a mind to it. A preacher who would gain reputation drinks not of the common cistern, unless it be by way of rinsing his mouth. Symbols, emblems, hieroglyphics, stories, sentences, versions, fable, these are to be his food, his feast; and at the most a little scripture, away yonder just at the end, may be brought in like a glass of water after dinner to wash his teeth. This is the reason of putting scripture at the end of the fountains of invention, and there it must be put for my money."

Notwithstanding the young collegian was not, either from his years or his disposition, of the most serious cast, nor one of those who were dying for sermons of fire and brimstone; it is not to be told how he was irritated by a proposition so absurd, so mad, so scandalous. But considering with himself that he was a guest, and that it would not be right to disconcert the good people of the house, he dissembled his indignation as

well as he could, and contented himself with saying to Friar Blas, “ If I did not know that your Paternity meant to be jocular, and to ridicule those preachers, who, if not by their words, yet by their works appear to think thus, I would inform the holy tribunal of this opinion.” Friar Blas was about to answer him somewhat angrily, when most opportunely, and at the best time in the world, the supper was laid upon the table.

## CHAP.

## C H A P. V.

*Friar Gerund composes his funeral-sermon ;  
and goes to preach it.*

THEY supped, they slept, they rose, breakfasted, and took leave of Don Casimire, who would return early to his his sport at Valderas, but would not accept of a brisk, big-bellied, chesnut mare, which had already brought Anthony four colts and two mules, and which he offered him for the journey with all the good will in the world. The same morning likewise Friar Blas departed to look after his feigned sick widow, taking leave of Friar Gerund till he should come to hear his Sermon on the Scrivener, which he faithfully promised, and as punctually fulfilled at the time.

He had in reality got his foot in the stirrup, when Friar Gerund remembered that he had not read, glossed, and admired the celebrated funeral sermon for the soldiers of the regiment of Toledo, by the author of the Florilegium, as he had offered to do the preceding evening, but which



the meeting with Don Casimire, and the long-continued conversation with him had blotted from their memories. And as Gerund was resolved at all events to take the said sermon as a model for his own, but would not give himself up to the arduous task till his friend had pointed out the beauties of it; he pulled him at the instant by his Barragan-cloak, and calling him aside, reminded him of this circumstance, and conjured him by their close friendship that he would not think of going till after dinner, and that shutting themselves up that morning, they might run over the Florilegium-sermon together, and with one accord draw from it what appeared most adaptable to his own.

Friar Blas did not want entreaty, for on these occasions he was of a most docile disposition, and desirous of obliging all the world. Friar Gerund ordered his horse to be taken to the stable till the afternoon, saying, that they two had something to consult about that morning. They went into the parlour and locked themselves in; Friar Blas took the Florilegium in his hand, wiped off the dust, turned to the twenty-sixth sermon, and read the title as follows:  
*A sacred Parentation and panegyrical Epicedium,*

*dium*, at the solemn Honours with which the Regiment of Toledo endeavoured to relieve the Soul of their military Dead: an Episode. The title alone is sufficient to give credit to the author: *A sacred Parentation*; thou heardest from the collegian, what Parentation signified; see how suitable it is here! *Panegyric Epicedium*; I have not a clear idea of what Epicedium signifies, I have only a confused notion, that it means a kind of eulogy upon the dead." "Then what more is requisite than to look for it in Calpino?" said Gerund; and turning to the word, found that, *Epicedium* was a poem upon a dead person before sepulture; at which discovery he was somewhat alarmed, and asked Friar Blas, "Were the dead bodies then, of the soldiers of the regiment of Toledo present when this sermon was preached? Were they not yet buried?" "Go to, man; (replied the Predicator) these are remarks of miniature; if every thing was to be thus scrupulously sifted, there would be no man who would venture to speak in public with elegance. Besides its being a proverbial phrase, when we are speaking of a dead man, whether to his advantage or disadvantage, to say that we *unbury his bones*, how is the propriety

ty in the present case affected either by the unburying of them, or their having not been buried?"

This argument was very powerful with Friar Gerund; and his friend proceeding, added, "I do not understand what *Episfode* is, but I am convinced it is some other beauty, like that of *Epicedium*. Let us see, what says the Dictionary? *Episfodes* (Friar Gerund read) *were those acts, in tragedy or comedy, recited between chorus and chorus, to alternate music with representation. At present an Episfode means an incident or digression artfully introduced into the body of a poem or other composition, from which it is separable.* I confess (added Friar Gerund) I am much confused. Could this sermon be to be sung or to be preached by the choirs, that there might be *Episfodes*? Or could the subject be an incident or digression of the sermon, that he should call it an *Episfode*."

"Thou art a poor creature (said Friar Blas) and very backward at what we call refinement and penetration. Perhaps in all the *Florilegium* there is not a more delicate or more suitable thought. Look ye, Funeral Sermons are preached commonly after the Mass for the dead, and before the last Response, which is usually the most solemn

lemn of all, therefore the funeral oration is properly placed between the chorus of the Mass, and the chorus of the Response, the one sung, the other represented or acted. Moreover, the intention or principal subject of the funeral honours is nothing, speaking in a strict sense, but the Nocturn, the Mass, and the Response, which are, in propriety and rigour, the only assistances to the departed souls; but sermons and funeral orations in themselves are not so. Then what are they? They are certain digressions, certain incidents, which are artfully introduced into the main subject, and may be separated from it without any detriment. Now see with what propriety they are called *Episodes*."

"I own myself a poor creature, (said Friar Gerund) and vow henceforth to venerate profoundly whatever I read in the Florilegium, however unintelligible it may be to me, and though it should appear at first sight contrary to all reason. But let us see how this sermon of military honours is introduced." "There are two introductions, (replied Friar Blas) one is called Episode, and the other Introduction. The Episode is confined to the giving an account of the devotion and fervour with which  
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the ancient Gentiles celebrated funeral honours, particularly military ones; to relate the origin of them; to set forth the apparatus and ceremonies with which they were observed; to determine the precise beginning of funeral orations; to call to mind the election of orators that was made; and finally to adapt all this with happy application to the funeral honours of the soldiers of the regiment of Toledo, invoking, instead of the muse Euterpe, the intercession of the Virgin, in order to bring in the *Panegyrical Epicedium*: for the properly supporting each of these informations, authors are of course to be cited by cart-loads, since in only the Epiïode, which is comprehended in little more than one page, (this is to be understood a folio one) there are citations from Polybius, Pausanias, Alexander, Elian, Plutarch, Celius, Suetonius, Beyerlink, Sparcian, Macrinus, Novarinus, Appian, Diodorus Siculus, and Herodotus; and from some of them three or four times over. This is what is properly called speaking learnedly and eruditely, not to pronounce a word, or, if it were possible, not even a syllable, without its author before you, and without its Latin at the foot of the work. Every thing else

seems

seems to be the conversation of puns, or visits of tittle-tattle women, in which one might pass six hours without hearing the name of a single author.

“Thou seest plainly that all this funeral erudition exactly fits any sermon of honours, as we call them; and that thou mayest avail thyself of it for thine, with the greatest propriety, especially if thou dost not forget the hint which I gave thee yesterday afternoon, for accommodating to Scriveners all that can be said of military men. Likewise thou mayest, and in my opinion thou shouldest, make use of some of the most noble phrases of the Episode. When thou shalt set forth the piety of the heirs of the Scrivener, who are at the expence of these honours, say, that they are as *lugubriously generous as colluctuously compassionate.*” “Why, man, (said Friar Gerund) the licentiate Flechilla told me that the heirs are not at the expence of them, but that the deceased had by will expressly appointed a sum to be thus expended, therefore it is no generosity in the heirs and executors, but a necessary obligation.” “Dost thou hesitate at this, simpleton? (said Friar Blas.) In such times as we live in, does it ap-  
pear

pear no generosity to thee in heirs and executors to make good the legacies and comply with the last will of the deceased? Thou art very ignorant of the world. Let us proceed :

“ It is known that at a function of honours, there will be a temporary tomb† covered with black baize or serge, with lighted candles and branches of torches round about it. For this will come much to the purpose for thee, that most elegant sentence, *They erected sumptuous tombs, grand funereal obelisks, irradiated with lights and luctuated with baize, a lucid-tenebrious coherence, which in the midst of cold cadaverous ashes, vitalized the memories of the military dead.*” “ The first part of the sentence, (said Gerund) I half-comprehend, but I cannot dive into the meaning of the latter.” “ Nor I neither, (said Friar Blas) but what does that signify? It sounds well, and that’s enough. What follows is more clear, and thou mayest adapt it marvellously to the offering, and especially if there be

† A frame of wood about the size of an ordinary tomb, covered with black, hung round with escutcheons, &c. and placed in the most conspicuous part of the church. In this the dead body is to be supposed, for the funeral-sermons are generally preached after interment.

in it a sheep, bread wine, and wax, as it is the custom in some parts to make an offering of upon these occasions.

*On bloody altars they slaughtered innocent victims, intended to mitigate the rigour of the gods, they scattered fragrant roses, confederating lively colours with verdures, to show the unfading memories and florid hopes of eternal felicity to the military dead.* The slaughtering innocent victims is as if cast in a mould for the sheep; the confederating the florid with the *verde*, or green, may be appropriated to the bread and wine; since bread is made of flower, and wine frequently makes a *verde* \*. But the most brilliant clause in the whole Episode, to my taste, is that in which, to set forth the piety of the regiment of Toledo to their departed brethren, he says, that *Sobbing ne-nias sensibly eloquent, dirges piously elegant, they show in sacrifices prayers, and orations, the suspirated eternal comfort to their military dead.* A clause which if thou appliest it to the piety of the executors and heirs, will leave all the congregation shrinking with astonishment."

" I am so already with only hearing it, (said Friar Gerund) and though at first

\* A jolly bout, or merry-making, is called a *verde*.



fight it seemed to me, that it would not suit well, because I remember to have heard my beloved Domine Zancas-largás say, that *Nenia*, *Neniæ*, signified those old women's tales which are feigned for the entertainment of children, or lulling them to sleep, yet, as experience has shewn me that this most profound man speaks not a word but with the greatest propriety, even when he seems to be most wild, I would lay a wager that these same *nenias* have some other signification very suitable to the subject; for to tell me that he threw it in at random, is what I can never believe as long as I live. Let us see what the Dictionary says, for curiosity's sake: *Nenia*, *Neniæ*, *a sorrowful air or tune, a mournful song sung in praise of the deceased*. Did not I say so? What a cuckoldy fool must he be who condemns the author of the *Florilegium* without examining things well, believing that he says any thing which comes uppermost? He is a matchless man."

"Now here he begins; (said Friar Blas, overflowing with joy.) To the Episode follows the introduction, and though it is very short, since it consists only of a comparison of the honours commanded by Judas

das

das Macchabeus in the temple of Jerusalem, for the soldiers slain in battle against Gorgias, with those which the regiment of Toledo were celebrating for theirs in the city Rodrigo, yet it does not fail to present us with some strokes worthy observation.

“ He says, “ That the general Macchabeus, having gained many victories, overcome his enemies, and taken their strong-holds; went into the fortress and city of Odolla, to garrison it; *collecto exercitu venit in Odollam.*” Note well the word *garrison*, which is not to be taken in the strict sense, in which those who know little would have it; and though it was not in this sense that Macchabeus came into the city of Odolla, yet as the discreet orator wanted a comparison of soldiers that were in garrison in a city, he despised this trifle; and he did very well, for in having soldiers and a city, it mattered not a rush to the subject whether they were in garrison or in quarters of refreshment; and that Odolla should have an admirable conformity to the city Rodrigo, he met in Haye with an excellent exposition, for this glosser says, that Odolla signifies, *Testimonium sive ornamentum*, and

what can be more similar, adds the ingenious orator, to the city of Rodrigo, which the regiment of Toledo came to garrison; *Venit in civitatem, where waved the many-coloured military crests, with pious generous demonstrations: Odolla, testimonium, sive ornamentum.*

“What I do not understand, (proceeded Friar Blas) is, the signification of a text which he repeats twice within the distance of a few lines, *Facta collectione duodecim millia drachmas argenti.* This *Collectione* seems to me an intricate sort of a word: does it mean that Judas, before celebrating the honours of the deceased made a collation which cost 2000 drachmas of silver?” Friar Gerund laughed at his friend’s want of Latin, and said, “Never stand upon that man, for it is plain it must have been an error of the press; the author to be sure wrote *collectione* instead of *collatione*, which signifies a contribution, which Judas must have required of his soldiers that all might bear some share in the expence of the honours.” “Ay so it is; (answered Friar Blas, and proceeded, saying) now comes the discourse which is divided into four *Scenes*.”

“Scene

"*Scene the first.*"—"Stop a moment, Friar Blas, stop a moment, (exclaimed Friar Gerund) *Scene the first!* Never in my life have I heard, read, or seen any thing like it. *Scene the first!* what can *Scene* signify? I cannot tell; but I would venture a wager that under this word is hidden some recondite and elevated mystery, some one of such mysteries as are only to be attained to by this incomparable man. Let us consult Calepine. *Scena, boughs of trees cut off to make a shade.* Did not I say so? The sermon is a tree; the heads or arguments of it are boughs; boughs are the scenes, or the heads, or the arguments of a sermon. Farther, Scenes were boughs cut off to make a shade: at celebrating the honours of the deceased, all is shades, or all is black, which in this case is the same thing; the tomb, the ornaments, the cloth hung before the altar, that of the book-stand and the pulpit, and the long cloaks of the mourners; then must not a funeral oration be *shades*? And therefore to divide it into *Scenes* is the same as to divide it into *Shades*: as if one should say, *Shade the first, Shade the second, &c.*"

Friar Blas was astonished at hearing Gerund argue with so much refinement, saying,



ing, "Why, man, what legion of cunning devils hast thou got within thee? I beg thy pardon for having said that thou hadst no genius at refinement, for I may now say that when thou settest thyself about it, not a spinster in Leon can draw a finer thread." When Friar Gerund saw his acuteness praised, he visibly plumed himself upon it, and now with greater satisfaction added, "But hold, the best is yet to come: Calepine gives another signification to *Scena*, (and says it is the most general sense in which it is taken) which, if I am not mistaken, does no less credit to this monster of a genius.

"*Scena*," he says, "signifies sometimes  
 " the theatre on which a comedy or tra-  
 " gedy is represented; and at others, that  
 " part of the representation which passes  
 " between the same persons in the same  
 " place." Now, may I be hanged, if  
 there is not somewhat, nay a great deal,  
 of this in these Scenes: read them else."  
 Friar Blas read the first; and Friar Gerund  
 directly cried out, "Dost thou not see it?  
 Is not the thing plain? Before this first  
 scene, as if by way of prologue; *Parenta-*  
*tion, Epicedium, Episode, Introduction*, and  
 other *colluctuated lucid-tenebrious* personages  
 had

had spoken; and now come on to talk *Gilbertus, Abraham, Mary Magdalen, and Lazarus*; and towards the end of the scene appear *Aresius, Alciatus, and a Poet.*"

"Thou judgest right, (said Friar Blas) but what is more to the purpose with regard to thee, is, that thou mayest apply all that is said in this first scene to the sermon of honours thou hast in hand, or any other on the subject that may offer, just as it was applied to the function of the regiment of Toledo. For in short, in this scene there is only set forth the commonplace on true friendship, which consists in the true friends' being found to be the same in all varieties of fortune, in prosperity and adversity, in life and death. And as in every sermon of honours the living friends remember their dead friends, to every sermon of honours come most willingly Abraham, Mary Magdalen, Lazarus, and the rest who did the same, or to whom the same was done. Let us go to the second scene, which in my opinion ought to be set in gold."

"In gold! (said Gerund, when he had heard it) this scene ought to be set in rubies, in diamonds! The meeting with that circumstance of the *Calcea*, which the

Athenians consecrated to Vulcan on the twenty-second day of October, to induce him to mitigate the *rigorous voracity* of his flames, and with that of the *Pyrithea* which the Persians offered to the sun on the same day, *incending pyres and tumulcating ashes, the circuit of which was honoured by the priests endeavouring the relief and comfort of the deceased*, is one of those most happy hits which offer only to this preacher of all preachers. I apprehend that the *calcea sacra* might be some iron shoe, since it was consecrated to Vulcan and Mulciber, the tutelary gods of forges and all iron work: iron shoes are used only by beasts of burden, therefore it is natural to suppose that the *calcea sacra* might be an horse-shoe. On the other hand, the *pyrithea* might be something derived from *pyrites*, or the fire-stone, which must mean a flint for a tinder-box or gun. Now where in the whole world could be found any thing more suitable for the honours of the deceased soldiers of a regiment? For a regiment is either of cavalry or infantry; if of cavalry, there's the horse-shoe; if of infantry, the gun-flint; how to an hair!"

"And does it appear to thee (said Friar Blas) that the eagle which *antiquity fixed*  
for

*for a device on the tombs of Aristomenes and Plato, was more divinely appropriated than the imperial eagle fixed as a royal device on the tombs of their comrades by the regiment of Toledo?"* "This comes so natural, (said Friar Gerund) that it seems as if Beyerlink had written it for the very purpose. I intend likewise to accommodate it to my sermon; for the arms of a Scrivener are a pen and an inkhorn in a white field; such excellent pens there are not again in the world as those made from the quills of eagles; and moreover, the eagle is *a bird of prey*, which admirably facilitates an occasion for a joke, ever of great propriety and beauty in a sermon."

"But for God's sake do not forget (said Friar Blas) to bring in one most particularly brilliant sentence amongst others in this scene. The orator, in order to introduce the eulogy of the regiment of Toledo, writes these two periods worthy of brass and marble. Gladly would the discourse now elegantify in the heroic military exploits of this illustrious regiment. I will not deny to my desire the panegyrical flattery from a suspicion of any corrubescence in its noble captains; for the eagles are not susceptible of surprize from the whole force of the solar splendours: assue-

*tis*



*tis dilector*, says the symbolical. I think thou mayest avail thyself of this when thou praisest the children and family of the Scrivener, as it is but reasonable thou shouldst do, and then will come in like a pearl the *panegyric*al flattery without suspicion of any *corrubescence*, from the conclusive reason of the eagle's being accustomed to the whole force of the solar splendours."

"I shall do it without any difficulty (answered Gerund); for though I have a kind of a notion of some incongruity in the panegyrist himself's calling his praises *panegyric*al flattery, and this, face to face, and as we say, in the very teeth of those whom he praises, yet on the other hand I know that since it was said by the author of the *Florilegium*, it cannot be without its mystery, though I cannot fathom it. For the same reason it is of no concern to me that I do not understand the meaning of the word *dilector*, for I never remember to have read or heard it in my life; but whether it be an invention of the symbolical, or a correction of the *Epicedium*, I ought to venerate it with silent and profound respect. In short such trifles ought to be despised, if it were only not to let the *elegantifying* of the discourse,

*corrubescence*, and *panegyrical flattery* fall to the ground. Let us go to the third scene."

After having read it, Friar Blas said, "Here we are put to somewhat of a stand, for I do not see in this scene any thing which will serve for thy sermon. That the Greeks, on the twenty-second day of October, celebrated the *sacra pambeocia*, in memory of the taking the city of Troy, or that on the twenty-first they offered sacrifice to the goddess Pallas for the soldiers who had been slain in the long-protracted siege of that place, cannot I think be easily accommodated to the honours of the Scribe-ner Conejo."

"Do not decide too soon, (replied Gerund) but let us examine what sort of thing this *sacra pambeocia* may be, for perhaps we shall find something that will suit us." They consulted Calepine, and not having found *Pambeocia*, they tried for *Beocia*, and found that *Beotia* was a province of Greece, of which Thebes was the capital; called *Beotia* from a word signifying an Ox, as an ox had served as a guide to Cadmus, and shewn him the way to the spot where he founded the city of Thebes. "Hold, hold, man, (exclaimed Gerund) for a thousand ideas are crowding into my imagination which  
may

may be of more service than thou thinkest. *Pambeocia* is without doubt something of an ox; an ox has horns, and of these are made inkhorns; see how the *secretary* begins by degrees to be discovered. Farther; Cadmus, as I have read somewhere, I don't know where, was the inventor of letters; letters are so necessary to Scriveners, that there cannot be a Scrivener without them. Farther; Scriveners, or clerks to Scriveners, are in Latin called *Bœti*, *Boetorum*, as is said a little lower in this Dictionary; see then if *Pambeocia*, ox, Cadmus, inkhorn, letters, and clerks, are despicable materials for a sermon upon a Scrivener. Nor do I think to pass over in silence the sacrifice to Pallas; for as dexterity is a virtue or endowment that is very laudable, it opens me a way to say that our Scrivener with great dexterity put the *Pala christiana* upon litigants. \*

“ A divine thought! an heavenly equivoque! (exclaimed Friar Blas) and it would be a pity that thou shouldest forget it. But what I charge thee above all, is, that

\* *Meter Pala*, is to circumvent by fraud and artifice, metaphorically from the dexterous management of the *Pala* or racket at tennis; and is brought in here by Gerund for a miserable pun, like Friar Blas's *verde* just now.

thou wouldest find some way of imitating one of the metaphors or allegories, or what-d'ye-call'ems, the most gallant and the best pursued that I ever expect to hear in all the days of my life. I don't know whether thou hast observed it, but it is here in this scene, and is as follows.

“ The regiment of Toledo urged by  
 “ sighs and lamentations for their military  
 “ dead;—*aperite portas!*—close the block-  
 “ ade to the mystic fortrefs of glory,  
 “ straiten the circle reverently round the  
 “ sacred triumphant Jerusalem, *regnum*  
 “ *cælorum vim patitur*;—open sacred at-  
 “ tacks in their compassionate and gene-  
 “ rous breasts, make breaches in the dia-  
 “ mantine celestial walls with the battery  
 “ of masses, prayers, and orations, *misit*  
 “ *Hierosolymam offerri pro peccatis mortuo-*  
 “ *rum*. To the sovereign council of war  
 “ comes the notice of the distress of the  
 “ celestial citadel, *exaudivit de monte sancto*  
 “ *suo*; *regnum cælorum vim patitur!* Sove-  
 “ reign Justice defends the entrance; Mer-  
 “ cy declaims in favour of surrendering  
 “ up the imperial fortrefs, *Venit hora, et*  
 “ *nunc est quando audient mortui vocem filii*  
 “ *Dei*. Clemency sounds to a capitula-  
 “ tion; St. John says, that divine justice  
 I “ has



“ has been satisfied for their crimes, and  
 “ signs the warrant of delivery from pu-  
 “ nishment. This happy and advantage-  
 “ ous treaty in favour of the souls of the  
 “ regiment of Toledo is published in the  
 “ gloomy quarters of purgatory; *mortui*  
 “ *audient vocem filii Dei*, and freed from  
 “ their horrible pains, they enter trium-  
 “ phantly to be crowned with glory, *et*  
 “ *qui audierint vivent.*”

“ With this most brilliant metaphor he  
 ends the third scene, and 'faith he did  
 wrong in not ending the sermon with it;  
 and especially as there wanted but little of  
 the conclusion, since the fourth scene, be-  
 sides being very short, has nothing in it  
 that is striking. It were a pity that there  
 should be added to this allegory so much  
 as a comma or a dot. Methinks I see the  
 officers of the regiment of Toledo trans-  
 ported, and, as it were, beside themselves,  
 thinking of nothing so little as that they  
 were hearing a funeral sermon, but rather  
 that they were beholding with their very  
 eyes the siege of some city, the blockade,  
 the attacks, the batteries, the breaches in  
 the diamantine walls, and the call of the  
 garrison to capitulation, with the waving  
 of the white flag. Only I apprehend that

the most fearful, or those who were not accustomed to have to do with souls of purgatory, might be somewhat surprized when they should see, that instead of the besiegers entering the city, the blessed souls come out of their gloomy quarters and enter it, cloathed in white, and their candles in their hands, as it is natural to suppose. Then by and by they would come to themselves, would know the illusion, and would find that they were not before any besieged town, but in a church, in sight of a tomb, offering sacrifices for their deceased brethren, and hearing an orator who enchanted them."

"But, (says Friar Gerund) it is plain that an allegory in terms of war cannot well be accommodated to the honours of a Scrivener; however there is one even now offering itself to my imagination in properer terms, and which I think will not appear ill. I will say then something to this purpose, elevating the style when I come to dress it.

"By virtue of an information *ex officio* of the Attorney-general, a warrant was granted by the chief justice, commanding our deceased Scrivener to be apprehended and imprisoned. He was sent to the prison of  
pur-

purgatory, leaving full power to Filial Love, as his attorney, to manage his cause and make his defence by an appeal from the court of Justice to the court of Mercy. A writ of inhibition was issued to stop all proceedings in a lower court, in a cause now remitted to an higher tribunal, and a copy of it given to our miserable prisoner's attorney, who made in this superior court a powerful allegation of masses, prayers, and orations; and, the cause being concluded, Mercy found that she ought to command, and she accordingly did command, that the Scrivener Domingo Conejo should come out free, and without costs, from the tenebrious confinement, declaring him to have sufficiently atoned for all his trespasses by the pain of imprisonment.

“ What dost thou think of the Metaphor? Will it fall short of that of the Florilegium? especially when I have decked it with suitable texts, of which I may pick and chuse; for all the world knows that every thing that passes at the beginning of the other life is expressed in terms of law; trial, tribunal, bar, judgment, sentence, absolution, condemnation, purgatory being called a prison, and hell eternal death?”

“ Hands

“Hands to their work then, friend Gerund, (said Friar Blas) and since we have now gone through the sermon, and thou hast formed thy idea, let us take a mouthful, give me an embrace, and farewell till we meet.”

As soon as the father Predicador mayor, Friar Blas Cebollion de la Remolach, (these were his names, paternal and maternal) had taken his leave, and our inextollible Friar Gerund remained alone, he thought of nothing but labouring his sermon, availing himself of all the observations, notes, scholia, phrases, and erudition they had made and admired in the sermon of the Florilegium, keeping in view the rules which Friar Blas had given him, and not entirely forgetting the two long conferences they had held with Don Casimire upon the Fountains of Invention. From all this confused heap of stuff, which was tossed about in his fancy as by a whirlwind, he brought out at the end of a fortnight or three weeks (for on this point authors are not agreed) *A sacred Parentation, tragical Epicedium, lugubrious Episode, scenatical Panegyric*, (thus he titled his sermon) which, in the opinion



of some who were present at all the functions, far out-stripped the Sermon on the Sacrament, or the Disciplinant-exhortation. He got it all, as he was wont, very well by heart; it being a maxim with him, that the principal qualification in an orator was Memory, in which he was so to imprint his sermon before preaching it, that it might flow from him in an easy and uninterrupted stream, to the end that in the pulpit his attention might not be diverted from the movement of the hands in cadence, the accordant gesture of the body, the guttural management of the voice, and the concert of all the other actions, which ought to be regulated by measure, and as it were by a certain kind of harmonious symmetry.

CHAP.

## C H A P. VI.

*Friar Gerund preaches the funeral sermon with incredible applause; and is appointed to preach the Holy Week at Pero-Rubio.*

THE day appointed for the famous honours of the Scrivener was drawing near, and it now wanted only three days of it, when Friar Gerund, having courteously taken leave of all the place, and even of that aunt who had not come to welcome him on account of the affair of the hen, (but who was so pleased with this action of his, that she immediately made friends with the good Catanla) having presented his mother and sister with each two scapularies ornamented with tinsel raised-work, and quills of white wire which looked like silver, with the addition to each of a St. Theresa of clay, in a little pasteboard urn adorned with floss silk; and having given a double real of silver to be divided between the two servant-maids, his wallet being well provided, and his portmanteau increased by two changes of white linen,

departed for Pero-Rubio in company with his father, honest Anthony Zotes, who wanted to see, as he said himself, if his son was as deadly a good hand at a funeral-farmunt as he was at a sacramunt-farmunt. His godfather, the licentiate Quixano, had been very desirous to be of the party, and for that end had sent for his cousin, the chaplain of Gordoncillo, (who was lately come from Leon, and brought with him a licence to hear confessions for six months) that he might say mass to the people, and take care of the administration of the sacraments during his absence; but there is a tradition that when the she-ass was saddled and bridled, ready for his mounting, the piles, a disorder to which he was subject, came down so furiously that it was not possible for him to ride, and therefore he contented himself with blessing and embracing his godson, and sily slipping into his hand a couple of broad pieces.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, when in good peace and company the father and son sallied forth from Campazas, intending to sleep that night at their relation the Familiar's, whose place was not distant above three short leagues, and was about halfway the journey. Here is found  
a de-

a deplorable hiatus in the history, which, after having mocked our most diligent and exquisite indagation, must necessarily be left to be lamented by the curiosity of our readers; since, it being impossible but that the conversation between the father and son on the way must have been as pleasant as it was entertaining, there is not the least vestige of it to be discovered in any of the archives, libraries, cupboards, bundles, or notes. We, indeed, might feign such a conversation as might appear natural from the genius, character, and other circumstances of our travellers, in imitation of those historians who make no scruple of relating the probable for the certain, and without hesitation roundly assert what *might* have been, for that which *was*.

Nor could we have reasonably been blamed for coming out with *our conjectures* in an age in which all the world come out with theirs; this term having become so much the fashion, especially in the books, pamphlets, and discourses, published by the antiquaries, chronologists, investigators, and experimental philosophers, that they scarcely know how to make use properly of any other. It is not our in-



tention to condemn this custom, particularly in those few in whom that is known to be true modesty, which in others is *conjectured* to be cloaked ostentation, since we are well aware that there are some matters which will not admit of evidence, or other proofs than such as are merely *conjectural*. But our sincerity, especially in an history so true, well-founded, and exact as this we have in hand, will not accommodate itself to such a practice: and, moreover, when the real materials which we have by us are so many, so well confirmed, and so instructive, it would be idle to hunt for ideal ones.

In short, our travellers arrived at Freguenal del Palo, a town not so large as Seville, nor so populous as Cadiz, where resided the Familiar, by whom they were received in a very friendly, hearty, hospitable manner; for, void of all artifice and affectation, he was as frank in all his actions as sincere in the open avowal of every sentiment of his good understanding.

While supper was getting ready, which was not delicate or ostentatious, but substantial and abundant, the Familiar said to his cousin, with a good-natured plainness, “Hearkee, young Fliar, what, hast thou bottled up as many flourishes to carry to

Pero-

Pero-Rubio, as thou spirtedst out of that mouth of thine at Campazas?" " Pray, uncle, what would you mean to say by those flourishes?" asked Friar Gerund. " God presarve us! man, and what did not I explefs myself crear enough? Flourishes are those intrickfies, and tanglements, and wildfires, and deviltries, and trade, with which thou overwhelmedst us all that were hearing thee like a pack of poor ignorant lay-brothers." " I understand you now, Sir, less than before." " Then let God understand us who made us, and forgive us our sins. It seams to me that thou mak'st believe to be dull for the nonce, or else 'teant possibul for God, but that thou must understand me; sence as for the gift of creariness that his Majesty has gin me, blessed be his marcy: as to the tearms, I knows well enough they be'nt sounding and trim ones, sich as they use in cities; but to tell me that they b'ent untelligibul,—doant let us talk of that, for 'tis breaking our heads to no purpoase, and thou understandst um too as well as the son of my mother."

" If, Sir, you mean by flourishes, erudition, subtle thoughts, equivoques, acuteness, wit, and elevated and harmonious

style, there is a sufficient stock of this in the sermon I have prepared, and always will be, as long as God does not take away my senses, in every sermon I shall preach."

"Now, dost see? If I was as thee, I should beg God to take away my senses directly, that thou mightest never preach in the like way again. Thou hast no need to talk of taking away of senses: thou hadst better talk of ha'ing them gin thee."

"Sir, you are not obliged to understand these things." "But preachers are obliged in conscience and reason to preach so as we all may understand um." "It is sufficient that the discreet and cultivated understand them." "Then let the secret and cultivated only go to hear um. But tell me, cuzzun, dost think that there are many of these secret or whats-its-name men at Pero-Rubio?" "There are always some at every place, at however wretched a village, either of those belonging to it, or of the invited guests, or casual hearers. On this account some preachers have come badly off, who trusting they were to preach at an inconsiderable place, contented themselves with taking the first thing that came to hand, and found themselves afterwards before such an audience as they little expected;

pected: and I heard a grave father of my sacred community say, that every preacher of distinction ought to prepare himself to preach, even at such a place as Caramanchel, as if he had to preach at Madrid."

"I doant passing half relish this doctrine, if so be that the revrunt feyther doant mean that a preacher ought for to be as arnest in convarting the souls at Caramanchel as at Madrid; and that so he ought for to explefs himself in sich a way that they may both understand un, one as well as tother. For as to any thing else, for a preacher to go to Caramanchel, and I suppoase 'tis the same if he goes to Cisterniga, (for that is a cumparisun too) with his frowery trinkums and trickfies, because some folks from the city might come to hear him; 'tis nothing but smoak, and nonsense, and *lauste de Chrifte* \*.

"But, leaving one thing for another, shan't we know, what were the vartues of this Scrivener thou goest to preach upon?"

"There is no need to preach his virtues in order to preach his honours, or funeral-sermon." "Noa! why when they preach

\* For, *laus tibi Chrifte*. The last words of a Response at a mass; meant here, for, there's an end of the matter.



upon the dead, in't it undispensabul to say in what they were good, that the living may emitate their examples?" "No, Sir, nothing of that is necessary; for if it were they could preach the honours only of those who had been very virtuous, had and held for such by all who had any communication with them; but in some parts we see they preach the honours of all who leave wherewith to pay for it, without exception, and without its being at all necessary for this end, that they should first have any information *de moribus & vita*, as we say."

"Why, 'tis unpossibul but that either I must be turned fool, or thou hast a mind to put thy fingers in my eyes and blind me. Pray now, cuzzun, must not the preacher praise the dead man? 'Tis crear. If he praise him, mussunt he praise him for some vartue? That he must, if he don't praise him for his wickedness and sins. Now, suppoasing that the dead man had noa vartue, then what will the poor Fliar have to say?"

"First of all, one may preach a sermon of honours that will astonish the audience, without so much as naming the deceased for whom the function is performed.  
And

And that you may see it clearly, Sir, I will explain how this may be done. Before all things he begins setting forth the antiquity of the custom of celebrating funeral honours to the deceased. Here he goes on discoursing about the Hebrews, about the Babylonians, about the Persians, about the Medes, about the Greeks, about the Romans, about the Egyptians, about the Chaldeans, and in short about all the nations of the world. Afterwards are examined very minutely the various methods they had of celebrating these honours, according to the different genius, usages, and customs of the different countries, whether with sacrifices, whether with bonfires, whether with pyramids, whether with obelisks, whether with offerings, whether with entertainments, and in some places even with feasts and dancing. To this follows the settling of when, at what time, with what motive, and in what nation a beginning was given to funeral orations or panegyrics upon the dead; and the fails of eloquence are displayed upon the epicediums, upon the epitaphs, upon the dirges, upon the cenotaphs, and upon the nenias; the erudition being extended, if it is thought proper, to the tables or inscriptions

tions upon the sarcophagi. The changes being well rung upon all this, some of the many ancient calendars are looked into to see what festival, function, sacrifice, or other such thing was celebrated on the day which is appointed for preaching the honours, and something is always met with, which either this way or that, or one way or other, comes pat to the purpose. Finally, all these most important informations are applied with the greatest propriety to the subject of the function. The bonfires to the candles and branches of torches; the pyramids and obelisks to the tomb; the sacrifices to the masses; the offerings to those which are commonly made; the entertainments to those which there generally are in almost all places; the epicediums, nenias, &c. to the sermon or funeral oration; and it being demonstrated in this manner by the preacher, that the piety of the present race of men is not a whit inferior to that of the past, and that the honours to the deceased celebrated by the moderns, are in all respects similar to those celebrated by the ancients; I say, by all this you see, Sir, how without ever naming the man, he may in due form be

honoured with a *Requiescat in pace*, meriting great applause and acclamations."

"To be sure I can't deny but that thou art a well of science, for thou hast just now pumped up so many things as have quite bothered my poor brain, about the Gabylo-nians and the rest o'um. But yet I must tell thee one thing, and that is, that all this has just as much to do with preaching a funeral-sarimunt as it now rains cowcum-mers; and if thou thinkst not, hear my cumparison.

"I am this year Alcalde of Freguenal. Tomorrow I summonses the council of the town \* to meet, to know if we shall watch the common meadows or not watch um. I begins wi saying as how this thing of having councils in repubrics is a very ancient thing, for that the Gabilonians, the Calde-rans, and the Mamalukes, had um ever since the time that the birds and the beastes talked. Then I goes an to ex-prain myself upon the different ways there

\* The office of the Alcalde here resembles that of a church-warden, and the council he calls, a vestry, as it is open to all and proclaimed by the ringing of a bell. The common meadows (or parish-land) are at the direc-tion of this council; and a watch is sometimes set over them by general consent, and at general charge, to prevent any cattle but those of the parishioners from grazing in th.m. were



were of calling a council together, and I says for example, that in some parts the minister of justice went from door to door ringing a sheep-bell; that in others it was the duty of the hog-driver to go sounding about the streets that same horn with which he got the pigs together; that at another place it belonged to the common-cryer to proclaim a council through the town; that in another an ass was taught from a child to bray in such and such a manner; and that this ass, after a deal of pains had been taken with him, and he was come as they say to the use of reason, was delivered up to the notary with the charge and the obligation, that upon council-days he was to go braying about the place that all the neighbours might know of it, and no one should plead ignorance in excuse for not attending. Then I sets myself to explaining the importance of councils, and the great authority they have always had not only in all Europe, but throughout all Spain. Then I says at last of all, that all royal councils, if they should be put upon showing their nobility of lineage, must prove their descent to have been from parish-councils, and that as these royal councils are superior to the audiences and the chan-

chanceries, since we see there may be an appeal from these to those ; so likewise, if the world were well governed, ought there to lie an appeal from the sentence of the royal councils to the decision of the parish-councils. Then I concludes wi asking, if by vartue of all that has been said we should or should not watch the meadows. Now tell me, Gerund, as God may love thee, would all this come at all to the purpose for resolving of this point?"

" You are pleased to be very jocular, Sir; and so you would make a comparison between what an Alcalde proposes in council, and what a preacher is to say in the pulpit! Uncle, in councils they go directly to the substance of the matter in question, and" — " And what! Do they go then in pulpits only to whoile away the time!" As Friar Gerund found himself rather nonplussed, he endeavoured to get his horse out on the other side, as we say, and to divert the argument, replied, " Likewise a deceased person may be praised, tho' he has never done any miracles, or been favoured with extraordinary revelations and illuminations, or even led the most exemplary life. How many funeral orations have been preached in the church of God  
upon

upon great captains, great conquerors, great politicians, and many men truly wise, but whose canonization was never, and probably never will be, thought of? Yet they are praised for their valour, their intrepidity, their presence of mind, their military skill, their zeal for the glory of their princes; and, in short, many other virtues which are not to be found amongst the cardinal or the theological ones, and which are nothing to the purpose of a christian life, since we know that they have shone forth eminently in many Pagans, Moors, and Heretics. Then why might not I in like manner praise my Scrivener? praise him at least for his Sagacity, his Cunning, his Ingenuity, his Penetration, and even for the Velocity with which he wrote, the handsome letters he formed, the airiness of his strokes, and finally for the peculiar method he had of signing his name with a flourish at the bottom, at once so beautiful and so difficult that it seemed impossible not only to forge it, but to make a tolerable imitation of it?"

"I am but a poor unlearned layman, who can only read by spelling, and slowly sign my name in pot-hooks and hangers, leaning hard upon the pen, and cant  
enter

enter into the question whether it be well or ill permitted that in the church of God they should publickly praise, and propose as examples to christian folk, all these vartues that thou talkst of, and with which a christian may so neatly go to hell. This is a deep point, and not for my head to fathom ; and since thou sayst sich is the custum (for I ha never sin it, as I never happened to light on sich preachmunts) there ought to be very emportant reasons for the permitting of it to be so. All that I says, is, that at least here in the villages, where they can't preach these great sounding vartues, and where the folk are simple, if I was the bushop no one should have a funeral-sarmunt preached but what had been a truly vartuous and exemprary christian, I means in sich a way as we perceive here under the doublet that a man is vartuous and exemprary. But for thee to say that the Scrivener was wise, and cunning, and engenious, and knew people's thoughts before they spoke, and wrote a running hand, and signed his name so as the king himself might see it ; all this may be very good, but what is all this to the blessed sows in purgatory?"



Just at this time they came in to lay the cloth for supper; at which our Friar Gerund did not a little rejoice, for his uncle was driving him to extremity. Anthony Zotes had remained without; first, in order to see that their beasts were taken care of, and afterwards in holding a conversation in the kitchen with the Familiar's wife and his little cousins, male and female, who were in all six, and the eldest not above twelve years old; dividing amongst them some turrón, comfits, filberds, and pine-nuts, which he had brought for that purpose, and entertaining himself with them all, whilst a leg of mutton was roasting, a large pancake with rashers of bacon was frying, and some stewed beef was getting ready, which with some cavéeched sardinas, and a slice of cheese for desert, beginning with a *gazpacho* \* with hard eggs, composed in all a substantial and solid supper; a plate of small onions with a salt-cellar by their side, being set upon the table when the cloth was taken off, by way of relishing a bumper.

They all came into the parlour where the uncle and cousin were, and sat them-

\* A *gazpacho* is a kind of poor soup made with bits of bread, oil, vinegar, garlick, and other ingredients; but a *gazpacho* with hard eggs is better than ordinary.

selves down and supped with as much peace and joy as appetite. The Familiar and Anthony engrossed almost the whole conversation during supper, upon such subjects as are usual with farmers. The former asked how harvest was like to turn out, and what sort of crops he had, and was answered by the latter, that he had had but little barley for want of rain, and that if it had not been for the three fields by the river side he should scarcely have had enough for his own use, and next year's seed ; that as to oats, he was pretty well off, and of wheat hoped to have a middling harvest, for that besides having ten loads already in the granary, there remained at the threshing-place three loads in sheaf, and two heaps not yet winnowed, and that there might be still in the field such a thing as would make a dozen or two of brown loaves."

" Here in our country, my friend, (said the Familiar) we have nothing to boast of, and some poor farmers will be almost at *per os tiam sanctam unshonem* \*. Nay, there are some who woan't gather so much as they sowed. I, blessed be God's marcy, am not so infortunate; for as the fallow I touched

\* *Per istam sanctam unctiorem*, words used in the extreme unction; meaning here, to be at the last gasp, or almost ruined.

this year, is that which lies yonder towards Valladolid, and as that land is so spungy, it cellared up the rains of autumn, and those which fell afterwards at Shrove-tide, so that it yielded pretty well; and about an hundred and fifty loads in all of one kind or other, I hope to have, which will encourage me to send Bartolo to Villagarcia, that he may begin to learn the grammar with those blessed Friars of God they call the Theatine feythurs."

"Yes to be sure! (smartly put in the aunt Cecilia Cebollona, as the Familiar's wife was called) that those nasty friars may flea him alive!" "So much the better;" (said the Familiar drily) for this reason he was born on St. Bartholomew's day, and it was my pleasure he should be called Bartolo on purpose that they might skin me him alive; for, beant a fool, Cecilia, remember our proverb, Learning enters wi' blood." "Then I tell thee, (said the wife) for all the rout thou mayst make, I will never send my son to Villagarcia." "In this thou wilt do well; (said the Familiar) and upon this very account, because thou wilt not send him, I will take care to send him myself." "He shall go where I please, (said Cebollona) for he is as much my son as thine."

thine." "And more too, if thou examin'st the thing, (replied the Familiar placidly) since in short, without entering into deep matters now, thou brought'st him forth and I did not. Come, come, Cecilia, let's have a quiet meal, and no splitting of sculls. I have already told thee a thousand times that thou shalt have the care of the girls, and thou may'st teach um what thou pleasest, but I am determin'd the boys shall be radicated according to my fancy."

"I likewise had a strong desire, (said Anthony Zotes who now interfered) to send my young Friar here to study at Villagarcia, where I had studied myself; but for the sake of a quiet life with my Catanla, I sent un to Villaornate, and I don't repent of it, for he ha'n't indeed come from thence bald, as we say."

"In all parts (said the Familiar) there are both good and bad, only in some the good are more than the bad, and in others the bad more than the good. What I observe, is, that they who study with the Theatines don't frighten the people out of their wits, nor throw stones at the saints, nor whistle the rosary, nor impudently abuse the friars who study by other books. There, indeed, in their arguments and sputations, they bawl, and bellow, and



roar till they are hoarse; but afterwards, when this is over, not an angry word, they are each other's humble servants down to the ground, and as good friends as ever. This looks well in the sight of God, and all the world; and the contrary is the very worst of breeding. One may know those who have been radicated by the one and the other at first sight."

With such conversation the evening passed away and the hour of rest arrived, when they all retired; the guests taking leave over night, as they intended setting out very early in the morning, to avoid the heat. Thus they did, leaving Freguenal at three o'clock, and getting to Pero-Rubio between seven and eight, before the sun had begun, as they say, to warm the grasshopper and set its tongue a going.

It is not to be conceived with what joy they were received by the licentiate Flechilla, at whose house they immediately alighted, as it had been concerted they should do when they parted at Campazas. It was the eve of the day on which the honours were to be celebrated, and in the afternoon several of the relations and friends of the deceased arrived, not only from  
about

about the neighbourhood, but some of them from considerable distances. Amongst these came a reverend Benedictine Abbot, a cousin of the Scrivener Conejo, a man truly respectable; for, besides being a very regular, serious, and devout Monk, he was a man of heroic stature, of a venerable presence, of a majestic, and, at the same time mild physiognomy, and not only much versed in all the serious and sacred learning proper to his profession, but admirably informed also in all kinds of polite literature; all which, joined to a most humane and courteous demeanour, made his conversation in the highest degree agreeable, and constituted him a complete man, gentleman, and scholar.

He brought with him, as a companion, a preacher of his house of the second class, a young man about thirty, and the Monk for whom he had the most especial favour; for though he was of an open, festive, and easy disposition, he kept himself always within the bounds of religious modesty, without ever letting the wit and pleasing raillery with which he abounded degenerate into sarcasm, or such satire as could in the slightest manner hurt even those who were the objects of them. On this account,

and for his being a young man of the nicest honour, punctual in the performance of all duties, and docile and observant to every admonition, he had gained the particular estimation and love of the Abbot, who hoped to form him a Monk to his hand, and to his own way, that might by and by turn out an honour, not only to their own community, but to the whole Benedictine order.

Soon after the two Monks alighted there came in to visit them, and likewise the preacher Friar Gerund, the parson of Pero-Rubio. He was Arch-priest of that district, Commissary of the Holy Office\*, and a man of singular corporeal and intellectual structure. Of somewhat less than the ordinary height; a bulky and rather oblong head with an hoariness of orange mixed with grey; an episcopal circle, broad-shouldered, big-bellied, fresh-coloured, and wrinkled; sheep-eyed, and in the circumference of them, marks or furrows imprinted by his ever-during spectacles, for he took them off only to read or write, or when he was alone, but

\* A Commissary of the Inquisition (always a priest) is a minister which that holy tribunal has in almost all parts, of which it avails itself for secret enquiries, informations, apprehensions, and other charges.

in his visits, in his walkings-out, in his public functions, he never failed to mount them. He was full-faced, though as it was plainly seen not with sound fat, for at times his cheeks would fluctuate, rising and falling like a pair of bellows. Neither was his colour constant; sometimes it shone forth flamingly, and was at others malignantly jaspered, or variegated with green and whitish clouds. His tongue was too big for his mouth, and his manner of speaking, hollow, guttural, and authoritative, puffing frequently for the greater gravity. His literature was as gross as his person; (but he had indeed turned over some books of morality;) for that large head of his was well filled with the most ridiculous and apocryphal informations that are to be found in books; such being his humour, that let them be but once printed and he took them all at a price, pouring them out in conversation with the rustics, as well clerical as laical, with such a satisfaction, with such a *coram vobis*, and with such puffings of his cheeks, as left not the least doubt of their truth and authenticity. He read gazettes and mercuries, whenever he could filch the reading of them, without costing him a maravedi; for in matters of



expenſe he was *ſtrictioris obſervantia*; and was wont to ſay, in his witty manner, that his *potra*\* was ſufficient for *relaxation*. (He was very burſten.) He talked much of *Lufatia*, of *Pomerania*, of *Carinthia*, and of *Livonia*, ſaying that theſe provinces compoſed the grand *Margravate* of *Weſtphalia*, and was liſtened to with great wonder and admiration by all the clergy of the country. And as at the ſame time he was infinitely curious and inquisitive after every thing which paſſed in every chimney-corner, a whiſperer, and a myſtery-monger, he was beheld by all in an equivocal light, ſomething between reſpect and banter, between contempt and fear.

The firſt compliments of this Signor Commiſſary were ſtill a paying when into the parlour bounced the Predicator Mayor, Friar Blas, in his riding trim, and without ſaluting any one, gallopped up directly to to his dear friend, and gave him as cloſe an embrace as if he had not ſeen him theſe twenty years; and there is a tradition that whiſt he was now untucking and compoſing his habit, the magiſtracy of the town were announced, and there entered the two

\* *Potra* ſignifies either a mare-colt or a rupture.

Alcaldes, the two Regidors, the Proctor, and the Notary, for the office of Scrivener had not yet been filled up. On this day no considerable event could have taken place; or at least all our solicitude and diligence has been frustrated in the indagation of it, since in all the materials we have been able to collect, there is found only an account of what happened on the day following, the day of the function, which deserves a chapter of itself, and shall accordingly be presented to our readers in

## C H A P. VII.

*The same with the preceding.*

SUCH a day of such a month arrived in the happy course of the year one thousand six hundred and so many; (we speak thus on account of the chronology's being somewhat confused, and it is a matter in which we would not deceive any one, even were we to be paid in gold for every uncertain information); in Spain reigned it's most glorious monarch; the church

church of God was governed by the sovereign pontiff; a grave and respectable personage, canonically elected by the chapter, was general of the order, when the sun-dial of Pero-Rubio marked the hour of ten in the forenoon. This dial was made by the shade of the end of a beam which jutted out of the wall over the door of the butcher's house, the only edifice in the town whose principal front looked directly to the south. From the moment of day-break had the whole set of bells been ringing a dumb and funeral peal. This set was composed of two tolerably sized hand-bells and a sheep-bell, hung in the belfry, and serving to call the inhabitants to mass : and though the hand-bells in their primitive foundation, according to a tradition from father to son, had been two of the most famous in all the country, yet by time, which consumes all things, one had lost its clapper, and this fault was supplied by an iron weight of two pounds wanting an ounce, which for this deficiency had been taken from the butcher by a judge upon his residence. A piece of thick packthread served to hang this weight to the little ring on the inside of the clapperless bell ; and as the packtread could not sustain the weight whenever the bell was raised, but coiled  
itself

itself at the bottom, letting the weight, after running a round or two against the sides of the bell, fall upon it, it caused the bell to sound much like an apothecary's mortar when his journeyman rubs round the end of the pestle to take off the powder adhering to its sides. The other hand-bell had relaxed a little on a certain function, when it was more than ordinarily exerted, and the sound of its voice through this relaxation was as if it had a great cold.

But, after all, this signified not a rush to the funeral sermon preached by our incomparable Friar Gerund; who, the hour arrived, the tomb lighted up, the Mass concluded, the mourning cloak put on by the priest, and the audience composed, mounted the pulpit and preached his sermon. But what sermon? We spare the repetition of it as we have already given an exact and punctual analysis, which may be looked upon as the anatomy of it, in the fifth chapter of this fifth book, to which we refer our readers; for our illustrious orator departed not a jot from that plan, nor from that subject, nor from that division, nor from those proofs. But as it is not impossible but that there may be here and there a reader found so lazy that he will



will not take the slight trouble of running over that chapter again, in no other manner (for a suitable simile is a great ornament to discourse) than as an idle priest gives himself to all the devils, whenever he meets in the Breviary with a reference to another place for any part of a particular service, and rather than be at the pains to find it takes up with the first thing of common service that strikes his eye; we, to obviate a like inconvenience, have thought fit to give here a brief summary of what we there said in favour of our weak, miserable, poltron neighbours.

Friar Gerund, then entered upon his famous oration with this clause which filled his gross auditory with astonishment.

“ This Sacro-lugubrious Parentation, this  
 “ Tragi-sacred Epicedium, this Colluctu-  
 “ ous Episode, and this Scenatico-Panegyric is directed to the Immortalization  
 “ of him who so many made immortal by  
 “ the Cadmean strokes which he painted,  
 “ by the impulse of Aquiliferous pencil, on  
 “ the triturated linen’s whiteness, availing  
 “ himself for colours of the black sweat of  
 “ the warty gall sucked into an Aerial concave  
 “ vase of light Pambeocian timber;  
 “ *Calamus Scribæ velociter Scribentis.*” The  
 satis-

satisfaction with which he delivered this first clause, and the congratulations he gave himself in his own heart upon this happy selection of words, as suitable as significant, for the vehicle of his thought, are inconceivable. “ Let them come, let them come, (said he within himself) not only to object to, but even to alter a tittle of the clause ! Let the most polished orator change the position of the words, or shew me any more elevated, more erudite ! To call letters, the Cadmean strokes ; the pen, an aquiliferous pencil ; paper, the triturated linen’s whiteness ; ink, the black sweat of the warty gall ; an inkhorn, an aerial concave vase, adding, for greater plainness, of light Pambeocian timber, alluding to the ox which shewed Cadmus the way ’till he came to the spot on which he founded the city of Thebes ; would this I say be thought of by any other Sabatine preacher far or near ! And shall there not be found more than four greater preachers, and more than two general preachers, who have not acumen for so much ! ”

He then directly plunged into the midst of the thicket of antique origin, of immemorial custom, and of the different rites and ceremonies with which in all times and in  
all

all nations the honours of the deceased have been celebrated. He did not forget repeated citations from Polybius, Pausanias, Alexander ab Alexandro, Elian, Plutarch, Cælius, Suetonius, Beyerlink, Sparcian, Marianus, Novarinus, Appian, Diodorus Siculus, and Herodotus, all in the same manner, and in the same order as they are cited by the Florilegium. He brought in as opportunely the most brilliant clauses, as he thought them, of the never-sufficiently-to-be-applauded sermon of honours for the military dead of the regiment of Toledo. The “ *as lugubriously generous as colluctuously compassionate;*” the “ *erecting sumptuous tombs, pompous funereal obelisks, irradiated with lights, and luctuated with baize;*” the “ *lucido-tenebrious coherence, which amidst cold cadaverous ashes, vitalized the memory of the military dead:*”—only in the place of *military dead* he said *Scriveners defunct*: and in that which follows; “ *on bloody altars they slaughtered innocent victims, intended to mitigate the rigour of the Gods,—they scattered fragrant roses, confederating lively colours with verduries to shew the unfading memories and florid hopes of eternal felicity to the military dead,*” he changed the two  
last

last words by saying instead of the *military dead*, “ *of the stylistic dead*,” alluding to the ancient custom of writing with a style: but what he repeated various times, as it had struck him more than any thing, was the “ *sobbing nenias sensibly eloquent, groaning dirges piously elegant*; and he observed too that whenever he said any thing of this, the audience, as it were, blew their noses.

He was beyond comparison more happy than the author of the *Florilegium*, in availing himself of the Exposition of Haye upon the signification of *Odolla*, the city in which Judas Macchabeus decreed the funeral honour to his deceased soldiers. Haye says that *Odolla* is, being interpreted, *Testimonium sive ornamentum*, testimony or ornament: the author of the *Florilegium* applied the “ *Ornament*” to his purpose, but not the “ *Testimony* ;” for as lace, fringes, and *guarnicion* \* are called the ornament of a garment, so a *guarnicion* of soldiers, it seems, should be called the ornament of a city; therefore a city of ornament, *Odolla*, *id est ornamentum*, means a garrisoned city; and hence came a close affinity between the

\* *Guarnicion* signifies either the trimmings of a garment, or a garrison of soldiers.



city Rodrigo and Odolla. To the greater part of critics who deal in mental genealogies this affinity may seem pretty distant; but let it not be feared that that will appear so which our Friar Gerund proved between the city of Odolla, and his deceased Scrivener, whether the interpretation of Testimony or that of Ornament be followed.

“ Come now with me; (said the ingenious orator) if Odolla is Testimony, *Odolla id est testimonium*, all the testimonies given by our ill-fated hero, are a testimony that from Odolla sprung his most elevated stock. To most elevated let none object, for as in it are counted so many plumes, it might have so elevated itself, it might so sublimely soar, as to leave the presumptuous Icarus beneath, *Icarus Icarias nomine fecit aquas*. If Odolla is Testimony, *Odolla id est testimonium*; then it is the city of Testimonies and the city of Scriveners, which, tho’ they may seem two, are the self-same synonymous collection of civilized habitations, as the elegant rhetorician knows, according to the canon of the divine Synecdoche; *Synecdoche est figura in qua pro toto pars ponitur aptè*; else let the

“ in-

“ intelligent inform me why is John sig-  
 “ nalized as Secretary to the Word? *Quia*  
 “ *Testimonium perhibet de illo, et scit quia*  
 “ *verum est Testimonium ejus*;—here let the  
 “ judicious remark, first, because he bears  
 “ Testimony, *Testimonium perhibet*; second-  
 “ ly, because his Testimony is True, & *Ve-*  
 “ *rum est testimonium ejus*. That shows  
 “ him to have been a Scrivener, for to be a  
 “ Scrivener it is sufficient to give Testi-  
 “ mony, *Testimonium perhibet*; this proves  
 “ him to have been a Good Scrivener, for  
 “ to be a Good Scrivener it is necessary that  
 “ his Testimony be True, *et Verum est tes-*  
 “ *timonium ejus*. But to give Testimony  
 “ either in one or the other manner is as  
 “ much the property of Scriveners, as it  
 “ is the property of the city of Odolla to  
 “ be the city of Testimonies, *Odolla id est*  
 “ *testimonium*.

“ But to return to the text. The first  
 “ lucido-tenebrious exequies were cele-  
 “ brated or decreed in the city of Testimo-  
 “ nies, in the city of Scriveners; *Odolla id*  
 “ *est testimonium*: and this very city was  
 “ likewise the city of Ornaments; *Odolla*  
 “ *id est ornamentum*: I should have wonder-  
 “ ed had not ornaments been next door to  
 “ exequies. Mark the mystery. Orna-

“ ments, by Antonomasiacal possession, are  
 “ the sacro-feric vestments called, which  
 “ adorn the priest in the celebration of the  
 “ sacrifice of the mass, *paramenta seu orna-*  
 “ *menta*, as the Liturgical Rubrickist ele-  
 “ gantly says : and it is clear that exequies  
 “ without a mass are but a body without  
 “ a soul, or at least that the mass is what  
 “ principally vivifies and refrigerates the  
 “ souls departed from the cadaverous bo-  
 “ dies, *in spiritum sanctum Dominum & vi-*  
 “ *viscantem*. Come now with me. The  
 “ mass on common days is but matter of  
 “ pure counsel, *consilio utendum*, as says the  
 “ Chosen Vessel: the mass on the day we  
 “ call *Domingo*, or the Sabbath, is matter  
 “ of rigorous command, *mandatum meum*  
 “ *do vobis* : the rubicund purple of Hugo  
 “ hath remarked it with discretion, *omnes*  
 “ *tenentur audire sacrum die Dominica*. The  
 “ logician will draw the inference. There-  
 “ fore these being the exequies of our *Do-*  
 “ *mingo* Conejo, the Mass was indispensable  
 “ on the day of *Domingo*, *omnes tenentur au-*  
 “ *dire sacrum die Dominica* : let them answer  
 “ this consequence if they can. *Probo aliter* :  
 “ therefore were these colluctuous exequies  
 “ evidently and clearly prefigured by those  
 “ decreed by the unconquerable Mac-

“ chabeus in the city of Odolla, the city  
 “ of Testimonies, the city of Scriveners,  
 “ the city of Ornaments, *Odolla id est testi-*  
 “ *monium sive ornamentum, paramenta orna-*  
 “ *menta, ornamenta paramenta, omnes te-*  
 “ *nentur audire sacrum die Dominica.*”

In this very taste was the whole funeral oration, the whole copy of which we have upon mature counsel thought it prudent to omit, as there would be an impropriety, on so dolorous a subject, in making our readers weep with laughter. Suffice it to say, that in order to shut it up with a key of gold, he made a glorious ending with the famous allegory which suddenly offered itself to him in the already-cited fifth chapter, by way of answering to that which Friar Blas so highly celebrated in the funeral-sermon of the Florilegium. Only there he gave it simply, without adorning it with texts, but in the pulpit he cloathed it, and brought it out in all its finery and fringes: and it would grieve us, and even touch our conscience, to defraud the public of the most happily-suitable texts with which he embroidered it; so here it goes just exactly, neither more nor less, than as he very satisfactorily pronounced it with all its beautification.



“ By virtue of an information *ex officio* of  
 “ the Attorney-general, *adversarius vester*  
 “ *diabolus circuit quærens*, a warrant was  
 “ granted by the Chief Justice, *tenens ad-*  
 “ *versus nos chirographum*, commanding our  
 “ deceased Scrivener to be imprisoned; *te-*  
 “ *nete eum, et ducite cautè*. He was sent  
 “ to the prison of Purgatory, *claudentur ibi*  
 “ *in carcere*, leaving full power to Filial  
 “ Love that as his attorney, *gloria patris*  
 “ *& filius sapiens*, he should manage his  
 “ cause and make his defence, *posuisti me*  
 “ *contrarium tibi*, by appealing from the  
 “ court of Justice to the court of Mercy,  
 “ *secundum magnam misericordiam tuam*. A  
 “ writ of inhibition was granted to stop  
 “ all proceedings in the lower court, *Ego*  
 “ *veniam et judicabo*. A copy was given  
 “ to our miserable prisoner’s attorney, *nil*  
 “ *respondes ad ea quæ adversus te dicunt?*  
 “ who made a powerful allegation of mas-  
 “ ses, prayers, and orations, *Domine, oratio*  
 “ *mea in conspectu tuo semper*; and the cause  
 “ being concluded, *non invenio in eo cau-*  
 “ *sam*, Mercy found that she ought to com-  
 “ mand, and accordingly she did command  
 “ that the Scrivener Domingo Conejo  
 “ should come out free and without costs  
 “ from the tenebrious confinement, *finite*  
 “ *bunc*

“ *hunc abire*, declaring him to have sufficiently satisfied for all his trespasses by the pain of imprisonment, *dimitte nobis debita nostra*, and that he should go directly in peace to heaven, *requiescat in pace.*”

Let the most powerful eloquence be satisfied, the most exquisite elegance be persuaded, the pen of the sublimest flight be convinced, and the most delicately embroidered fancy believe me, that there is no possibility—I will not say of describing worthily a single circumstance, but not even—of conceiving a glimmering shadow or tenebrious sketch of the wonder, of the admiration, of the astonishment, of the transport, of the rapturous horror, with which the oration was received by all the numerous auditory, composed of an huge mob of goosecaps. Except the very reverend Abbot and his companion, who were both indeed astonished likewise, though in a very different manner, there was not a single soul amongst the hearers, but what for a considerable space of time stood motionless as a statue from the ecstatic trance into which they had been thrown. Even Friar Blas was beside himself, making intellectual crosses in the inmost recesses of

his soul, and now so persuaded in his heart, that in comparison to Friar Gerund he was but a poor ignorant lay-brother, that from that moment it cost him the greatest violence not to treat him with deference and respect, and, only from a shame which he apprehended from manifesting an alteration of opinion, continued the Familiarity, he hitherto had practised: for in reality Friar Gerund now passed with him for the first man of the whole universal order. This he afterwards confessed to a certain confidant of his, by whom we came to the knowledge of this interior particular which does so much honour to our hero.

The Licentiate Flechilla, who had appointed the preacher, and officiated in the mass that day as deacon, remained, deprived of all power of stirring, on the bench on which he had sat to hear the oration on the right hand of the Commissary, and whilst the latter was now incensing the tomb (with his spectacles on) and was arrived already at the last response, in which ceremony he should have been attended by the deacon, yet there the good soul of a licentiate still sat upon his bench, weeping a most copious and continued stream from pure joy and tenderness, so utterly bereaved  
of

of all other sense, that he knew not what was doing; and there he would have sat till this time, had he not been roused by Friar Blas to go into the vestry when all was over. Here, as soon as all their Reverences entered, the Commissary, without staying to take off his mourning cloak, threw himself violently upon Gerund's neck, held him a long while in a most strict embrace without speaking a word, and then retiring one step set his hands upon his shoulders and broke out into these exclamations, "O immortal glory of Campos! O fortunate Campazas! O most happy parents! O monster of the pulpit! O confusion of preachers! O well! O abyss! 'Tis horror, horror, horror! O! O! O!" and went to lay aside his cloak, crossing himself all the time.

As to the Licentiate Flechilla, he could not articulate more words, and those in a tremulous, interrupted voice, than "Father, father, my dear father, the Holy Week next year, the Holy Week, no excuse, no excuse." Now Anthony Zotes came into the vestry, who believed that the final hour of his life was come, for he could think of nothing less than dying strangled by embraces, or drowned by tears. The  
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reverend Abbot thought he could not in civility avoid paying his congratulation, and therefore showing himself in the vestry with his companion, he said with great affability that he had been mightily entertained, and that it was proper the father Friar Gerund should rest from his fatigue; to which the companion added, "I could have sat to hear your Paternity these two hours; the erudition by cart-loads, the style to which there are few equal, and the method of arguing is original." These equivocal expressions of the two prudent monks confirmed the rustics in the opinion that scarcely an angel from heaven could have preached better.

When they were all returned to the house, and the table was spread, they seated themselves according to order; the congratulations were repeated, healths went briskly round, and their conversation rose by degrees to a gay pitch; only there were no decimas or octaves, as they would not have been seemly upon a mournful occasion. Nevertheless a young law-student, who had that year begun the elements at Valladolid, and likewise begun to make his first efforts at poetic steps, bringing out now and then his decimas and quintillas

in the porter's-lodges and parlatories of the nuns, upon occasion of any of them taking the veil, could not refrain from begging to be indulged in giving an epitaph, as he called it, which consisted of a couple of miserable quibbles to this purpose, "Here lies Conejo, made immortal by Friar Gerund of Campazas; such a brave warren as this is not to be found in any other part, for here with any old dog you may catch a *coneja* (or rabbit), and in the pulpit a *gazapo* (a young rabbit, or a fly shrewd fellow.)" The two monks laughed at the folly of it; but the others, who did not spin so fine, and who neither understood nor attended to any thing but the sound of words, extolled it above the clouds, and directly took many copies of it to circulate it about the country, all agreeing that the young lawyer was as great a poet as Friar Gerund was a preacher. Upon this the fathers retired to sleep their siesta; and afterwards happened what we shall relate in the following chapter.

## C H A P. VIII.

*The four Religious go out to take a walk, and the father Abbot gives in the way of conversation an admirable instruction to Friar Gerund.*

THE fiesta being slept, the pinch of snuff taken, the vespers repeated, and the heat of the day, which was a very fine one, declining, the father Abbot asked Friar Blas and Friar Gerund if they would take a walk in the fields; and the two friends, gladly catching at the proposal, went out in company with the two monks. Scarcely were they got out of the town (to do which they had not far to go) when Friar Blas, burning with impatience for what he supposed would make the principal subject of their conversation, asked the Abbot what his Reverence thought of the morning's sermon, and whether it was not astonishing, "It is, answered his Reverence, in its kind, one of the most singular and most precious things I ever heard." At this instant the Commissary, who had missed them

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at the Licentiate's house, and had come as fast as he could to attend them, joined the troop. He was now in his walking trim; with a little smooth cap, a new beaver, a stock with its band or pilerin, a great coat with clasps, a silver-headed cane, to the string of which hung an huge bunch of a tassel, and with his spectacles; in short, he looked like an archdeacon. After the first compliments, they proceeded in the commenced conversation; Friar Blas asking again the same question, and the father Abbot giving the same answer.

“ I expected no less from the profound knowledge of your Reverence, (said the Commissary.) The mischief is, that let a sermon, a book, or a work in whatever faculty, or of whatever kind, but once strike me, and it will do the same to all the judicious and wise men in the world, as I have experienced a thousand times. Those most exquisite informations which the father Friar Gerund gave us upon the origin of funeral eulogies or orations, as well as upon the different rites and ceremonies with which those honours have been and still are paid to the deceased, and all proved by the testimonies of such a multitude of authors; do they not, I say, demonstrate a miracle of reading,



reading, and a bottomless abyfs of knowledge?"

"To be fure (answered the Abbot) this may have coft the father Friar Gerund much fweat, much oil, and much time; for as he is yet but a young man, he cannot have any very great acquaintance with the authors who treat professedly on variety of fingle fubjects. Dionyfius Halicarnaffenfis, a celebrated hiftorian, and one of the beft critics of antiquity, has a beautiful, elegant, and learned difsertation upon this matter alone, intituled, *De Origine & vario Ritu Funeralium*, where is to be found all that the father Friar Gerund faid, and much more. In thefe philological writings the critics tell us fuch informations are in their proper place; but in fermons they account them as impertinence, and a puerile vanity of oftentatiously displaying erudition out of place and time; the utmoft they permit, is, that they be very lightly touched on by the way, but by no means refted on. I relate only what the critics fay, but without taking any part in it, as it is not my intention to defraud the father Friar Gerund of an atom of the eftimation he deferves."

"Oh,

“ Oh, Reverend Father, the Critics! (replied the Commissary) The Critics! The Critics are strange gentry! Doubt all, controvert all, deny all, and there’s a Critic for you ready cut and dried. Can there be a more pleasant madness than to deny that Judas was brought up from a child in Pilate’s house; that he served him as a garden-er; that he slew his father without knowing him, as he was endeavouring to rob the orchard of some pears; that at length he married his own mother, ignorant that she was so, and that he killed her too upon I know not what silly quarrel; and that upon becoming a widower he had a mind to turn friar; but none of the monastic or mendicant fraternities being willing to admit him, that he at last turned apostle, and sold his master, and hung himself upon a very high mulberry-tree, being suspended for three days without being able to die, notwithstanding all his diligence to do it, ’till at the very moment of Christ’s resurrection, the cord broke, and he fell upon a sharp stone which cut his belly open, and let his bowels out? Informations all of them, as certain, as authentic, as indubitable, as that they are written and printed by a pious, learned, and religious man in a book with

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a very sonorous title. Nevertheless the Critics not only deny them, but make the greatest ridicule of him who wrote them, and no less joke of those who read and believe them. Therefore, Sir, don't let your Paternity make any account of the Critics, but let them talk till they are tired."

"I am of this opinion (said the wag of a companion). These fellows called Critics come to disturb us in the quiet and peaceable possession of believing firmly a thousand things without detriment to any soul in the world; and since they make not any account of so just a title as that of possession, it is but reasonable that we should not make any account of them. Erudition is a main ornament to sermons, and the holy fathers did not despise it when they had it at hand."

"But some did; (interrupted the Abbot) for St. Gregory Nazianzen never in any of the funeral orations he pronounced, whether that upon his friend St. Basil, or that upon his father, or that upon his sister St. Gorgonia; nor St. Gregory Nisenus in those he spoke upon the Empreſſes Placida and Pulcheria; nor St. Ambrose in that upon the Emperor Theodosius, troubled themselves with this sort of erudition. Great weight, great solidity, great piety, great eloquence,

eloquence, great ingenuity, and great tenderness, that there was; but of erudition neither much nor little, and yet all these three saints were truly learned men."

"But on this point, Father Master, (said the Companion) I think there is a disparity that ought to be attended to. These saints preached the honours of other saints, or at least of an emperor, whose christian virtues (though he be not canonised) vied for heroism with his political and military ones. All these great objects were so full of noble materials, that ornament would have been useless, and invention idle; when without either one or the other, the orator had scarcely time to give his audience even a faint sketch of, and how much less to display distinctly all the virtues and graces of his hero. Our father Friar Gerund had not in his oration any St. Basil, or any Emperor Theodosius for his object. The Signior Scrivener, now with God, as his Reverence told us, might be a very good christian, but his virtues made no noise. He communicated perhaps once a-year with much devotion, heard mass on the festivals, and got what he could by his profession: he overcame no tyrants,—he gained no battles,—he conquered no provinces,—nor was he



any defender of our holy faith; in short we know not that he was eminent even in any of the moral virtues or natural endowments, which now and then are the subject of eulogy in a funeral oration. Your Paternity sees plainly that to praise such a man as this, that is, a man of common life, and perhaps not a very exemplary one, an hour at least being indispensably to be employed in celebrating him, there is need of art, and invention, and much foraging in erudition, to fill up the time, and entertain the curiosity of the audience, nothing being to be said that would turn extraordinarily to their edification."

"An admirable reply!" (exclaimed Friar Blas). "The argument is unanswerable," (said the Commissary). "He took it out of my mouth," (added Friar Gerund). "Softly, Gentlemen, (said the father Abbot); for I will see if I can answer it, but you must hear me with patience.

"Till the church began to enjoy some permanent peace, towards the beginning of the fourth century, this custom of funeral orations was not, nor could not be introduced amongst christians. The first complete orations that we have; and which deserve the name, are those of St. Gregory

Nazianzen who died in the year 391. It is certain that it was not then, nor long afterwards, permitted to pronounce this kind of public eulogies in the church of God, and the sight of all the people, but upon the death of renowned personages of great eminence and notoriety for their virtues, or their services in favour of religion. Afterwards, flattery, vanity, and base compli-  
 ance, aided by the calamity of the times, introduced the intolerable abuse of celebrating magnificent exequies with funeral orations for all who left such wealth as might easily afford the cost. This corruption began in the eleventh century, when discipline began to relax, and the revolutions of the empire gave shelter to Simony, violence and ignorance; since of that age and the two following are to be found some posthumous panegyrics on subjects not only scandalous and perverse, but even superlatively wicked.

Now to form such panegyrics it is plain, recourse must be had either to the feigning imprudently the virtues which they had not, or to the setting-forth those which they ought to have had, or to the bringing out on the theatre, the most declared vices in the name and habit of virtues. Then it was

that in the pulpit began to be twisted the true signification of the pompous words, Magnanimity, courage, valour, intrepidity, generosity, great heart, policy, prudence, perseverance, heroism, &c. A pest which prevailing from age to age down to our own times, will scarcely let us discern the true heroes from those who were no other than true Tyrants, Thieves, Usurpers, deceitful, cunning, arrogant, ambitious, bold, rash, cruel, impudent, abandoned Villains, and scorers of the whole human race.

“ This pernicious introduction, seizing upon people and nations, has preserved itself more or less to this day throughout all christendom. It is true that with us in Spain there are few provinces or even towns, in which funeral sermons are permitted but for subjects of extraordinary virtue, upon which point various regulations have been made as well in some provincial councils as in different diocesan synods. If there be any society or community in which this honour is constantly paid to every one of their deceased members, it is upon the just presumption that the deceased member, from the very circumstance of his having been of such a society, must have excelled in some eminent virtue, quality, or endow-

ment. Some are of opinion that when these endowments are confined solely to the sphere of moral or intellectual virtue, the speaking of the eulogies upon those who possessed them should be confined likewise to the hall or apartment in which the society is wont to hold its meetings or shew their literary skill. This is observed in the two academies, of sciences, and of belles lettres, at Paris. The noble public eulogies consecrated to the memory of the deceased members of them are always spoken within the walls of their academical museums, and make a precious part of their most useful exercises. Pulpits and churches seem worthy to be reserved for the scene of praising those real virtues, which without turning their eyes towards the vain immortality of man in worldly fame, look directly to his eternal happiness in heaven. Those who are of this opinion think it a profanation to apply them to another use. But I leave this opinion as I find it; for there is no need of my judgement either for the arraigning or the defending it."

"Your Reverence does very well, (interrupted the Commissary) for if you should maintain the affirmative, the deaf would be made to hear us. I have in my



possession a sermon which was preached upon a cousin of mine, a professor, and though he was not so godly that people need to go to fifty-cuffs for his reliques, yet the orator, who by the way is no less than a professor too himself, compares him to Solomon: and in truth I think to leave it to my nephews as the most precious part of my effects, expressly commanding in my will that they archive it amongst the most important papers of the family; and I am even not far from making a new impression of it at my own expence, if I have a good market for my sheep. But go on, your Reverence; for we hear you with great pleasure."

"I say, then, (continued the Abbot) that though in some parts it be customary to preach funeral sermons on those who were not very exemplary in their lives, but recommended by qualities worthy of estimation, yet it appears to many judicious men (whose opinion I dare not reprobate) that erudite informations, brought in by vast quantities, are greatly misplaced in them, and especially those which are taken from the funerals of Paganism." "Then how is the poor orator to conduct himself without such a succour?" asked Friar Blas.

"I will

“ I will tell your Paternity ;” replied the Abbot.

“ As St. Gregory Nazianzen conducted himself in his admirable oration at the exequies of St. Basil, when he came to treat on his universal skill in almost every science. Your Paternity sees that this belongs purely to intellectual and natural endowments. Without wandering then, after impertinent informations, or making an ostentation of idle allusions, he makes a noble description of the sciences which were perfectly possessed by the great St. Basil ; at the same time skilfully insinuating an admirable instruction to the hearers by the way, to attain them, and likewise to apply them to their proper use. I was greatly pleased with this beautiful piece of the oration, though I read it in the Latin version, in which without doubt not a little of the elegance of the Greek original must be lost. I translated it into Spanish and got it by heart, to avail myself of it in case occasion should offer ; and in good faith, Gentlemen, you must patiently abide the hearing of it ; but I believe it will not disgust you. It says thus :

“ What science, what faculty was there  
 “ in which Basil was not thoroughly versed,  
 “ so thoroughly versed as if he had dedicated

“ himself to any one of them alone? He pos-  
 “ sessed them all in such a manner that there  
 “ never was a person who possessed a single  
 “ one with equal perfection, and was so  
 “ eminently a master of each that it might  
 “ seem as if he was ignorant of all the rest.  
 “ And how was this attained? By employ-  
 “ ing a most subtil and elevated genius in  
 “ continual and laborious application—  
 “ the only method to acquire a command  
 “ over the arts and sciences. His prompt,  
 “ rapid, and penetrating genius seemed to  
 “ make his indefatigable study needless,  
 “ and such unremitting application appear-  
 “ ed not to want the assistance of the keen  
 “ perspicacity of his mind. Nevertheless  
 “ he joined them both in such a degree as  
 “ to make admiration stand neutral as it  
 “ were, without knowing whether to at-  
 “ tribute itself most to the elevated viva-  
 “ city of his understanding, or the un-  
 “ wearied perseverance of his labour. Who  
 “ could stand in competition with the  
 “ great Basil in point of oratory—that di-  
 “ vine art which throughout breathes fire?  
 “ Superior to all the most celebrated ora-  
 “ tors in his inimitable use of the precepts  
 “ of it, but very unlike them in his man-  
 “ ners! Who ever exceeded him in gram-  
 “ mar,

“ mar, — that art of speaking correctly  
 “ which forms and polishes the tongue for  
 “ the chastest Greek? Who in philosophy,  
 “ —that science truly sublime, which rises  
 “ to the utmost elevation of nature, whether  
 “ that noble part of it be considered which  
 “ is dedicated to practical and experimental  
 “ indagation of the true causes which pro-  
 “ duce natural effects, or the other which is  
 “ given up to the subtleties of argument,  
 “ commonly known by the name of logic?  
 “ In this Basil so much excelled, that if at  
 “ any time he was unavoidably involved  
 “ in a disputation, his argument admitted  
 “ of no solution, and his adversary might  
 “ as soon hope to find the way out of the  
 “ most intricate labyrinth, as to disentangle  
 “ himself from his reply. As to astrono-  
 “ my, geometry, and arithmetic, he was  
 “ contented with knowing what was suf-  
 “ ficient to make the skilful in these fa-  
 “ culties behold him and listen to him  
 “ with respect: other things he regarded  
 “ as foreign to the profession of a wise and  
 “ serious Religious, who was directed in  
 “ his studies by utility, and not curiosity;  
 “ so that in this great man were equally  
 “ to be admired the things he would not  
 “ apply



“ apply to, as those which he chose for the  
 “ objects of his search and mastery.”

“ Here, Gentlemen, you have an eulogy limited precisely to natural virtues or endowments; which at once delights, instructs, persuades, and moves without the farrago of erudition and trivial informations, which the preachers we see now-a-days would interlard upon the various points touched upon by St. Gregory Nazianzen. An eulogy which having little or no connexion with christian virtues, was nevertheless worthily pronounced in the most grave pulpit, before an audience of the greatest consequence and authority. What then forbids that others should be formed upon this model, when in the subjects whose exequies are celebrated there is nothing to praise but natural endowments or virtues purely moral, which though of no avail to eternal life are yet worthy to be imitated from their utility to society?”

“ And if even these were not to be found in the deceased, (said Friar Gerund, with somewhat of an arch grin) on what is the preacher to lay his hands?” I perceive, father Friar Gerund, (answered the father Abbot) the whole emphasis of the  
 question,

question, which is not so innocent as it appears. I confess to your Paternity that my cousin the Scrivener was not canonizable on account of his religious zeal, nor even very remarkable for any natural endowments which would turn much to his advantage to be related: I therefore pitied the orator who should have to preach his honours, as soon as I was informed of the disposition he had made by will; and even he himself was aware of the difficulty when he left so large an appointment to the preacher by way of acknowledgement for the distress to which he must be driven in finding in him any thing worthy to be praised. But I say that even in such a strait as this, there are in oratory certain common-places, and all grave ones, on which the preacher might and ought to lay his hands in order to form his funeral panegyric, without waste of time, without losing the respect due to the pulpit, and without inutility to the audience." "And what common-places are these, most reverend Father?" asked Friar Gerund. "I will tell your Paternity;" answered the father Abbot.

"Those which are called *personal*, and which may be reduced to these four heads;  
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the endowments of body, those of the mind, nobility or merit of ancestry, and the office, employ, or ministry exercised by the deceased. In the body may be considered, proportion, grace, symmetry, beauty, strength, agility, &c. In the mind, understanding, penetration, judgment, prudence, &c. In nobility or merit of ancestry, all the great exploits which made his forefathers renowned and honoured. In the office or ministry, the superiority, exactness, application, means and ends, utility, &c."

"What! (interrupted Friar Blas) is it a proper subject for the pulpit to acquaint us whether the deceased was hump-backed and bandy-legged, or genteel and well-made, whether he was active or heavy, lazy or industrious, a good or a bad horseman, &c. ! what a notable impertinence would this be!" "There goes a fly that will stick!" said the Commissary puffing his cheeks. "But I shall brush it off;" said the father Abbot mildly.

"Yes, father Friar Blas, when there is nothing else to lay his hands upon, the orator may avail himself of corporal endowments, so he do it with due gravity, decency, and circumspection. Is not the bodily strength of Sampson celebrated in the holy

Scrip-

Scriptures? Is not the beautiful hair of Absalom praised? Is not the agility of Saul and his dextrous management of the bow applauded? Is not the skill with which David touched the chords of his harp extolled? and how often must your Paternity in your sermons have celebrated the exterior graces of the humanity of Christ, and have made descriptions of the singular beauty of the most holy Virgin? And from the judgment which I suppose in your Paternity, I will not believe that your descriptions have been so profane, so scandalous, so sacrilegious as those I have more than once heard from the mouths of many preachers who instead of painting a Queen of Virgins and Mother of Purity, seemed rather to be drawing the picture of an inflaming Helen or provoking Venus. *Cavendum est*, says to this purpose an author equally elegant and zealous, *ab ineptiis eorum qui in laude gravis personæ, ut Beatæ Virginis, vernante styli lascivia speciem aliquam Helenæ efformare nituntur.*

“ What thing is there to appearance more indifferent than agility and dexterity in the sports of the field? Nevertheless it is greatly praised in the history of many princes who were eminent in them, using them

as



as a profitable pastime without being inordinately impassioned for them. Such were Mithridates, Adrian, Charles the Great, Henry the first, and Albert, (the three last) emperors of Germany. Nicetas extolls Euphrosine the Empress of Constantinople, with the highest praises, because in her intrepidity and skill in hawking, she not only equalled but exceeded the most skilful hawkers of her time. Nor in our times are there wanting examples of most august princesses who give no less demonstrations of their skill and valour in the woods, than of their penetration and profound policy in the cabinet; as happy in hitting the mark with their guns, as dextrous in directing the aim of negotiation. And why may not what is applauded in history be worthily applauded in the pulpit?

I said *worthily*, and I said it with reflection: for that these natural endowments may have a decent place in the chair of the holy spirit, it is always necessary to give them dignity from elevated motives, insinuating that the persons who possessed them either did direct, or ought to have directed them to ends useful to religion, or at least society. An orator but ordinarily skilful, may easily instruct his hearers in the means

to make the most indifferent actions available to ends of a superior order. We will not depart from the instance we singled out,—the sports of the field. What forbids the setting forth the suitable occasion which is offered by solitude for recollection and reflection; the tendency of the various objects of the field, though looked upon with indifference by common eyes, to lift the heart to God; the velocity, the fury, the cunning, and even the fortitude of the very wild beasts themselves, for a thousand thoughts of utility to the soul, or to prudent self-government in order to the operations of civil-government? We know that St. Francisco de Borja, when Duke of Gandia, was fond of hawking, in the practice of which he found exercise for a thousand different virtues; one while for self-denial, taking his eyes from the object at the very time when they would have been most delighted; another for mortification, enduring without complaint as well the fatigues of the way as the inclemency of the weather; and another for profound meditation, drawing most useful considerations from the velocity with which the hawk shot himself in pursuit of the prey, from the docility with which at the first whistle

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of recall he returned to the perch, from the fidelity with which he presented the game to his legitimate lord, bridling his natural ferocity to comply with his obligation and his gratitude.

“ Even in paganisin we have a beautiful piece of panegyric upon Trajan, which may serve to instruct any christian orator to give a religious turn to the praises of natural endowments, “ You are, (says “ Pliny the Younger) most dextrous in “ the chace, which you use with moderate “ frequency. What appears recreation is “ no other than a change of labour. “ When you leave the cares of the cabinet, it is but to penetrate thickets to discover the wild beasts in the dark bosoms of their deepest dens, or to climb rocks and precipices, thought inaccessible, “ without any other help than that of your “ hands and feet; thus, under the name “ of diversion piously visiting those sacred “ places, and there meeting face to face “ the deities who preside over and protect “ them.”

“ And if the good soul of a defunct, (said his Reverence’s companion) should have had no dexterity or cleverness whatever, but in eating and drinking, and seeking

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ing good cheer and pastime, to what is the distressed orator to have recourse?" "To what? (replied the Abbot) why to his office or profession; since there is no office or profession but what will afford abundant matter for the celebrating, if not him who exercised it, yet the manner in which he ought to have exercised it, and the ends to which it should be directed, which would turn out an advantageous instruction to the audience."

"And does it seem to your Reverence, (said Friar Blas) so easy a thing to find suitable praises for all faculties and professions, that we may pick them up in the street?" "Jesus! (replied the father Abbot) there is nothing more easy to be found, or in greater abundance. Any authorling who writes upon the whole, or but upon part of any faculty, office, or employment, immediately begins with setting it above the clouds; since the introduction, or first chapter, generally consists of a collection of all that has been written in recommendation of the subject, of its antiquity, of its nobility, of its necessity, and of its high importance. To this purpose I remember reading, when I was a boy, a little book on the feasts made in a certain city by a society



of taylors, on the occasion of a new ornament for an altar given by the said society. The author in the introduction joined together, and throughout the work scattered, so many and such magnificent eulogies upon this office, above all insisting so strongly on its antiquity and nobility, proving conclusively in his opinion, that this was the first office that had been exercised in the world, Adam and Eve having been the first taylors, as appeared, he said, from this text in the third chapter of Genesis, *Cumque cognovissent se esse nudos cosuerant folia ficus & fecerunt sibi pericomata*, that I was so convinced as to want but little of desiring to be made a taylor."

"I never had such low thoughts as those, (said the Companion) but so far as to bind my self to an apothecary I was within an ace of doing, from reading in a certain treatise upon the confection of al-kermes, that the Holy Spirit was the true founder of apothecaries' shops, inasmuch as it is he who inspires the knowledge of the virtue of simples and the method to elaborate them; to which was added, that, upon this account the quintessences, which are the most active medicaments, are called *spirits*, in allusion to their divine inventor."

“ But, joking apart, (continued the Abbot) the grammarian, the rhetorician, the orator, the poet, the philosopher, the mathematician, the musician, the astronomer, the physician, the lawyer, the divine, and in different degrees the professors even of mechanic arts, may in the pulpit be praised for the exercise of their offices with majesty and decency. To make the eulogy of a grammarian there is need only to read the third book of Marciano Capela, the Epistle of Diomedes to Athanasius, the twelfth book of Diodorus Siculus, and Suetonius *De illustribus Grammaticis & Criticis*. For that of a rhetorician, besides the much which Philo-Hebreus says in his book *De Cherubin*, one may read Lucan’s Poem to Calphurnius Piso, Ovid’s fifth Elegy of his second book *De Ponto*, Pliny the Younger’s third Epistle of the second book, Seneca’s Introduction to the Controversies of Crassus Severus, and likewise Ausonius’s Panegyric upon Gratian.

“ Nothing is more plentiful than the praises of poetry: so very thick do they lie in our way that they are rather an impediment than a diversion. To heap praises upon philosophy it seems as if all conspired,

poets, orators, and historians of all ages and countries.

“ To extol medicine till it be hung on the very horns of the moon, there is need only of opening any little treatise which may have been written on whatever part of it by any wretched pedant : but to assign some determinate fountains, let the Life of Galen composed by Julius Alexandrinus be read, the Commentaries of Nobility by Andrew Tiraquel, and the Epistle of the most illustrious Guevara to Doctor Melgar, and the orator will find such a magazine of eulogies upon medicine as he cannot consume in an entire volume of funeral-sermons upon those who have caused so many to be preached before their time by their ignorance and blunders.

“ The musician has a thousand chapters to sound his praise. With only casting an eye over the beautiful panegyric which Cassiodore makes on music in the treatise he addressed to Boetius Laertius, one shall find a plenty of choice materials for celebrating those who profess this elegant faculty. And”——

“ Don’t let your Reverence fatigue yourself, (interrupted the Commissary) for though I could be hearing you with the greatest

greatest pleasure from this time to to-morrow morning, yet I am sadly afraid you will tire yourself.” “ And I, (added Friar Gerund) with your Reverence’s leave, and only to hear your Paternity’s answer, have still a question to put : Supposing the deceased not only did not excel in any endowment, moral, natural, or christian ; not only was not eminent in the faculty he professed or the office he exercised ; but was in religion a bad christian, in his faculty a dolt, and in his office a wicked man, what has the orator to do but to fly for refuge to the asylum of erudition ? ”

“ The case is somewhat desperate, but not altogether so. Then he may do what is related in the Life of St. Anthony of Padua ;—if he cannot excuse himself from preaching his honours, which would be the best part to take. This saint was obliged to preach the honours of an usurer : he undoubtedly did not dissemble the heinous sin of which the deceased had been publicly guilty ; on the contrary he declaimed vehemently against it ; and insisting much on this text of Scripture, *Ubi thesaurus tuus, ibi est cor tuum*,—where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. In order prove the truth of this oracle he told them,



by some superior instinct, to run and look in the coffer in which the deceased kept his treasure, and that there they would find his heart. This was done, and there sure enough was the heart literally and truly found; it was brought to the church in a dish, to the great amazement and affright of all, and at sight of this wretched heart did the saint make a sermon, of no utility indeed to him to whom it had belonged, but of the greatest advantage to the living.

“ In the Life of the venerable Capuchin and apostolic missionary Friar Joseph de Carabantes an event of the like supernatural kind is related. It is said that a Religious of his order being to preach the sermon of honours for a certain minister of justice, he appeared to him surrounded with flames, and said, “ *Preach not my honours—but my dishonours; for I give thee to know that I, and also all those who for these forty years past have exercised any office pertaining to justice in this town, are burning in hell-fire.*” This was in effect the sermon he preached, little caring whether the relations of the deceased were offended or not, so that they and the rest of the hearers were but warned and terrified by the example. Now one can-

not

not directly in so many words, advise that the same thing be done whenever vanity or flattery cause the honours to be preached on subjects who were notoriously disorderly and scandalous in their lives ; as for this, there would be need of a spirit as illuminated, and a sanctity as acknowledged as that of St. Anthony of Padua. But at least the orator ought to be very cautious how he touches on the manners of the deceased, for he must either lie, or he must give offence. Still greater circumspection should he use in supposing him in a state of grace, extolling out of place the infinite mercy of the Lord ; for an unwary and simple audience hearing from the pulpit the imprudent conjectures that a man of such a bad life is saved, enters into the groundless confidence that they shall in like manner be saved, who imitate him in his disorders."

" Then what judicious part (asked the Companion) can be taken in a case of such distress?" " That (replied the Abbot) which ought to be taken in almost all sermons of honours, and especially those which are dedicated to subjects who may not have been of singular and acknowledged virtue, —to turn aside the attention entirely from that particular person and fix it on all the

faithful departed. I mean, to set forth the terrors of the pains of purgatory; the rigorous torments with which the slightest crimes are punished; the indispensable obligation which we all have to assist by our acts of devotion the poor souls who suffer them, this obligation being greater or less according to the greater or less connexion of the living with the dead; the high acknowledgment and gratitude of the afflicted souls towards all who contribute to their relief; their great power with God when once arrived in the happy mansions of eternal glory; and hence to conclude that we are more interested than they in the prayers which we offer for them, as our prayers at the utmost can but cause them to anticipate a felicity of which they are already assured, but their powerful intercession with God may insure to us this same felicity which is yet exposed to so many contingencies; we may be able to obtain that they may very speedily get out of purgatory, they may secure us from ever falling into hell. Here you have abundant materials for the composing many funeral sermons, even tho' they were to be preached on thieves and robbers."

" They

“ They are not bad, (said the Commissary in a rumbling voice between a puff and a belch) but if the torments of purgatory are not elucidated by somewhat of the wheel of Ixion, with a few of the dogs of Acteon, with a flight of the vultures of Prometheus, with a great deal of Phalaris’ bull, and above all, in order to describe properly the pains of the damned, with a good quantity of Tantalus’s thirst in sight of the crystal stream, the audience will fall asleep, and, unless snoring will be of any avail to the departed souls, there is no other to be expected.” “ I am of this opinion,” added Friar Blas. “ I shall never depart from it,” said Friar Gerund. “ Our father, we have lost the chapter,” concluded the Companion. “ No, (replied his Reverence) we have not lost what we did not hope to carry: I had not the vanity to suppose I should bring the Signior Commissary, or these reverend fathers over to my opinion, well aware it is too great an attempt for my weak powers; I but gave my sentiments in the way of conversation, and for the rest, *quisque suo sensu abundet*.” to which the companion added, “ Every madman in his humour.”

“ But



“ But as I am convinced by what your Paternity says on this point, and to which I shall always adhere as well as to the rest of your excellent maxims, I would only wish to know what author or authors one may securely imitate in making funeral orations; and if there have been any remarkably eminent for these compositions.”

“ You, Sir, (replied the Abbot) who understand French tolerably well, cannot be ignorant that there have been many very well written in that language. There is scarce one of them to be found, especially of those spoken within the last century, but what is a beautiful model of the most chaste and most christian eloquence. St. Francis de Sales was amongst the first who opened the way to the French oratory in the tender funeral oration pronounced at the exequies of the Duke de Mercuri. That which the father Bourdaloue spoke at those of the great Prince of Condé, Louis de Bourbon, seems to have exhausted all the excellencies of the art. But he amongst all the French orators who elevated himself to so superior an height in this kind of eloquence that it seems impossible to rise above him, was the great Flechier, Bishop of Nismes, exceeding even himself in his  
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celebrated oration on the Marshal de Turenne. If any one ever closely followed this great man it was the most illustrious Don Pedro Francisco Lafitau, Bishop of Cisteron, in that which he pronounced in honour of our great King Philip the Fifth, which was immediately translated into Spanish, serving as a model to a few real orators, and as a confusion to innumerable pretended ones.

“ The truth is that the French are not so indulgent as I am upon this article, or at least not in all the circumstances of it. For, first, they think that funeral orations are not fit for the pulpit, which has admitted them rather against the grain, since it can have been only flattery, or compliance with the vanity of the great, which introduced them into the sanctuary. In this I do not differ from them much. Secondly, they think that to celebrate an hero worthily, it is necessary that the orator himself also be an hero; for that if he be not, he cannot have ideas or expressions proportioned to the merits and the greatness of the object; so that the audience ought to be divided as it were in their judgment, unable to determine which is the greatest hero in his way, whether that  
of

of the pulpit, or that of the field, the cabinet, or the throne. Conformably to this they are, thirdly of opinion, that a funeral oration admits not of mediocrity, but must be either excellent or intolerable: and that if the audience are not rapt and transported they would do well to hiss the orator. This maxim seems to me too rigorous; nor can I alter my sentiments from Cicero's saying in his letter to Brutus, that *Eloquentia quæ admirationem non habet nullam judico*: there is no occasion to carry the thing so far; if he attain to pleasing, to persuading, to moving, he sufficiently fulfils his obligation. Fourthly, they think that nobility, wisdom, genius, valour, heroism, exalted stations, or even thrones, considered in themselves, are not worthy subjects for a christian orator; and that to become so it is necessary the orator reflect on the emptiness and inconstancy of such imaginary goods, profitable only when used with a view to elevated and superior ends. Neither do I dare depart from this opinion, as I find it very conformable to the principles of religion and even founded in the most solid maxims of a good moral philosophy. These are the severe laws which the French propose for their funeral orations, and it is certain

certain that most of their orators obey them admirably.

“ But do not imagine Gentlemen, that the French alone observe them, and that we have not at home many beautiful examples for our imitation, without being obliged to beg them abroad. My love for the cloth [Benedictine] will not permit me to forget our master Vela, whom death snatched away just as the world began to know him. In two or three of his funeral-orations which were published, he shewed his rare talent for this species of composition, in which without doubt he might vye with the most noble orators. The most Reverend Father Salvador Oforio of the Company of Jesus, Provincial of Castile, was very particularly sought after, and singled out for these functions, in which he acquitted himself so happily that almost all the funeral-sermons he preached were afterwards printed, not so much to immortalize the memory of the deceased, as for the instruction of the living, and the admiration of the wise. I have often lamented that no person zealous for the glory of our nation, has made a collection of these orations, that we might have in Spain a body of them, which might stand in competition with the most celebrated



ed of those which are extolled in foreign countries. Noble orations were preached in the court of Madrid at the exequies of our great King Philip the Fifth. I speak not of all; for some of them were enough to have moved the ashes of that most pious, judicious, and wise monarch, if it were possible to disturb the holy rest of his royal reliques, considered on the justest grounds, by piety, as a prelude to the eternal and glorious rest which one day awaits them."

At saying this they found themselves returned home to the house from their walk, which they had been led to make of considerable length by the diverting conversation; and if the approach of night had not warned them of its being time to retire, it is to be supposed that the Reverend Father Abbot would have enriched us with many other materials, equally precious and suitable, upon a point of such great importance. The worst of the affair was that he lost his labour and his oil; for, as various undeniable instruments unanimously testify, the Companion only profited by the doctrine. The rest heard it with the greatest coolness: the Commissary, turning to Friar Blas, muttered between his teeth,

"I don't

“ I don’t take it;” Friar Blas answered, “ As blind as a mole!” and Friar Gerund added, “ Long life to the Florilegium, and death to the plague!”

## C H A P. IX.

*Is a good thing, and ought to be read.*

THE next day all the guests decamped, Friar Gerund not failing to carry off with him his good two hundred reals in his purse, and his holy week between his breast-bone and his shoulder-blades. This pleased him infinitely; and now he made not the least doubt but that he should suck in all the famous sermons for twenty leagues round, neither more nor less than as he would suck in a couple of poached eggs; and was so confirmed in this conceit, that he was already sharing out the superabundant ones in his imagination, between Friar Blas and his other friends. Friar Gerund, Friar Blas, and Anthony Zotes went to dine at Freguenal del Palo, where the road divided for the convent and for Campazas, intending to rest for the remainder of the day at the Familiar’s.

The

The Familiar received them with his natural heartiness, ease, and archness. He saluted them all kindly as soon as they alighted, but without taking off his ever-during hat, and said to Friar Gerund, “ Troth, Cuz, thou com’st at the best time in the world, to get us out of a difficulty, for I knows as how thou beest main larned, and hast turned over as many books as a *vilboticario* \*.” “ *Bibliothecario* you mean Sir,” said Friar Gerund correcting him. “ What! Blockhead! thou begin’st already; if thou understand’st what I mean, what signifies it how I says it. Well then, vilboticary or boobyboticary, or whatever it be, what I tell thee is, that I am got into a cuntreversy with thy aunt; ’tis a woundy deep thing; and either my mother brought me into the world the wrong way, or there is no reasun in this pate of mine. The caese is,—but come, untuck yourselves first, and lets goa into the parlur, for ’teant fit to talk ont in the court yard.”

They did so accordingly, and each having taken a pull at the flagon, the Familiar proceeded,—“ Well, as I was a going

\* *Vilboticario*, vile apothecary, by mistake for *Bibliothecario*, bookfeller. The B and V are very convertible in Spanish.

an with my story: dost see that great bundle there upon the chest, tied up in the wrapper? But I'll lay a wager thou dost not guess what's in't." "How should I guess Sir?" "Well, I'll tell thee directly; there are so many yards of a hugeous fine rich stuff, I don't know how they call it; I only knows it cost me three-score reals a yard, because they say it comes from the Inges, and we can't make sich in our incontinent, and 'tis of the colour of the breast of a thrush, just like the colour of the habit of our father St. Francis; besides this there are so many more yards of nice sattin as yellow as the yoke of an egg, for the lining on't; moresumover there's thousands of yards of leacings, and trimmings, and thingumbobs, which my wife says is undespensabul necessary to make a pise, or a frise, or a furbellums upon the petticoat; itum, some small gold twist, to leace the edges of the jacket; itum, a large gold cord wi knots tied in't at distances, like the cords of the fliars, but worked with sich niceness and synmetry as dazzles the eyes. Come now, I'll lay a quart of wine thou dost not know what all this costly gear is for." "I cannot possibly divine what it should be for." "Then have a



little patiunce, and I'll tell thee without its colting thee that trouble. My girl thy cuzzun Ifidora first of all had the lamprays or soare mouth, then she had the small-pox, and afterwards she had the dystensery, and what wi thinking she'd die, and thinking she'd live, the house was turned topsy turvy. Just at this time comes here a young fliar, just like thee I think, excepting the holy habit, who preached about St. Anthony de Paula, and said among other things as how it was good to recommend sick girls to un, and to offer to wear his habit for sich or sich a time; and a tould a story about a sartain beautiful rich damsel, the only-begotten of her house, who was despert bad wi the small-pox, so that her feace looked all one come a swell'd twoad: her mother arnestly recommended her to the blessed Saint, saying, that if he would but make her well, thof she should not have an eye left in her head, she would cloath her in his habit till she was married, or should have some other luck such as God should send; and upon this the damsel got well out of hand, and her feace come as smooth as the feace of a billiard table. Thy aunt Cicely she hears this story, comes home in a hurry, tells me on it, and says

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as how she has a mind to do the same for our Issy: I says as how it is holy and good: ater a few days the girl begins to mend apeace, so that she soon leaves her bed, and the pits in her feace from thease same small-pox fill up so that she looks like a flower in May, and as if she had never had um in all her born days. Then thy aunt says as how she should fulfil her promus, and I says so too, as 'tis but justifs and reasun. And what does she me? Why away she goes and despatches a lad to Valladolid, who comes back at night wi all thease fineries, for the holy habit. What dost thou think of it Gerund?"

"Why Sir, what can I think, but that my aunt Cicely did very well, as the vows made to Saints should be always performed." Just at this time Cicely came into the parlour, and knowing what they were talking about from the answer she heard Gerund give, she said with great joy, "God love the mother that bore thee, Cuzzun of mine, for thou giv'st reasun to them that have it, and not like thy uncle who is an opstinate wretch, and when a takes a thing into his head four team of oxen can't draw it out." "The wise cuzzun has understood me just as well

as the wise aunt (said the Familiar coolly); and a better match'd couple for Matrumunny is unpossibul, if so be he was not a liar, and she was not not my wife. Let us come to the point; I doant say that we should not fulfil what we promus to the saints; am I forsooth any heretic dog of an evil reace to teach sich wicked doctrun? What I says is, that when a promus is made to a Saint to wear his habit, as if we should say to St. Anthony de Paula, St. Francis, St. Vicentè Ferrers, St. Domingo, and so of the rest, what I understands is, that the person who promuses is to wear the same sort of sackcloth, sarge, or coarse heavy stuff, as was wore by the Saints themselves to whom the promus is made, or, at least sich as the liars of their religion wear honestly and humbly. For, to tell me that 'tis devotiun and obedience to the Saints to wear habits that cost more than the bravery of a bride, only because 'tis prety near of the same colour, but otherwise is mortal rich, and fine, and delicut, with a woundy deal of fripperies, and furbellums, and fringes, wi' leacings here, and ruffings there, and neckleaces of dimunts, and buckles in their girdles of the seame, and all the rest of the freaks  
and

and fancies that woman's vanity has invented, this is to tell me a story of a cock and a bull; and they will never make me believe but what this is more mockery than devotiun, and more liker to irritate the saints than make um purpitiuous, tho' the barefooted fliers themselves should uphold it."

"According to this, Sir, (said Gerund) you would have a delicate woman, if she should make a vow to a Saint to wear his habit, for instance to St. Francis, inclose her tender frame in such a galling case as the friars of his order carry?" "'Tis crear that I would have it so; for else teant to wear his habit, nor teant devotiun, nor teant penitunce, nor teant mortification, nor teant virginal modesty, but 'tis vaingolry, and 'tis vanity, and 'tis estintation, and 'tis porfanity, and 'tis scorn, and 'tis sackerledge, and I doant know how many moare things besides; and the saints will be irritated wi sich worship, instead of thinking they be obey'd. And that thou may'st not think I speak it all from my own noddle, I'll tell thee a caese to this purpose. A fartain cavalier who was a great swearer and purfaner, was punished by God wi a swelling of his tongue, so as it hung out



of his mouth a hand's breadth and more; the poor patiunt repented, and vow'd a vow to the holy Vargin, that if by her contercession her Son should deliver him from that torment and shame, he would cloath himself as a harmit, and sarve her as sich in one of her famous sanctufaries. Directly at that momunt his tongue crope back into his mouth, and a begun to fulfil his promise honestly, going to the sanctufary and putting on a harmit's garb in all rigour, so as nothing could be more completer to behold. But the Devil who never sleeps, tould un as how that garb dishonour'd un, and that a might fulfil his promus wi presarving only the figger and changing the substance, so as a might seem to be a harmit without leaving off to be a cavalier. The poor Gemman fell into the trap as the cunning enemy laid for un, and put an a habit and a cloak of the harmit colour that was tedious fine, wi a girdle wi a silver buckle to un that was all gilt, and would ha look'd well in the hunting-girdle of the king himself, God blefs un; a fine white beaver wi gold leace that was bewitching to see, silken hose speckled wi many colours, that altogether made a nice ashen grey, white shoes streaked at distances  
wi

wi black, to mock the fandals of the bare-footed harmits, and for a staff a cane of the Inges, wi a gold head in figger of a crook, as they say they use at court. And what follow'd? Why ater a had gone a few days in this rindiculous trim, as wise men must think it, his tongue jumped out of his mouth again, and in truth a died wi it so: and there wasn't a soul but what said as how 'twas the punishment of the Vargin for his mockry. And now let the delicut ladies go for to make a mock of holy habits!"

"I do not think (said Friar Blas) that they do it out of mockery, but that the natural delicacy of the sex permits them not to wear such rugged cloathing as would hurt them." "Feyther Predicator Mayor, leave off your sarcumlocutories. First of all, of the same sex were all the she-faints and great ladies that we knows went about the world in the habits of various orders, and teant said of none of um, that she went in this finical way, but plain and honest like the nuns and the fliers. Secondly, of the same sex are so many she-capuchins, and bare-footed recollects, and carmelites, and unnumberabul others, who carry the coarse cloth

very well without its being above their strength or hurting their health. Thirdly, I doan't lay the stress that the habits of these ladies should be of the very self-seame cloth as them of the nuns and the siars. 'Twould be very well if they were of a leetel bit finer and thinner cloath, so as they be honest and plain and simple. But of silks and of sattuns, and of gold and silver stuffs, all befringed, and be furbellum'd, and bethingumbobb'd! Let it alone Feyther, for the love of God; for this is to make a jeast of religiun, and I wonder they in power han't put a stop to sich scandalous doings."

"But hear me, but hear me (says Cecilia briskly); now by my life the blessed St. Anthony, which is in the chapel here in our parish, hasn't got any coarse habit but a very fine one of silk wi leace and fringes, that I warnd it cost more than 20 doub'lons; and thou art to know that when I offer'd to put the habit upon my Issy, I offer'd to put the habit of St. Anthony, and not of the siars: then if I sent for a fine stuff wi leace and fringes, jist exactly the same as that of the Saint, what dost thou keep such a to do about, splitting our heads; and grumbling in thy gizzard?"

"Now

“ Now see, Gemmen, (said the Familiar, in his quiet, arch way) if I han’t got an ingeenus wife! Why if she had but studied tology she would ha been fit by this time to be examiner to half a dozen bishop-ricks. Look ye, madam Cicely, the Saints upon the altars are, generally speaking, drefs’d very fine, to represent in our low way the immortal and rich vestmunts wi which they are adorned up yander wi the Lord in glory. For this, ’tis crear, that thof the most exquisitst stuffs be employ’d and the most preciousest stones, ’tis all nothing at all in a manner; for all that there is upon earth is dregs and dross in comparisun of the least scrap of the rarities of Heaven. But when one promuses to wear the habit of a Saint, as for an instance, that of St. Anthony, whether out of devotion or gratitude, or whatever other motive, one does not promus to go cloathed so as St. Anthony when glorious, - but so as St. Anthony when penitunt; not soa as we suppoase he is in heaven, but soa as we know a went up and down this wicked world. Now, my larned Madam, for a sinner to go for to presume for to be cloathed as we figger to ourselves the Saints in heaven, is a thing that I ben’t sure but  
 may



may smell of the enquisition; but if I was sure of it, I promus thee I would shew thy ladyship the way thither, as I know it well from my office; for it shall never be flung in my dish, that “ Nobody goes so ill-shod as the shoe-maker’s wife.”

“ What, a name o’ patiunce! am I to cloath my daughter as thof she was an errand-girl to the bare-footed nuns! My daughter is as good as other people’s daughters, and if other people’s daughters go in rich habits, she shan’t have a poor one.” “ Ay, ay, go an, go an; and if others people’s daughters are mad and foolish, thy daughter must be mad and foolish; and if other people’s daughters go to hell, thy daughter must go to hell.” “ What then! is it a mortal sin to wear a habit according to the mode?” “ To that, mistress of mine, the holy mother church has doctors that will give thee an answer. What I says is, that being at Valladolid I heard a holy missionary (and they said a was a very wise man) tell us in his sarmunt that to make a mockry of the holy habits of the Religions approved by the holy seyther of Rome, to apply um to purfane uses, and sich like things, was a very large sin; and if I doant forget, a said sommut about

descommunication. Whether it be or be not to purfane the facred habits, to wear um for vanity, and for fofentation, and for bravery, making a pride of humility, and convarting of poverty into riches, and seeking to yoke together the honefty and modesty of the Saints wi the freakish fashions and the impudence of the times ;—the difolving of this point is not for fuch round heads as mine.”

“ You do very well uncle, in not refolving it (faid Friar Gerund), for if this was a fin it would not be fo publickly allowed, nor would the custom of wearing habits have obtained fo far as to become a fashion. We fee that ladies of all-degrees wear them, and that many of them frequent the facraments, confeffing themfelves to wife men who abfolve them, and who do not prohibit their ufing fuch drefses, whence it is plain that there cannot be fo much evil in it as you feem to think”. “ Let us double down the leaf, cuz, for mayhap we may get to deep matters, out of which neither thou nor I can get ourfelves fafely. As to the affair of wife men, it has its more and its lefs: and as to abfolutions I have heard fay, as how they are a pretty cheap cummodity, and in fhort, *de encultis no judicas ecclefia*.

“ One

“ One thing I can tell thee, and that is, that were I a revrunt feyther, no absolution should there be for sich as go about as one I seed, and they said 'twas a lady of emportance. She had a hugeous great petticoat of a rich purple stuff, run round, wi spaces between, wi a silver leace a matter of a foot broad, from top to bottom; and under the petticoat she had a hoop, which, sure as ever my mother brought me forth, would not go in right forwards at our yardgate, and so when Madam went in at a door she must needs go side-ways like a crab, or just for all the world as the wench goes to put a bavin in the oven. From her waist hung a thing like a cord which was made of three broad tissue ribbons braided, to mingle the colours the best that could be, which were purple, white, and azure, and had illusion to I knows not what mystery: this cord or braided thing, or whatever it was, did not hang down perperdicular like the cords of the flars, but went capering and caracoling about on one side of the petticoat to which it was sewed, with its knots at due distances, and ended at last, between the two lower tier of the leace, in a rose of a span wide, that looked just like a sun-flower. The 'jacket

was

was of the same stuff as the petticoat, and up and down it there run ringledums of leace soa as it looked like the cloak of flames put upon the condemned wretches when they come out of the enquisition at an Act of Faith, and are delivered over to the seclar arm. She had a necklace-thing hung down upon her breastes all of precious stones set in gold, in the middle of which was a picture of the divine Lord, cloathed as the Nazareen, with his cross upon his shoulders, as was beautiful to behold. The rings, and dimunts, and rubies upon her fingers were in marvellous plenty. Then what shall I say of the rosaries she wore like neckleaces round her wristes, all of fine pearls as big as nuts! Neither do I say any thing of what the women call their cuffes or ruffles, all so nicely worked that they look'd like the little veins of a baby when they shew through his delicut skin; these ruffles were of three Religions,"—"Three orders or rows, ahs," (said Cicely bursting out a laughing.) "The flattery deloights me, (said the Familiar coolly :) What is't to me, whether they are religions or orders? In short they were so long that they looked to me like the surplice-sleeves of the laymen when they assist at grand mass.

“ Thus



“ Thus did I see this said lady berigged, and I thought honestly in my heart that she must be some new-married woman, and that this without doubt must be the richest of her bridal bravery, and so I said to a shopkeeper of my acquaintance who was standing by me; but she laughed heartily, and said ’twas no bravery at all, but a penitentiul garment, for that ’twas the habit of the Nazareen Jesus which this lady had put on to fulfil some vow. The habit of the Nazareen Jesus! says I, amazed; pray what religion or order is that of the Nazareen Jesus? for I never in my days seed any friars of that order. Tisn’t a religion or order, says the shopkeeper, but the ladies go, out of devotion, clothed as the Nazareen Jesus is painted, in a purple robe. And did the Nazareen Jesus go clothed so? says I, quite scandalized: That, says the shopkeeper, you must ask them.

“ I confess, Gemmen, that I was astonished, and I could never have believed if I had’nt sin it, that in the christian religion a thing should be suffered so insensibly that seems to make a jest of the most sacred and most doleful part of it. I mentioned it that same day to the Prior of a certain community, to whom I confess myself always  
when

when I goes to Valladolid, for a is a well of knollitch and vartue: the good man gave a great groan and tould me, 'ifaith, that I had great reasun in what I said; and' I remember a tould me two things to this purpose, First, that about such a thing as four hundred years ago, there away yander in Italy was invented a sect who called themselves the Frangelants"—“ Flagellants you mean,” said Friar Gerund; “ Well, well, Flangelants, or what thou wilt, they were condemned as heretics by a pope called Cremenent the sixth, first and principally, because they taught many errors, and among others, that none could be saved but sich as went flogging off their skin and were baptized in their own blood; and secondly because they went out a flogging themselves with a great deal of finery and shew: this last, the holy man tould me, had been revived in Spain in the time of Charles the Second, when some wrongheaded young men dress'd themselves out in the Holy Week, as penitunts with great gaiety for an intertainment and gallantry to the ladies, but that the pious prince after having punish'd some of um handsomely, had forbid this abuse by a just and severe decree.

The

The second thing a tould me is yet more to the present caese. A tould me as how an umperor called Heraclius, ater a had redeemed the wood of the holy crofs from the power of the king of Purfia, who has a very intrickit name, something like Custard \*, institutid a great sullenmity for placing it in a magnisifunt temple at Jerusalem: this same umperor, cloath'd in his umpiral robes, carried the holy crofs upon his shoulders; but there happened a marvellous thing, which was, that when a was minded to go out of the gate of Jerusalem, which was the same as our Saviour went out at to go a top of mount Cavalry, the umperor was struck as stiff as a stake, so as it seem'd not possabul for God to make un go a step further. Then the bushup of Jerusalem, who went cheek by jowl wi the umperor, and must have been a Saint, tould un that to be sure our Saviour must be angry wi un for carrying the wood of our redemption in sich sumphous parel, for that in truth when he carried this same wood out of this same gate, a went in a very differunt sort. Thou wear'st the umpiral crownd on thy head, and his Majesty

\* Cosroes.

went with a crownd of thorns on his; thou goest wi the umpiral mantle of purple all covered wi frowers, and he went wi the poor seamless coat which was of wool dy'd in his own blood; thou wear'st a rich collar about thy neck, and his Majesty wore a thick and long rope, by which those cursed hangdogs pull'd un; thou goest wi buskins that dazzle the sight, and our Saviour went wi naked legs and feet all bloody. No sooner did the good Umperor hear this, than, wi eyes brimful of tears, he doff'd at the momunt all the umpiral gear, and donn'd a poor coat, and put a crownd of thorns upon his head, and a rope about his neck, and pull'd off his shoes and stockings, and directly ater went through the gate without let or hindrance.

“ O 'twas good to hear the rislictions which the blessed feyther made upon this caese, setting forth the anger of the Lord for a thing in which there seem'd to be no manner of faat, and drawing from thence how much a would be inritated against these finical hussies who 'tis unpossabul but must be very faaty. For ater all, the umperor went but in that parel that was proper for his high dignaty; but thease seame Nazareen Madams ha noa necessity to go



foa, and only goa foa for their freaks and their fancies, and their mad whims; the umperor made no vanity of his garmunt, but theafe Nazareens wear theafe garmunts for pure vanity; the umperor in the middle of the majesty of the purple went with much devotion, but the Nazareens when they should give an example of thoughtfulness and refarve, at least from the figlification of their drefs, seem as if that very drefs makes um more impudent. And the same, little more or less, as a said about the Nazareens, he applied also to all the rest, as wears braveries for holy habits."

"Phoo, phoo! (said Friar Blas) this Prior must have been a mighty scrupulous chap; at least for my part I think an habit placed well upon a woman is very taking; it becomes them all charmingly, but if they are pretty, there is a very particular grace in it to me." "A most holy reason, (exclaimed the Familiar) and from the mouth of a Religious, one could not wish for a better! I am not, our Feyther, against women's, and especially the single ones, lawfully endeavouring to appear well to men, and adorning themselves for this end as much as they can. Let um do as they like,

like, so they do according to consunce. I have heard as how an author says that we men have three enemies, the devil, the world, and the flesh; but that women ha four, the devil, the world, the flesh, and the desire of appearing well. What I says, is, that for um to avail themselves of holy things in order to appear well, is what appears to me very ill. And whether the Prior of whom we were speaking was scrupulous or no, it is sartain that a young Religious, (tho' not so young but a was lecturer of tology in that holy community) who was present while we were conversing, was not soa; for i'faith a had a couple o' eyes in his head as quick as an eagle's, by which one might see a league off that a was no great affecter of overmuch piety. This young man know'd a great many var-ses by heart in Latun and Spanish, and they say too as how a made brave ones of his own. In all we said a join'd heartily, and a tould me too as how I must needs ha a good understanding thof I did not expless myself with the greatest escretion. When I tould that about the hoop, a laughed and said, a had always thought that fashun the greatest piece of mummery as the magination of women could give into, for as

all know of what that bulky appearance consists, they make as great a joke of it as a stuff'd jerkin made into a straw-man to fright away the crows.

“ To this purpose a spoke a few verses, first in Latin, and then turn'd into Spanish, done by himself, which pleased the Prior much; and seeing that I too liked the last, thof I did not understand the first, a bid un gi um me boath. A did soa, and I ha carried um in my pocket ever sence, and by the life of the son of my mother, my cuzzun Fliar Gerund shall read um, for as I doant know the Latun I can't read it wi that purpiety and enlegance as it ought.” Upon saying this he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a piece of paper so greasy and discoloured that it looked like a dirty diachylon plaster. It was given to Friar Gerund, who read it with a raised voice and sufficient spirit, and it is known by a tradition from father to son, that it said thus:

*Sunt hodie----muliebria corpora quæ dum  
Conclavi neglecta suo atque inculta morantur  
Mæcra videbuntur brevibusque simillima sardis :  
Fac testis prodire eadem, spectanda per urbem,  
Non eadem forma est, nam cum peronibus altis  
Incubuerè pedes, cum tot redemicula frontem*

*Ædificant, circum et vestis sinuosa tumescit  
Pregnantem artificii defendens turbine ventrem;  
Protinus augetur species majorque videri  
Atque alia; ingentes una implet fœmina postes,  
Angustatque viam, magnos imitata elephantos,  
Aut orcam per aquas vasta se mole ferentem.*

Lo here depicted a right Modish Fair.

Lolls she at home, her Figure not her care?  
Low, lean, and lank, the Slattern strikes our eyes,  
A Shotten Herring for her plight and size.  
But, dress'd, when Conquests she pursues—  
Transfiguration Strange!—on Stilt-heel'd shoes  
Mounted she Struts; High Tow'rs her Castled head;  
And o'er her Hoop the Swelling vesture spread  
Drives, ever as she walks, so wide a Gale,  
You'd think a Whirlwind brooded in her tail;  
The Straiten'd passage suffers her, afraid;  
And by One Woman's fill'd a Whole Arcade:  
She moves an Elephant, small men among,  
Or, a Vast Whale, bears boldly her broad bulk  
along.

Notwithstanding that neither Friar Gerund nor Friar Blas were of the most delicate taste that was ever known 'till this time upon the whole globe of the earth, as the curious reader may have observed in the series of this most exact history, yet it is known that they gave due applauses to the Spanish verses, as being what they understood



derstood most, though Friar Gerund, conscious of knowing beyond comparison more Latin than Friar Blas, did not fail to find a singular grace in the Latin lines, inclining to think they contained somewhat more and better than the Spanish; and so he gave it to be understood; which made the Familiar ready to tear his beard for vexation that his father had not put him to his studies, at least so far that he might have turned out a "tolerations glammarian," as the phrase was with which he expressed himself.

They who heard it with the greatest indifference were Anthony Zotes and the Signora Cecilia. Anthony, because he had been nodding from the beginning of the conversation, being overtaken by sleep from having risen in the night to feed the beasts; Cecilia, because of the Latin, it is clear, she understood not a word; and of the Spanish, abating a small difference, she understood about as much; she perceived only that something was said about hoops, and this was enough to make her say very merrily, "Ay, the deuce take um all; for I never for myself nor my daughter didn't think of a hoop; nor my mother nor my grandmother never in all their born days didn't wear sich gewgaws,"

“ Hearkee, you mistress, wi your gew-gaws, (said the Familiar) ; did thy mother or thy grandmother ever in all their born days wear tiffues, and welwets, and silks, and sattuns, and gold and silver leaces, and cords, and bobs, and fringes, and furbellums, and rosaries of piss lazuli, and a hunder’d more rogueries, (I was going to gi um a worse neame) as thou wearst, and wouldst ha thy daughter wear? Good serge gownds, and a coarse cloth petticoat, wi a finer for high days and holidays, a modest hood on their heads wi a plain border. and rosaries of Tears \*, or at most of co-coa-wood ; sich things was their bravery, and sich things only ; and not like thee who seemst to have a mind to get me into a jail, a-going as thou dost here o’ feast-days like a dutcharse, and thy daghters like marchingnesses, when all the while thou bist but a poor, honest, farmer’s wife, without considering how thou mak’st people o’ sense laugh at thee ; for ater all, “ Cloath a monkey wi silk, tis a monkey still,”

The lecture in all probability would have been longer had not the wench just now come in to lay the cloth, as dinner

\* Tears of David, *Lagrîmas de David*, a plant whose seeds are as hard as a stone.

was ready. It does not appear that, either at table, or the remaining part of the day that our guests spent at Freguenal, any thing remarkable took place; at least the authors of those remote times relate nothing; contenting themselves with saying that the next morning very early they all took leave of each other very cordially, Anthony Zotes taking the road to Campazas, and the two predicadors getting by dinner-time to their convent, where Friar Gerund was kindly received by the Superior, and with infinite joy and applause by all the young people, as the fame of his sermons had got there before him. It is known only from an old vellum book written in Gothic letters, and much obliterated through age, that as soon as he arrived the Superior put into his hand a patent from the Provincial appointing him Predicador Mayor of the house, dispensing with the usual terms of Sabbatine and Second Preacher, required by the constitution, for just causes moving him thereunto, and that at the same time Friar Blas received likewise a patent of Jubilation; upon which the two friends could scarce see each other for the dust of embraces and congratulations.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
FAMOUS PREACHER  
FRIAR GERUND.

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

*In which is related what is not yet known,  
but will be seen when it is read.*

THE next morning after his arrival Friar Gerund went betimes to the cell of the Superior, to give him an account of all his glorious expeditions, without forgetting to drop some expressions of acknowledgement for the supposed influence of his Paternity in procuring him his new dig-



dignity. He related the substance of all that happened to him, and did not take any pains to conceal the acclamations with which he had been honoured, though he added, that these were oftner wont to be the daughters of Fortune than Desert. But he took great care not to let slip a syllable of the terrible whipping by the Magistral of Leon, or of the pleasant raillery and the solid arguments of the Familiar, or of the sound doctrine of the Father Abbot of St. Benedict, and in conclusion told him of his being appointed to preach the Holy Week at Pero-Rubio, which he understood to be worth fifty ducats in hard money, besides such a thing as about thirty more by way of charity for masses, and that he begged his leave and benediction for the accepting of it. The Superior gave it with a thousand loves; for though it is certain he did not much approve Gerund's manner of preaching, being a plain, solid man, yet as he found the people heard him with pleasure, and was desirous of pleasing every body, that he might not only not lose, but multiply devotees to the order and benefactors to the convent, and seeing likewise at the same time that the higher powers promoted and authorized him, he told him

roundly

roundly at once, that during his three years he might accept as many sermons as were offered him.

With this ample permission Friar Gerund went highly pleased from the Superior's cell to his own, into which he was scarce got when the Father Master Prudentio, and the reverend, learned, and pleasant Beneficiary, mentioned in the second book of this history, came and knocked at his door. Their errand was twofold; first and principally to laugh at and divert themselves with Gerund, since they despaired of doing him any good; and secondly, to congratulate him on the promotion to the dignity of Predicador Mayor of the house.

After the usual compliments therefore upon these occasions, the Beneficiary said, "Of the sermons your Paternity has preached yonder, I say nothing, for we have already heard the echoes of the justice which Fame has done them by the mighty blasts of her sonorous clarion; I was not at all surprized, for I always thought your Paternity would preach according to your custom." "And I, and all, (said the Prudentio shaking his head); ah, that custom! That is the worst of the Father Predicador."

dor." "Whether it be the worst or the best (said Friar Gerund), I can assure your very reverend Paternity, our Father, that the order has lost nothing by my sermons."

"I believe it (said Prudentio); for what a pass should we come to if the holy communities were to suffer for the follies and absurdities in whatever line of this or that individual? All the universities are wise bodies, though all their members are not greatly so; all the religious families are holy, though here and there a friar may not be the most exemplary, and in short; the christian religion is most holy, though there are scandalous christians without number."

"Let us leave serious points, and enliven the conversation a little," said the Beneficiary. "Upon this very subject of sermons and preachers I have just received two papers by the post from a friend of mine at Madrid, each of which is a precious thing in its way, and has given me great pleasure. One is a circular letter, which most of the people about court have, and says thus:

"The

“ The Majordomo of the Mad-house in  
 “ the city of Tolédo, begs to acquaint V\*,  
 “ that two dozen of the most furious pa-  
 “ tients have escaped from him, and that  
 “ he is assured they have disguised them-  
 “ selves as preachers about court; he there-  
 “ fore beseeches V would be pleased to be  
 “ present at their sermons, and take no-  
 “ tice if they talk confusedly, without me-  
 “ thod, order, or decency; if they heap  
 “ together conceits, scraps of texts, heathen  
 “ fables, ridiculous tales, fantastic ideas,  
 “ and employ burlesque actions and ex-  
 “ pressions, contrary to the respect and de-  
 “ corum due to a christian audience, the  
 “ chair of the Holy Spirit, and the Word  
 “ of God; in order to be enabled to give  
 “ the necessary information for their being  
 “ retaken, and brought again to this  
 “ holy house to be cured; in which V  
 “ will do a real act of charity. The Ma-  
 “ jordomo hears that one of them is to  
 “ preach on the — day — at — o’clock,  
 “ — the morning, — at the church of —  
 “ and another, — &c.

\* Your Worship, your Lordship, your Reverence,  
 &c. V, the first letter of the pronoun *Vuestra*, Your,  
 being used alone in things of this form, that each  
 reader may supply his own title.

“ Excel-



“Excellent ! charming !” exclaimed the master Prudentio. “I think it is (said the Beneficiary;) and they tell me that it has been greatly celebrated by all serious and sensible men, but that many others are confoundedly nettled at it.” “That is very natural, (replied the master Prudentio;) all those who are conscious of the signs given by the Majordomo for their being retaken as the most furious patients will of course be vexed at it, and endeavour to cry it down; and ’ifaith I should think more convincing proofs of their deplorable malady need not be waited for in order to their being instantly confined.” “Let your Reverence (said the Beneficiary) add to these the many who celebrate and applaud them, and there will be a numerous army raised against it: and these latter must necessarily be taken into the account, since they see themselves reduced to one of these extremes, either to acknowledge and confess they have lived on hitherto in an error, applauding what they ought to abominate and following what they ought to shun; or else to persevere through obstinacy and caprice in what they know to be a false opinion. The former is not to be hoped for, or to be hoped for but from a very  
few,

few, as it is rare to meet with people who are willing to acknowledge themselves mistaken, therefore they must necessarily have recourse to the latter."

"This circular letter (said Gerund with the most innocent candour) deserves neither faith nor credit, in law or out of it; and if the affair be nicely examined we shall find it such as the inquisition condemns; for, first, there is no name of the author, and, secondly it is not seen to whom it is addressed, since we do not find throughout that it speaks to any one but V. V. and V. and it was never known in the world, I'm sure, that there ever was man, woman, or child called V." "The argument has weight (said the wag of a Beneficiary;) and in truth the solution of it is not so easy. Nevertheless it seems to me that something of an answer may be given, with regard to there being no name of the author, as it is said to be sent by the Majordomo of the Mad-house at Toledo, who it is very natural to suppose has both a name and an appellative." "Well, let him have thirty names and as many appellatives (answered Friar Gerund;) what is said is said; still there is no name of an author; for an author is he who prints or has printed

some book, and I believe it will not be very easy to prove that the Majordomo of the Mad-house at Toledo has ever yet given any work to the press." "That indeed (said the Beneficiary) I cannot pretend to reply to, for it is unanswerable; but to the other thing your Paternity asserts, that there never was man, woman, or child called V. I think we may say, first, that if there was a country called Uz \*, and which gave birth to Job, according to this text, *Vir erat in terra Uz nomine Job*, I see no inconvenience in supposing it probable that there might be in that country many of the appellative of V. (for what signifies one letter more than another?) it being so common a thing to give appellatives to families from their towns and countries: secondly, that even in our own times there was an Emperor of China called Can—I, why then might there not be an hundred others with the rest of the vowels, Can—A, Can—E, Can—O, and Can—V?"

"You are well employed truly, Signior Beneficiary (said Prudentio) to set your wit to a poor simpleton who does not know the

\* Thus the letter z is pronounced in some parts of Spain.

signification of V. in pieces of this kind. The remark of our new Father Predicator Mayor is much like that of his silly brother clerk, who having read the four volumes of the erudite Letters of the master Feyjoo threw them from him with contempt, saying, that most of those letters were feigned; and that he never would believe, not he, that they were real answers to true and living men who had consulted the author upon the points which are therein discussed.

But, to have done with this impertinence, what I admire in the pleasant circular letter, is, the great modesty of its author: to suppose that there were no more than a couple of dozen of furious madmen who had escaped out of the holy house of Toledo and went about at court disguised as preachers, is a moderation for which many ought to be very thankful, as, according to the signs which he himself gives, the number of madmen is beyond comparison infinitely greater." "True, Sir, (answered the Beneficiary) but they might not all have been confined; and he speaks of those only who had been so, and had escaped.

The other paper I received by the post is not, in its way, less solemn or less divert-



ing, and I am already assured, that, whatever the first might be, this will be pleasing to the reverend Paternity of the Predicator Mayor. It is one of the bills which are stuck up in the most public parts of the metropolis, and is an invitation to certain functions of the church made in homage of the Seraphic Mother St. Theresa de Jesus. The invitation was even more solemn than the festival itself; and a friend of mine of excellent taste, having read it with singular complacency, he took one off from the wall to send me, knowing how much I am diverted with such pieces. Here it is, with the very paste upon its back, and it says literally as follows:

### T. M. I.

“ To the Earth of Heaven, for whom  
 “ he who founded the Earth will create  
 “ the Heaven, profound in humility, fertile  
 “ in virtue: To the Water which giveth  
 “ life, to the Life with the clear water of  
 “ her doctrine, sweet for sovereign: To  
 “ the Air which giveth spirit, to the Spirit  
 “ which giveth the air, subtile, of her pen,  
 “ pure of her soul: To the Fire which  
 “ giveth love, to Love made fire, for the  
 “ burning of the heart: To a Woman-

“ seraphim: To the Moon which treadeth  
 “ on the tract of the moon, new in fa-  
 “ vours, waxing in truths, full in lights,  
 “ waning in errors: To the Sun which of-  
 “ fuscates splendours; to the Splendours  
 “ of the Sun, the Candle of Carmel, the  
 “ Pharos of the world: to the Star of the  
 “ morning, to the Morning of the Star,  
 “ looked to by all for guidance, as the Pole-  
 “ star in the Sea of life, for the Haven of  
 “ Heaven: To the Prodigy of Patmos,  
 “ sitting and sought in the seat of justice,  
 “ where, a better Astrea, celestial sign,  
 “ wise virgin, she rules the stars: To the  
 “ Motrix Intelligence of the animated hea-  
 “ vens, which, delicate glass, are preserved  
 “ in vases of clay: To the Augustin of  
 “ women, Angelic Doctresses of men, Theo-  
 “ logical-mystical, Physical-seraphical, Na-  
 “ tural-rhetorical, Spiritual-medical, Cri-  
 “ tical-cherubical, universal mistress of the  
 “ Science of the Saints, of the Arts of  
 “ the Just: To the Architectonic Girl,  
 “ who from puerile models raised to God  
 “ celestial palaces: To the Great in doing,  
 “ the Greater in suffering, the Greatest in  
 “ love: To the Woman Apostolical, or  
 “ Apostle in the sphere of Women, by her  
 “ virtue, by her nobility, by her prudence,

“ by her country, the Enchantment of  
“ Europe, Lady of both Worlds, Advocate  
“ of Spain, Counsellor of Castile

“ ST. THERESA DE JESUS:

“ To whom the two Atlases of the church  
 “ militant, our catholic king and queen,  
 “ render devout and reverent worship, the  
 “ majestic expression of their holy affec-  
 “ tion, whose sovereign light, whose effi-  
 “ cacious example will be loyally follow-  
 “ ed, faithfully imitated, by all the royal  
 “ councils and tribunals of this court in  
 “ the church of —— giving beginning  
 “ to this elevated end on Sunday the four-  
 “ teenth day of October 1753, at the hour  
 “ of vespers; from which time to the  
 “ twenty-fourth day of the said month,  
 “ (when the sun makes his march in car  
 “ of crystal) there will be entire Jubilee.  
 “ The mystical trumpets of the evangelical  
 “ words, *Confiteor tibi, Pater*, will be the  
 “ following orators, — — — — — ”

from his hand in order to read it himself, when he was still more astonished at seeing it printed in the very words, syllables, and letters, with the same commas, stops, and orthography as we have given it; only in the paper the names of the orators and the church in which the festival was to be celebrated were mentioned, and which we have thought proper, for certain reasons moving us thereunto, to omit. He read it, and read it again, and the third time he read it, and scarcely could he believe his own eyes. At length, as he was a serious, judicious, religious, and truly sincere man, after having shrugged up his shoulders, arched his eyebrows, and lifted his eyes to heaven, crossing and blessing himself often for admiration, he broke out with saying;

“ That this should ever be permitted in Spain! and at the very court! And under the eyes of so many truly wise, cultivated, and discreet men! And where there is a concurrence of so many thousands of strangers from almost all kingdoms and countries of the world! What will other nations say of us! In what light will they look upon us, if they come to understand that merely for the advertising a sacred festival,---- which throughout the world is, and ought



to be done plainly and simply, saying that on such a day will begin such a festival, that it will continue so long, that the sacrament will or will not be exposed to view from such an hour to such an hour, that it will or will not be Jubilee, and that such and such an one will preach,---what, I say again, will they think of us when they see that only for such a purpose as this, a large sheet of paper is crammed with the wretched rubbish of ridiculous antitheses, with fantastically quaint terms, with phrases which signify nothing, or signify great absurdities, with puerile epithets, given to so great a saint as St. Theresa, rather outraging than honouring her, and for aught I know, with heretical, or at least, ill-sounding propositions!

“ Who told the author of this paper--- who cannot possibly be any other than some little, paltry, wild-headed licentiate, one of those who are beginning to become apprentices to affected elegant writers, but who know not, nor are capable of knowing what it is to be really elegant---Who told this fellow that St. Theresa, or any other mere creature, was *the Earth of Heaven, for whom he who founded the Earth will create the Heaven?* A proposition that was  
advanced

advanced concerning the Holy Mary, namely, that *ipsa colenda est non tantum ut causa nostræ redemptionis, sed etiam ut motivum creationis omnium rerum*, is thought by grave divines to be worthy of severest censure. Who told him that St. Theresa or any other saint male or female, could be in any true sense *the Water which giveth Life*, since there is no other water which giveth life but the water of baptism? Who told him that she is *the Air which giveth Spirit*; there being nothing which does or can give it, but the inspiration of the Holy Spirit? Who told him — ”

“ Compose yourself, my good Sir, (said the Beneficiary) for these things are not to be treated with so much seriousness; a little cool blood, and a great deal of good humour is the best receipt for curing them, or at least for preventing their doing us any hurt. Look ye, my reverend Father, the wise men about court know that it is full of ignorants who pretend to be wise. The strangers too have yonder in their own countries, their authors of such papers as this, or things equivalent; for to think that fools do not spring all over the earth like mushrooms, is a joke; if they do not, there is Menkenius, in his beautiful little book

*De Charlataneria Eruditorum*, who will take the lie off my shoulders. The artificer of our paper here has no malice in him I will be bound for it, nor is so evil-minded as your Paternity imagines. He was disposed to make St. Theresa a resemblance of all the four elements, Earth, Water, Air, and Fire; nothing better offered, and he let off these absurdities at once, without plunging into more or greater depths; there was nothing more in it, depend upon it; and let not your Reverence form a rash judgment on the matter of his doctrine, for if he knows what the Catechism teaches, that is sufficient for his salvation, without its being necessary for him to be acquainted with theological niceties. Would ---"

"Would that I knew what he knows! (here interrupted Gerund); let every one follow his own opinion say I; but in mine this writer is a monster of genius. What beautiful subjects he offers in so few lines for preaching many sermons on the Seraphic Mother! such as shall not be forgotten by me when occasion presents. *The Moon which treadeth on the tract of the Moon.* What a divinity! Then the proof! *New in favours, waxing in truths, full in lights, waning in errors,* 'tis marvellous!"

"To

“ To be sure (said the Beneficiary) all the phases of that planet are skilfully applied, and, husbandmen, gardeners, and lunatic-physicians need not a better calendar to know when they shall sow and plant, purge and bleed.”

“ Your Paternity may say what you will (continued Gerund); but I know not how sufficiently to praise that of, *To the Sun which offuscateth splendours, to the splendours of the Sun.*” “ Nor I neither (replied the Beneficiary), if I understood rightly what was the meaning of offuscating the splendours of the sun: the clouds do not offuscate them, they only impede their being communicated to us, and the same is done by walls, blinds, canopies, and roofs: if any thing should offuscate them, it must be the spots which the Father Christoval Scheinero said he had discovered in the sun by a telescope of a new invention. But it is natural to suppose that the author intended to tell us that St. Theresa was a wall, a blind, a canopy, a roof, or spot. However it be, it sounds well, and I am of the opinion of your Paternity, my reverend father Friar Gerund.”

“ And what will your Reverence say (proceeded Gerund) to *The Candle of Carmel,*



*mel, the Pharos of the world? Is it not a prodigy! Above all what I never shall forget to avail myself of upon a proper occasion, is the sweet thought of The Star of the morning, and the Morning of the star."*

"I think it a good conceit (said the Beneficiary); since by this we are given to understand that there must be some star ordained a priest, who is clothed with the *alba*† for the exercising his function, and in short the Lucifer of the *alba* or morning cannot be expressed with greater emphasis or beauty." "The predicable conceit which pleases me most, (continued Gerund) is the saying that St. Theresa was *The Augustin of women, and the Angelic Doctress of men.*" "It is very happily said (replied the Beneficiary); for it is giving women their husband, and men their wife: and if any one should say, that the making Theresa on one hand *St. Augustin*, and on the other an *Angelical Doctress*, is to make her an *Hermaphrodite* doctress, he deserves contempt for his buffoonery. What is more common now o' days, than for a man to be called *Augustin Maria*? Then why

† The dawn of the morning is called *alba*, which is the name likewise of a white linen garment worn by the priests. In the original, The Star of the Alba, &c.

may not a woman be called *Augustin Thomasa*, or *Thomasa Augustin*? The termination in *a* signifies nothing to the sex; for *Junio* was a woman which ends in *o*, and *Caracalla* was a man, which ends in *a*.

“ O let me be buried with your Paternity, (said Friar Gerund) for you see things in their right light! But does not your Paternity take any notice of those five subjects for five sermons, which might be preached before the Pope himself,-----*Theological-mystical, Physical-seraphical, Natural-rhetorical, Spiritual-medicinal, Critical-cherubical*?” “ I say, Father Predicador Mayor, (answered the Beneficiary) that in comparison with these five slippery dactylized subjects, the five stones of David’s sling, preached at Rome by the venerable Father Vieyra, on five Sundays in Lent, for the knocking o’ the head the Philistine of sin, were five most unpolished and coarse pebbles. These are five precious stones worthy to be set in the iron crown of the Longobards, which they say is preserved at Aquisgran, and weighs some quarters of an hundred. What I wonder at is, that the author should have left any cause of complaint to other faculties, when with equal reason, and with equal ease, he might have honoured them  
with

with notice: since what hindered his adding that St. Theresa was an *Astronomical-ecstatical, Geographical-cclical, Mathematical-typical, Poetical-metrical, &c.*?" "Why the paper would not have contained it," (replied Gerund). "It might be for that reason (replied the Beneficiary); but yet, that might have been remedied by printing it on a sheet of Imperial."

"The thought which I prefer to all (said Gerund) and which shall not escape me the first sermon I preach upon the glorious Saint, is that which comprehends three admirable points, *Great in doing, Greater in suffering, Greatest in Love.*" "They are three truths, (said the Beneficiary) sufficiently proved in the life of the Seraphic Mother, and the gradation of Great, Greater, and Greatest, is made according to art."

"And does not your Reverence think, (said Gerund) that the eulogy with which he concludes, saying that St. Theresa was and had been, *by her virtue, by her nobility, by her prudence, by her country, the Enchantment of Europe, Lady of both worlds, Advocate of Spain, Counsellor of Castile*, is worthy of the greatest admiration?" "O my father Friar Gerund! (answered the Beneficiary)

ficiary) this is *an head of work* †! Pardon me, our Tongue, for taking it into my head to make use of such an expression! This is a stroke! But what do I talk of a stroke? 'Tis a club-like blow, which splits the scull, and lays open the brains of Astonishment! Not without a cause did the author leave it for the last, which is the place where the greatest explosion is to be made. It has more soul in it than appears at first sight; it is one of those periods which are called correspondent; because to the four preceding substantives are to correspond the four following qualities, married and coupled with them according to order. I will explain myself if I can.

“ A certain wag was asked the character of I know not what Rector, (for the legend does not say whether he was an university or a conventual Rector) and he gave it in this distich, which I think is of John Owen,

*Est bonus, et fortasse pius, sed Rector ineptus,  
Vult, meditatur, agit, plurima, pauca, nihil.*

Now observe here the correspondence or marriage of the three verbs with the three accusatives, *vult plurima, meditatur*

† An expression much used in Italian and French; *Capo d'opra, Chef d'œuvre.*

*pauca,*



*pauca, agit nihil.* In the same manner the most ingenious author of the advertisement says, that St. Theresa was by her virtue the *Enchantment of Europe*, by her nobility *Lady of both worlds*, by her prudence *Advocate of Spain*, by her country *Counsellor of Castile*. It is true, that after having made her *Lady of both worlds* it was sinking much below the mark to make her *Advocate of Spain*, and then *Counsellor of Castile*. But what shooter is there so dextrous as always to aim right, and never lower his muzzle from the true direction? At all adventures, all who have had the happiness, both men and women, to be born in the most noble city of Avila, where St. Theresa was born, are much indebted to the author for the discovery of an honourable privilege of which it is very probable not a soul of them had the least knowledge: Let them know then that they are by birth *Counsellors of Castile*, and therefore from henceforwards it is no longer to be called *Avila of the Cavaliers*, but *Avila of the Counsellors of Castile*. Of the illustrious families of the Cepedas and the Ahumadas, to which the world is indebted for this great Saint, there is no occasion to say any thing; their privilege or their glory,

glory, is much greater, since they are necessarily *by their nobility Ladies of both worlds.*"

"It seems to me (said Friar Gerund), as if your Paternity at times was jocular; but in truth I am very much in earnest in all I say. At least I think your Paternity cannot find any thing to criticize in this most elegant phrase which says that the Jubilee will begin, &c. (*when the Sun makes his march in car of crystal*)."

"What can there be to object to in this parenthesis (said the Beneficiary); or what indeed can be said of it that will not be below its merit? The elevation of the phrase cannot be greater, since it rises to the sun itself; that of the conceit is as clear as crystal, and above all the suitableness of it is inestimable. To this be added the novelty with which the blunders of the poets are corrected ever since poetry was founded in Arcadia, or in Chaldea, for that is a trifle. Hitherto they have all given into the madness of supposing the sun to make his march in a car of fire, and afterwards, according to some, to bury himself in a crystal urn, or according to others, to go to sleep on a couch of liquid silver. It has been an enormous error, or at least an hallucination as universal as highly prejudicial. By a tele-

telescope of new construction that by good luck came to our author's hands, he discovered most clearly that the car in which the sun runs post is of crystal; and that though hence below, it seems all involved in fire, and that that is fire which is breathed from the mouths and nostrils of the horses which draw it, after all it is a deception of the sight. This arises from that as the sun goes in the inside of the car or chariot, and as the horses likewise are diaphanous or transparent, the rays penetrate through these glass windows, and that which appears to be fire, is in reality nothing more than native crystal."

"Whether your Paternity jokes or does not joke (said Friar Gerund), you will not deny that the expression is elegant with which he announces to the public the persons who will preach, and the text upon which they will be *Mystical trumpets of the Evangelical words, Confiteor tibi, Pater.*"

"But does your Reverence see? (said the Beneficiary) This is the only thing I should have omitted; not because it is not said with great sonorosity and a beautiful cadence from the slippery *Mystical and Evangelical*, but because, as there are many people in the world who would lose a

couple of friends, rather than forego one stupid quibble, there are more than two who might say that many, all, or some of the orators mentioned, were very poor trumpets."

## C H A P. II.

*The Beneficiary sneezes; the conversation is interrupted with Bless you Sir! Save you Sir! Dominus tecum! and afterwards he blows his nose.*

**Y**OUR Reverence has not only subdued my ire, (said now the Master Prudentio with a placid countenance) but you have converted it into laughter. I see now that the absurdities of these bills which are stuck up at the corners of our streets, are not matters to be treated with such an air of seriousness: from these things follow no other inconveniencies than that—if it could be called one—the authors of them are looked upon in the light which they deserve; but such mouthfuls of nonsense as these in the pulpit are quite intolerable, for they are there of very se-



rious consequence to religion, to our national character, and to our manners. In short the paper is the absurdest thing in the world, and it is impossible there can be any thing equal to it."

"That is saying a great deal, Father Master (replied the Beneficiary); the sphere of possibility is very wide, and 'tis odds but I have in my pocket wherewith to convince your Reverence how much you are mistaken in supposing there cannot be still greater absurdities in this way." "Your Paternity jokes surely?" said the Father Master. "Do I joke? (said the Beneficiary); now you shall see as the man said \*, and saying and doing, he took out of his pocket another paper which he said had been sent him likewise by the post as an unique, and was a bill that was stuck up, not at Madrid, but at another respectable city, to publish the festival of St. Cosme and St. Damian. He read it faithfully, excepting a thing or two which he omitted from prudential motives; and it was literally thus,

\* In the original. Now you shall see said *Agrages*; but who *Agrages* was the Spaniards themselves do not know. It is a very common phrase, and has obtained perhaps from a kind of whimsical run-in the pronunciation. It is thus accented, *Ahóra lo verédes díxo Agráges*; the *x*, and the last *g* have a guttural sound.

— — — — — “ Solemn rites,  
 “ obsequious applauses, festive acclama-  
 “ tions, demonstrations of the most refined  
 “ love, which to their most faithful Ach-  
 “ tates, the living temples of Charity,  
 “ Seutipiubfores, Cosmiclimatas, Bracha-  
 “ manes, the Workshops of the divine  
 “ marvels, Prodigies of Miracles, Miracles  
 “ of Prodigies, Chrisopafos of Grace, A-  
 “ gapetas of Hearts,

ST. COSME AND ST. DAMIAN

“ Are dedicated, consecrated, and offered  
 “ with cordial devotion by the Sons of,  
 “ &c. &c. &c.”

“ I am convinced, I am convinced, (said the Master Prudentio, crossing himself again); this paper is shorter than the former; it has nothing else better; in absurdity indeed they seem to strive for mastery. I do not understand the Greek tongue, for which I am very sorry and ashamed; but I should wonder if such gibberish as *Achtates*, *Seutipiubfores*, *Cosmiclimatas*, *Brachamanes*, *Chrisopafos*, and *Agapetas*, were not Greek, as we say for any thing unintelligible, to the Greeks themselves. Brachmans (not Brachamanes) is no Greek

word, and I know what it signifies. The Brachmans are a line or many lines of the most noble and most wise families in the East Indies, very difficult to be converted, for, shunning, and esteeming vile, all who are not of an equal family or line, they disdain holding communication with them, insomuch that they are not admitted to their houses for the performance of the meanest offices; the cook of a Brachman must be a Brachman: in some places the extravagance rises to such an height that a Brachmanic mark is fixed upon the Brachmanic sides of their beasts of burden and other domestic animals, that the Brachmans may safely and honourably employ them. But yet I am never the nearer knowing how the *Brachman* can be applied to the two glorious martyrs St. Cosme and St. Damian."

"What, does your Reverence hesitate at that? (said the Beneficiary) the *Brachman* comes to them in as right a line as the *Seutipiuses*, *Cosmiclimatas*, and *Chrisopasos*. The composer of this solemn publication did not boggle at such trifles. His endeavour was, first to make himself pass for another Cornelius Schrevelius in knowledge of the Greek tongue with those who are  
igno-

rant of it; and secondly, to fill the ear and raise the astonishment of the populace with these barbarously-sounding words, without any thing else passing in his imagination. If the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence had then occurred to him he would as certainly have called the two blessed saints *Heautontimorumenos* as *Cosmiclimatas* and *Agapetas*. I know very well that those were called *Agapetas* who celebrated the Love-feasts in use amongst the faithful in the first ages of the church, and that these feasts were called *Agapai* from *Agapée* which signifies Love; but yet I am at a loss for any natural and suitable application that can be made of this word to the two holy saints and physicians, Cosme and Damian." "However it be (Friar Gerund now put in, taking a pinch of snuff, and affecting an archness) these epithets sound well, and might play their part in a tight little sermon of the *rhumb*."

"Hold, your Reverence! (exclaimed the Father Master from a sudden recollection and striking the palm of his hand against his forehead) for I also shall contribute my mite towards the profitable subject of this conversation. I just now remember that I have here in my pocket two printed papers



which were lately sent me from Saragossa by a correspondent of mine, a man of judgment, delicacy, and literature, that your Paternity may know, Signior Beneficiary, that we all have our friends and correspondents with a smack of taste. If I am not mistaken, they may both vie with the two choice pieces you have favoured us with, though written in a different manner, for a different purpose, and in Latin. They are four decimas with echoes, comprehending two distinct eulogies upon the angelic doctor, St. Thomas, and I doubt much if the press ever before brought to light four such crazy things." He then read as follows:

#### EUCHARISTICO ECCLESIAE CALAMO.

Angelico Præceptori,  
*Tori* cathedram agenti,  
*Genti* ut luceat pubescenti,  
*Entique* fulgeat majori:  
 Humilitatis amori,  
*Mori* Thomæ, qui extat Prora,  
*Ora*, Cymba, Mater Flora,  
*Lora*, Dux, Gladius Acantus,  
*Cantus*, Sidus, Turris, Xanthus,  
*Thus*, Paradisus, Aurora.

Soli lucis fulminoso,  
*Mino*so hærefis terrori,  
*Rori* Gratiaë gestuoso,  
*Æstuoso*que Doctori.  
 Castissimo intacto flori,  
*Ori* Sophiam evomenti,  
*Menti* proclivæ clamori,  
*Amerique* Dei ferventi ;  
 Hæc libens consecro thura  
 Dona dum expecto futura.

“ O Father Master, is it possible ! (exclaimed the Beneficiary ready to roll about the floor with laughing) is it possible that such preciousities are printed ! If I did not know your Reverence to be a sincere man, I should think it was an invention of your own. For God’s sake let us see this paper ; for there is not money enough in the world to pay its price.” He took it and read it, and read it again, and after remaining some time astonished and suspended, broke out with these exclamations, I am I am a simpleton ! I am a blockhead ! I am a driveler ! I am an idiot ! I thought I knew something of mad, absurd, ridiculous compositions, and had the vanity to think that those I had committed to memory were originals, but they are not all worth a nutshell in comparison with these two decimas,

and to speak particularly of my two papers, in which I came wrapped up like a com-fitted carraway seed, I must say ingenuously that

*Non sunt nostrates tergere digna nates.*

“ Your Reverence must give me leave, though it should seem a little tedious, to see what figure these decimas will make faithfully construed into Spanish, line by line, though it will be impossible to preserve their divine echoes, the Spanish words being so distinct from the Latin that the echoes of the one will not answer to those of the others.

#### TO THE EUCHARISTICAL PEN OE THE CHURCH.

To the Angelic Preceptor,  
Professor of the Bed,

That he may shine to the arriviers at puberty,  
And be splendid in the sight of the greater  
being :

To the Love of Humility,  
The Custom of Thomas, who is a Prow,  
A Shore, a Boat, Mother Flora,  
A Coat of Mail, a General, a Sword, an A-  
canthus,

A Song, a Star, a Tower, Xanthus,  
Frankincense, Paradise, the Morning.

To

To the fulminous Sun of Light,  
 Threatening terror of Herefy,  
 Dew of Grace full of Action,  
 And the boiling-over Doctor :  
 To the most chaste untouched Flower,  
 The mouth which vomits wisdom,  
 The mind inclined to clamour  
 And the fervent love of God ;  
 I willingly consecrate these Frankincenses  
 Whilst I expect future gifts.

“I shall not stop to take notice of the solecisms and barbarisms which swarm in the Latin ; for if I should detain myself on such a business, I should be as poor a creature as he who composed it. What absorbs all my attention is to think how wearied the author must have been with the achievement of so great a work ; and how happy they must have been who were at the expence of printing it and dispersing it throughout the city of Saragossa. With how many silly mortals would the artificer pass for a monster of genius ! How many innocent souls would suppose that more delicate praises had never been bestowed upon the Angel of the Schools ! Well now, Father Master, I am no poet, and God forbid I ever should be : it is true I have composed indeed a few verses, and though some



of them were praised, I know very well that I am very far from the perfection of this great but unhappy faculty; but for such a thing as the composing on a sudden, I will not say a Decima, but a complete song, with its chorus and all, or a copy of verses as long as that of Don Diego de Mendoza; though without order or connection, and shooting away at random, they say I have some talent, and I am partly inclined to believe it, as I have experienced it upon some occasions. Now then, to God and to Good-luck! turn out as it may, here goes a Decima in echoes in imitation of the Latin ones, and may it be to the greater glory and honour of their incomparable author.

La Batalla de Bitonto \*,  
*Tonto*, no fue en Mondragon;  
*Dragon*, que vio la Funcion,  
*Uncion* tomo junto al Ponto.  
 Si al Parnasso me remonto

\* Do so much, kind reader, as just to put this Ex-tempore of the reverend father Beneficiary, and another you will meet with presently (the purport of both which is only to tell the author of the Latin decimas that he is a fool and an ass) into English verse with echoes, whilst I step forward and prepare the next chapter for your entertainment.

*Monto*

*Monto sobre ti Pollino ;*  
*Lino se hila en el Molino,*  
*Lino de Mungo Cazurro*  
*Zurro y mas Zurro à este burro ;*  
*Y catate un desatino.*

“ It is a good Extempore (said the Master Prudentio) and a worthy retribution to the blockhead who outraged rather than honoured the Angelic Doctor by his string of absurdities. The only good thing it contains is the calling the Saint *The Eucharistical Pen of the Church*, in allusion to his having composed the office of the most Holy Sacrament ; and though there have not been wanting those who were inclined to take from him this glory, and from us this comfort, yet the fact is indisputable. And if he was likewise the author of the most devout and elegant hymn, *Sacris Solemnis*, together with the other, *Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis mysterium*, what indignation or what laughter must it cause him, —could the Saints be capable of these affections in that region of immutable serenity—to see himself so bespattered by such a left-handed clown of a poet ! He would scarcely pardon him the barbarisms of *Minoso*, *fulminoso*, *æstuoso*, and *gestuoso*, which are too gross I doubt to be found even in  
 the

the celebrated Du Cange's dictionary of base Latin." "However, my reverend father, (said the Beneficiary) the two decimas are so absurd that it does not seem possible there can be any others to equal them."

"That is saying a great deal (said the Father Master, giving the Beneficiary back the very words of which he had availed himself, in supposing there could not possibly be another advertisement so absurd as the first.) That is saying a great deal, Signior Beneficiary; the sphere of possibility is very wide, and 'tis odds but I have in this other hand wherewith to convince your Reverence how much you are mistaken in supposing there cannot be still greater absurdities in this way; *Abora lo veredes dixit Agrages;*" and, saying and doing, he immediately began to read another couple of printed decimas, in praise likewise of the same Saint; which ran thus:

# SANCTISSIMO CONCILIORUM ALTARI.

Maximo Scholæ Patrono,  
Trono Pudoris veterni,  
Terni contra vim Averni,  
Verni Solis gaudes dono:  
Sedulo Ecclesiæ colono,

O mul-

O multiplex tui volumen,  
*Lumen*, *Lagenà*, *Cacumen*,  
*Acumen*, *Sol*, *Luna*, *Navis*,  
*Vis*, *Radius*, *Lancia*, *Clavis*,  
*Avis*, *Tuba*, *Scutum*, *Flumen*.

Firmo doctrinæ castello,  
*Telo* humoris nocivo,  
*Civo* Domini novello,  
*Bello* Veneris læsivo ;  
 Numini cæli festivo,  
*Æstivo* orandi facello,  
*Cælò* universi attractivo,  
*Activo* Virtutis Cælo,  
 Hæc ferta dico gratanter,  
 Numenque enitor instanter.

“ You are right, you are right, Father Master (said the Beneficiary, as soon as some violent bursts of laughter, which threatened to bring his lungs out at his mouth, would let him speak) in comparison with these the other two decimas were the wittiest, the discreetest, the elegantest, were all the superlatives that can be invented by the most superlativissimo Italian author. 'Tis a pity they should not be turned into Spanish ; I must do it ; and they shall have the same justice done them with the others ; then, hands, to the work.



TO THE MOST HOLY ALTAR OF  
COUNCILS.

To the greatest patron of the school,  
 The Throne of veteran modesty,  
 Against the force of the three hells,  
 Who rejoicest in the gift of the Spring-Sun :  
 To the sedulous husbandman of the Church,  
 O how manifold are thy volumes !  
 Light, Bottle, Summit,  
 Acuteness, Sun, Moon, Ship,  
 Strength, Ray, Launce, Key,  
 Bird, Trumpet, Shield, River.

To the firm Castle of Doctrine,  
 Dart of noxious moisture,  
 New Food of the Lord,  
 Hurtful war of Venus :  
 To the festive Deity of Heaven,  
 Summer-Chapel to pray in,  
 Attractive zeal of the Universe,  
 Active Heaven of Virtue,  
 I dedicate these garlands willingly,  
 And bring forth the Deity instantly.

“ I defy all the geniuses of the world  
 (excepting only the author) in so few lines  
 to set on foot such a multitude of incon-  
 nected absurdities and madneses. I know  
 what he alludes to by his *Most holy Altar*  
 of

*of Councils* : a certain Pope, of the order of preachers, when celebrating Mass in the presence of the Fathers of a Council, is said to have commanded a book of St. Thomas to be laid for the altar ; and let it pass, howmuchsoever it may have been controverted ; for I find no difficulty in believing it, nor see any impropriety in a Pope's being inclined to distinguish the works of a Saint so deserving of the Universal Church, with this most singular honour. But what would the Decimist give us to understand by saying that St. Thomas is *The Throne of Veteran Modesty* ? If there should be a dispute about *Veteran* and *Modern Modesty*, like that which a few years ago entertained the court for some days about *Veteran* and *Modern Orators*, he would not have done ill in explaining to us what is the *Veteran Modesty*, that we might know if it would be right that we should change the *Modern* for it.

Then in this line, *Terni contra vim Averni*, there is made a most terrible discovery. Hitherto we believed that there was no more than one hell, that is, one only gulph for the condemned ; and the farthest that ever consideration advanced, according to the idea of St. Augustin, was, that for Christians it seemed there ought to be two

hells : but from the Decimist's account we find that he has discovered a third; or a triplicate of horrible hells. It must, to be sure, have been because

His vet'ran modesty, o'erpower'd, fell

By force superior of the triple hell:

But it cannot be denied that the thought of the fourth line, *Verni Solis gaudes dono*—who enjoyest the gift of the Summer-Sun \* is a truly deep and profound thought. He does not say that St. Thomas enjoyed the gift of the Winter-Sun; of the Spring-Sun, or the Autumn-Sun, but of the *Summer-Sun*; of the hottest part of the summer, and probably of the very Dog-days. And why so? Because he was deserving of being cloathed with the most religious habit of the great Patriarch St. Dominic; and we all know that this Saint was mysteriously foretold to his mother when she dreamed that she was delivered of a dog with a lighted torch in his mouth—a most complete figure of the Dog-star, which now-

\* The Spanish word *Verano*—signifying Summer—we are told is from *Vernus*, whence to a Spaniard probably the Beneficiary would not appear to strain the meaning of it by translating it as he does.

a-days is always observed to rule, as we say, or become visible, in the hottest part of the summer ; though in process of time we know not when he may emerge. Without doubt then this was what the poet meant to say, when he affirmed that St. Thomas enjoyed the gift of the Summer-Sun ; but if he meant to say any thing else, let him at least thank me for my good intention."

" Your Paternity must be fond of losing your time, I think, (interrupted the Father Master) to keep interpreting and glossing upon the absurdities of these decimas. We may be assured that the composer of them was some poor simpleton, who aimed only at adjusting his Echoes, let them turn out as they would, without looking to the consequence. Otherwise who could bear to hear him calling St. Thomas, *Dart of noxious moisture, Hurtful war of Venus, Festive Deity of Heaven, Summer-chapel for prayer, &c. &c.*" " 'Ifaith your Reverence is right, and let us not waste any more time in profling about the blockhead. But that these last decimas may not complain that I do not salute them with another of my invention, as I did the first, here go ten feet \*

\* The Spaniards call a line a foot.



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in search of the author, who ought to go  
on four.

Salvages en la Canada  
*Nada* teneis que buscar  
*Carlo* quinto ni aun el Czar,  
Porque mas aca ay Posada,  
*Sada* fue mi Camarada,  
*Rada* toma Chocolate,  
*Ate* Roque el Cordellate,  
*Late* un occulto mysterio,  
*Riome* del Magisterio,  
Y catate otro disparate.

As during the comments upon the four decimas they had not given room to Friar Gerund to slip in a word edgewise, he kept a profound silence ; but he did not care a pin about the matter ; for to him the decimas had not appeared so bad as to the Beneficiary and the Father Master ; he rather found in the echoes a grace so matchless as all but enchanted him ; and if he had undertaken to defend them, he knew very well that he should not make his party good ; if he joined with them in laughing at and despising them, he would have acted against his conscience ; so that, all things considered, he felicitated himself that they had not suffered him to speak. He only  
begged

begged the Father Master to let him take a copy of those papers, to lay them up as curiosities ; which was readily granted, as it was supposed that after their having been so deservedly abused, it would never enter into his imagination to keep them for any thing but diversion, and not for a model.

Upon this the Beneficiary took his leave, and the Father Prudentio and Friar Gerund went to wait upon him to the convent-gate, in their way to which the Father Master said to the Beneficiary, “ Hence we see how justly and properly it is commanded by various acts of the council, and royal edicts, that no printer shall print any book, memorial, or flying sheet, *of whatever quality or size, though it be only of a few lines,* without the licence of the Council, the Judge privative, or the Superintendant-General of the press, under the penalty of two thousand ducats and six years banishment. This is very wisely ordered, however rigorous it may seem; and if it was duly observed we should have none of these absurd bills and mad decimas, which, when looked upon in their right light, contribute more to our dishonour than our diversion. Lately, indeed, this point has been more carefully attended to than ever ; and though

some may complain of the too great severity, yet less inconveniences result from this extreme than from the contrary one, and particularly as experience shews us that even all this rigour is not able to free us intirely from these monstrous things. Would to God that the same rigour was exerted with regard to the Dedications of Theses, in which there is so much rubbish and crazy stuff, that I have been sometimes tempted to make a collection of the most ridiculous, and have been with-held only by the consideration that other nations may look upon us all as barbarians ; so much are we to deplore the intrepid ignorance of those who give cause for it." They were now arrived at the porter's lodge, and the Beneficiary went home to his house, and each of the Religious to his cell.

## C H A P. III.

*Friar Gerund disposes his Holy Week.*

HE set about it with so much earnestness, that with a most exemplary constancy and edification did he deny himself the preaching of many sermons which he was this summer most pressinglly entreated to undertake. Amongst others he was importuned to excess to admit one, of great pomp and no less utility, for a festival of Thanksgiving which was to be celebrated in a neighbouring parish, on account of the king's having made the minister of it, a learned, pious, and charitable man, a bishop. There was no prevailing upon him to accept it, as he would not be drawn aside by other subjects, and expose himself to the hazard of wanting time for his *opus magnum*, the Holy Week. And as one of those who most urged him, gave him to understand that his resistance would be attributed to his being afraid to undertake this sermon, being upon a new and intricate subject, upon which there was little to be found in books, Friar Gerund, to un-



deceive him, shewed him instantly some notes which he had made, and in his opinion most choice ones, for this kind of function.

They were all taken literally from a certain sermon, preached in a certain city, upon this identical subject, of a parish-priest's being elected to a bishoprick in the Indies, who was called John (so likewise was our bishop-elect called) and who wept upon being informed of his election, refused consenting to it, and, in short, accepted it. Upon this a numerous fraternity, which there was in his parish, and of which the Signior Bishop was the spiritual father, immediately resolved to celebrate a very solemn festival. An orator was sought for from home of course, and it was a Father Master, an ingenious and skilful man without doubt, but one of those who, in the pulpit, suffer themselves to be drawn down the stream of custom. The music of the cathedral attended, there were bonfires, bull-fights, and a *Vitor* drawn by the students of the school, of which the bishop-elect had been master: of all this the orator took notice in his salutation, and all of it, Friar Gerund thought, might with the greatest facility be adapted to the election  
of

of any bishop whatever ; and if during the festival the sacrament was exposed to view, as is commonly the case, it would be worth gold itself. The extract which he read to the person who importuned him was literally thus,

“ NOTES FOR SERMONS ON THE  
ELECTION OF BISHOPS.

“ If the elect should afflict himself—as it generally happens—to console him with this beginning.

“ Weep not, John, weep not, *Ne fleveris.* And why does John weep ? He himself informs ; *Vidi in dextera sedentis super thronum librum scriptum intus & foris signatum sigillis septem - - - et ego flebam multum.* He who is seated upon the throne is the king, the book from which hung seven seals, according to some, is a figure of the pendent leaden *Bulls* \* marked with the pontifical seal, *Piētores nostri hunc librum cum septem sigillis pendentibus instar bullarum depingunt.* According to others it was a

\* From the Latin *Bulla* : what gives title and authority to the Pope's instruments. After the king has recommended, and the chapter chosen a Bishop, a Bull is necessary for his consecration.

folded letter, called a book, as the Hebrews call whatever written paper or parchment, *Hebræi quodcunque scripti genus librum appellant, ille de quo hic agitur erat potius epistola quædam plicata* : a letter, then, from the king which seems to threaten to be followed by a Bull, is the cause of John's weeping and being so much afflicted.

“ Now here we have already the King's letter to the chapter, the Pope's bull, and the Elect's weeping.

“ Who shall comfort the poor bishop ? The text informs us : *Vicit Leo de tribu Juda*,—the Lion of Juda, who is represented not only as a tame Lamb, but as dead upon the same book, *Agnum stantem tanquam occisum*.—It is a figure of the sacrament. This sacramented Lamb holds out to him with his own hand the bull, *et accepit de dextera sedentis in throno librum*-----*instar bullarum depingunt*. He commands him to accept it, and to render an account to his holy church, *Scribe ecclesiis* : he cannot be resisted, *Vicit Leo*. No pretence of resistance can be made, for the Lamb is engaged to furnish him with whatever he shall have need of for the discharge of his ministry. For this reason he is represented sometimes walking, sometimes sitting, and sometimes standing, *ambulantem, sedentem, stantem*.

*stantem*. When he weighs the merits of him who is to be elected he walks, *ambulantem*; when he decides upon them he sits, *sedentem*; when he rewards them, he stands up, *stantem*, as one who is ready to assist and to defend him. Has the bishop need of eyes? The Lamb has seven, *habentem oculos septem*. Has he need of the gifts of the Holy Spirit? There he has them figured in the seven horns of the Lamb, *Cornua septem*. Has he need to cross the sea, and that the angels of the Lord conduct him happily to *terra firma*? There he has it all, *habentem cornua septem, & oculos septem qui sunt septem Spiritus Dei missi in omnem terram*.

“The acceptance being supposed, as a triumph of the Lamb, who institutes, or who gives the most solemn festival of thanksgiving? Let us look to the text: *Cum aperuisset librum viginti quatuor seniores ceciderunt coram agno habentes singuli cytharas & phylas aureas---dicentes, &c.* The ancients, the twelve, the twenty and four, who are they who occupy the first places in this most noble fraternity, and are distinguished in it by these names, *Viginti quatuor seniores ceciderunt coram agno*: They seem as if they had converted themselves into musicians,



cians, through love, to sing thanks and praises to the Lamb, *habentes singuli cytharas*; but not contented with this, they have brought hither that most sweet and accordant music which has its origin not from the old rotten strings of Mercury's tortoise-shell, but from Heaven itself, *itaque cælum instrumentum musicæ archetypum videtur mihi, non propter alia sic elaboratum quam ut parentis hymni decantarentur musicè*. Even the Orator appears to be figured in the text; for whether it be this man or that man who is appointed to it, the sermon ought always to be New, *et cantabant canticum Novum*.

“The rockets are clear, since they are let off from the very throne itself, *et de throno procedebant fulgura & voces & tonitrua*. The *Vitor* of the students of the Jesuit-school is what we cannot fail to acknowledge in those four mysterious living creatures which stood round the chair or throne of Jesus, *in circuitu sedis*, and with the likeness and flight of eagles, *et quarum simile aquilæ volanti*, raised themselves celebrating day and night, *et requiem non habebant die ac nocte dicentia, Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus!* Finally the bullfights also are denoted in our text, since there are not wanting in it the likenesses of bulls, *et secundum animal simile vitulo*.

THE SUBJECT  
THE LABYRINTH.

“ Christ is a Labyrinth in the sacrament for five reasons; first, because it is figured by the desert in which he appeared, *apparuit in deserto*; secondly, because the Israelites were struck with wonder and admiration at it, saying, *Quid est hoc?* Thirdly, because the senses are confounded in it, *et si sensus deficit*; fourthly, because it appeared difficult to the Jews, *durus est hic sermo*; fifthly, because he is *alpha* and *omega*, the beginning and end of all things.

“ The sacrament then, is to be the centre of the Labyrinth: the Labyrinth is to have no more than two paths, and the paths are to be the other two gospels, used in the festival; for that of the sacrament is already applied to the centre.

“ First path and first gospel, *Tu es Petrus, & super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam*. Why does Christ chuse Peter for the bishop of bishops and the fundamental stone of his church? because from the time the name was given to him he was called *Cephas*, which is the same as *Peter* and *Stone*, *Tu vocaveris Cephas, quod interpretatur*

*pretatur Petrus.* But now let us discover, (here we speak plainly) the cypher enjoyed from the baptismal font through the most high providence by our most loving lord bishop. How is his Lordship called? *Don John Garcia Abadiano.* Let this now be turned into Latin, and it will stand thus, *Dominus Joannes Garcia Abadianus.* What makes it when anagrammatized? *Joan Obispo de Caracas ad minus*, that is *John Bishop of Caracas at least.*

“ Here goes another Latin anagram for still farther confirmation: *Joannis gratia Domini Abb: ad nos*, with a V to spare, but it is easy to accommodate it, for ABBA signifying the same as *Father* it may be said, *John, by the grace of the Lord V, Father (Bishop) to us.* The Lord V. is Philip the Fifth who presented him to the bishoprick. In this manner it is easy to make anagrams of the name of any bishop elect, for if it will not turn out well in Spanish it will in Latin, and if there are any letters to spare so much the better, inasmuch as abundance is better than want.”

Friar Gerund was about to proceed in the reading of his notes, but the person to whom he read them interrupted him by saying, “ It is sufficient; for I am in haste, and

am besides fully convinced that it is no easy matter to take your Reverence by surprise upon any subject however difficult and arduous it may appear, and that your refusing this sermon does not, nor cannot proceed from a want of excellent materials." He took his leave, and our new Predicador Mayor set about his preparations for his Holy Week without loss of time.

He had brought with him from Pero Rubio a note of the sermons he was to preach with all the *aggravating* circumstances of each, which had been very solicitously and carefully delivered to him by the Licentiate Flechilla, a most punctual and exact man. This note was made with all division, precision, and clearness, to prevent the least mistake, and we have thought proper to give a transcript of it here, (exactly as it was found in a very ancient Arabic manuscript, whence it was faithfully copied, if our translator did not deceive us) for the sake of what it will conduce to the understanding of what will be said farther on. It was conceived then in these very terms :

HOLY



## HOLY WEEK OF PERO RUBIO.

INSTRUCTIONS OF THE TOWN  
TO THE REVEREND THE PREACHERS.

DOMINGO DE RAMOS\*.

“ ON this day the procession is always made to the life. He who plays the part of Christ, which is always the *Majordomo* of the Fraternity of the Cross, rides upon the *Santa Asna* †, surrounded by twelve of the most ancient brethren of light, cloathed as Apostles, in coats down to their heels of different colours. The procession goes round about the church where there are two olive-trees and a mulberry-tree, up into which get all the boys who are able to climb, and during the procession keep continually cutting off boughs, and throwing them on the ground. When the clerk sings, *Pueri Hebræorum*, the boys answer, with immoderate screamings, *Benedictus qui venit*, &c. to the *Hosanna* inclusively. The people have great

\* *The Sunday of Boughs*; thus in Spanish *Palm-Sunday* is called.

† The holy, or the Saint she-ass,

devotion to the *Santa Afna*, who goes highly ornamented with braidings, and circingles, and bosses, and silk purses, and formerly she wore likewise many scapularies, but a minister of the parish took them off, thinking it an irreverence. There is not a blanket, coverlid, or bolster in the place but what is spread in the way where the procession passes. This year by good fortune the Majordomo of the Cross, who personates Christ, is called *Domingo Ramos*.—The Father Preacher will take notice of all the circumstances if he wishes to give satisfaction.”

## HOLY MONDAY.

“ The Good Thief. Three large crosses are fixed just by the rails of the altar, which serve likewise for the sermon on the Descent. The three effigies which are represented on them are of very skilful workmanship, and made at the expence of a native of the town who by his application and excellent talents came to be a canon of la Banza. That in the middle is a very devout crucifix, that on the right hand represents St. Dimas, and that on the left Gestas, with the countenance of a furious, despairing,

ing,

ing, and eternally-condemned wretch. There is a tradition that it was made in the likeness of a Scrivener (others say an Inn-keeper) a Great Thief, who had lived in the neighbourhood. However it be, it is a constant and immemorial custom for the Preacher in this sermon to be very severe upon all scribes and penmen. Many people of the country round about come to hear his gibes and his jokes upon them."

## HOLY TUESDAY.

"The Tears of St. Peter. The Passion is sung in the afternoon, and when he who sings it is nearly come to these words, *Accessit ad eum una ancilla*, there comes out of the vestry a very venerable old man with a bald head, representing St. Peter, and a young girl, dressed like a kitchen-wench, who, when these words of the Passion are sung, *accessit ad eum una ancilla dicens*, proceeds, singing herself likewise with much quavering, with *Et tu cum Jesu Galileo eras*, and then the old man thunders out in an harsh and angry tone, *Nescio quid dicis*. St. Peter goes walking slowly about the church, and when these words are sung, *vidit eum alia ancilla* & ait his qui erant ibi,

an-

another girl appears, and sings, *Et hic erat cum Jesu Nazareno*; upon which St. Peter, all in a rage, gives her a knock in the face, and says, *I vow to Christ\*, quia non novi hominem*. At length he makes as if he wanted to get out of the church, and just at this time there enters a troop of stout young fellows who looking him stedfastly in the face begin to bellow out in deepest base, *Vero et tu ex illis es, nam et loquela tua manifestum te facit*: here the poor old man, quite furious, and as if beside himself, begins ripping and swearing in the most dreadful manner, protesting that he does not know any such man, and loading himself with all the curses he can lay his tongue to. Scarcely are they out of his mouth, when up in the gallery and as if from behind the organ, comes forth a very piercing voice, imitating the crowing of a cock, and singing three times, *Cock-kee-ro-kee-kee-kee-ree-ro*: St. Peter at hearing it, acts like one who is struck with compunction, goes under the gallery, sets himself down in a shed or cabbin prepared for the purpose, and remains in it during the ser-

\* The reader has been told that this is the most common oath used by the Spaniards.



mon, weeping, and wailing, and blowing his nose. It is a very curious and tender scene ; there is always a great concourse of people ; and it is necessary for the preacher to cut some pleasant jokes about cocks and capons, as he who most excells in this has afterwards the greatest quantity of poultry as a charitable donation."

### HOLY WEDNESDAY.

" On this day there is no sermon. After mass in the afternoon the preacher goes out with the magistracy to beg eggs and fish ; and if he has given satisfaction on the two preceding days he generally gets above a couple of hundred of eggs, and a quarter of an hundred weight of Bacallao, without reckoning the pickled herrings which are usually more in number than the eggs."

### HOLY THURSDAY.

" The Washing and the Command. There is nothing very partiular to be noted. A preacher in this town once gave great delight by taking for his subject on this day, *Love is the art of loving*. This is mentioned

mentioned that the Father Preacher may imitate it or not as he sees best. Generally they have been much approved who have given in their sermons some stories from secular \* comedies, so they were well-chosen, tender, melting, and discreet. Nobody got more applause than one who undertook to prove *that Christ in the last supper shewed himself to be the Cicisbeo of souls*: the sermon was printed; and though it was immediately suppressed by the Inquisition, yet as the memory of it was not suppressed it will remain eternal in the town. These things are mentioned as they may perhaps be of use.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

At four o'clock in the morning, the Passion. There is nothing more celebrated in all the country round about. At the beginning of the sermon the Majordomo, dressed as the Nazareen Jesus, is under the pulpit, but at the *Ecce Homo* he goes up into it, and the preacher shews him to the people with suitable exaggerations, amplifications, and exclamations. The commo-

\* In contradistinction to religious comedies.

tion is very great; and much greater, it is always observed, than if an inanimate image of our Saviour were to be shewn upon this occasion. When the sentence has been pronounced by Pontius Pilate, it is the duty of the Scrivener of the town, or in his absence, the Notary, to notify it to the Nazareen Jesus, that is to the Majordomo of the Cross, who shrugs up his shoulders in token of humility and submission. When he leaves the Pretorium to go upon mount Calvary, the clerk, or the cryer to the Fraternity, in a loud and hoarse voice proclaims the crimes of that man. It seldom happens but that there are fainting fits amongst the audience. In the moment that he expires, and the Preacher says *expiravit*, the passing bell is rung. The Preacher makes a short suspension or pause, and then begins the response *Ne recorderis*, which is continued by the clergy, and the function ends with *Requiescat in pace*.

“ At three o’clock in the afternoon the Descent. This is performed in the place before the great door of the church if the weather permits. The same juggling dexterities are practised in it as in other Descents. Venerable men, representing Nicodemus, St. John the Evangelist, and Joseph

seph of Arimathea, appear with their towels, hammers, and pincers, the two ladders being already prepared and placed against the arms of the middle cross! In the midst of the theatre of action is placed a devout image of our lady, in her forlorn state when deprived of her son, with joints or hinges in the neck, arms, and hands, which are played by hidden wires for making the suitable motions and inclinations when St. John comes presenting the instruments of crucifixion, and above all when the venerable men lay before her the dead body of her son, asking her leave to bury it. There is usually such a to do as if the day of judgment was come. The Preacher who of all acquitted himself most gracefully on this function, was he who took for his subject, *The Spiritual Puppets*, and at the end of the morning's sermon on the Passion, invited the audience to a *Puppet-show* in the afternoon. It was all very striking."

## HOLY SATURDAY.

"There is no sermon on this day; but after service the preacher goes out with the magistracy to beg rashers of bacon, Easter-



cakes, sausages, and hung-meat; and if the people are pleased with him, he generally gets enough to benefit considerably by, after having handsomely regaled himself the three Pasqual holidays: there have been Preachers who have made an hundred and fifty reals of the remains."

### EASTER SUNDAY.

"The Sermon of Pleasantries at five o'clock in the morning. In this sermon it is necessary for the Preacher to have all the merry tales, droll fancies, jests, jokes, and witticisms, all the quips, cranks, bams, banter, and buffoonery he can rake together, to divert the immense concourse who come to hear him. He has no need to be nice and squeamish; let them be of what kind they will, however filthy, beastly, or indecent, for it is well known that every thing passes upon this day. He would do well to observe in his discourse that the poor people have had enough of weeping and wailing in the Holy Week, and that therefore it is necessary to exhilarate and cheer them upon Easter Sunday. The Father Preachers who have brought a droll lay-brother with them for their companion,

(for

(for some have brought such an one) have ordered the lay-brother to get up in the pulpit and preach a burlesque sermon with all manner of Merry-andrew tricks. In general these sermons end with a mock act of contrition, and instead of a crucifix, the lay-brother brings out from under his habit a pye, an hock of bacon, or a bottle of wine, which he addressés with a thousand amorous expressions in the tone of repentant sorrow, making the audience ready to die with laughter.

“The Father Preacher will please to observe not to exceed an hour in his sermons, except in those on the Tears of St. Peter, the Passion, the Descent, and the Sermon of Pleasantries, in which he may be as long as he will.

“By order of the Signiors the Alcaldes and the Council of the Town of Pero Rubio, in the jurisdiction of Upper Caramanchel.

ROQUE MORCHON,  
(COPY.) *Notary Public.*

Examined and found agreeable to the original.

R. M.”

These were to a tittle the instructions which the Licentiate Flechilla delivered to Friar Gerund, received immediately from the hand of the Notary, who exercised the office of Scrivener during the vacancy of the seat. It was the custom to give an examined copy of them to the preacher for the time being of the Holy Week, that he might be informed of all the circumstances of it, and be sensible of the prejudice he would do to himself if he did not conform to them. Let the pious reader figure to himself what a tumult, what a storm, was raised by the numberless ideas, each striving which should be the most extravagant, that trod upon one another in crowding into the imagination of our neoteric Predicator Mayor, when he found himself with so copious a mazagine of delightful materials, and how many congratulations he gave himself upon the good fortune of having to put his sharp sickle into such an abundant harvest.

He saw directly that these instructions had already done for him a great part of his work, and even the greatest part, leading him as it were by the hand on the way which he was go, and pointing out clearly to his eyes the subjects he was to chuse in

order to gain applause, and soar triumphantly above all his glorious predecessors of happy memory. But as the subjects were so many, and there was need of such an immense multitude of thoughts to fill them, there is no expressing the application with which he dedicated the eight months which were wanting to the Holy Week in turning over all kinds of books, noting, remarking, and heaping together, green and dry, whatever came to hand, and might conduce, though ever so remotely, to any of the subjects.

For that of the *Domingo de Ramos* he had little to do in order to determine it, for, observing that the Majordomo of the Cross that year was called *Domingo Ramos*, and that he played the principal character of the day, he took at once for his subject, *The Ingraftment ; or, the Ramos of the Domingo interweaved with Domingo Ramos*. He remembered to have read or heard that there was a celebrated modern author called the *Signor Ramos del Manzano*, who could not possibly fail, he thought, to treat, *pro dignitate*, and as they say, to the bottom, on the matter of *Ramos* ; and went to look for him with great anxiety in the library of the convent. He found him, but was struck with



with a deadly damp when he saw that this learned writer treated of a very different affair which he did not understand. Reflecting afterwards that, according to the sacred text, and according to the custom of Pero Rúbio the boughs were of olive, he thought of the book of *Doña Oliva Sabuco de Nantes*, which he had heard the Beneficiary speak of as a rare and exquisite work, held by him in great estimation. He sent to borrow it, hoping to find a treasure in it for his subject, and though he saw that it treated on the nutritious juice of plants and trees, as he did not find any thing particularly of *Olive-trees*, he was out of humour, and threw it by in a corner with contempt. At this instant he recollected that both in the Breviary and the Missal this Sunday had the title of *Dominica in Palmis*, Palm-Sunday. He opportunely reflected that on this day the church began singing the Passion; it occurred to him that in the convent library he had once seen, though only by the title on the back, a book called *Palma de la Passion*, and congratulating himself very joyfully, said, Ay, to be sure, as there is *Palma* and *Passion* one cannot fail of meeting here with whatever is necessary for the

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loading the Palms of the hands of this Sunday with erudition ; he opened it, and when he found that it was the most devout and judicious *History of the Passion written by the father Louis de la Palma*, he wanted but little in the anger of his disappointment of throwing it out of the window ; In despair he fled at length to his Polyanthea, and there he found an intire wood of Boughs, Olives, and Palms, which might vye with the Grove of Granada, and with the very Olive-orchards of Tudela, Cascante, and the Aledanios.

What gave him very little trouble was the circumstance of the *Santa Asna*, as it was called blasphemously, though with great simplicity, by those poor rustics. *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius popped at the instant into his head, and though this was only an invention of that facetious author, either Friar Gerund did not know it, or he was not deterred by that circumstance, for whether true or feigned it was a divine thing for a parallel. Besides this he had by good luck read a few days before in Nature Displayed the fine eulogium on the Ass made by the Prior, and he immediately determined to bring it in dressed in his own style, as well to give his hearers a plausible reason

reason for our Saviour's having made choice of this humble animal for his triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, as to heighten in their hearts as much as it was in his power the respect, the devotion, and the love which they bore to the *Santa Asna*.

The subject on which he finally fixed for the sermon on the Good Thief was without doubt an happy one. He took it for granted beyond all controversy that the Good Thief was called *Dimas*, and the wicked one *Gestas*, notwithstanding authors are much divided, as the learned know, upon the true names of these men. And supposing they were called thus, yet there are not wanting those who maintain that the *Wicked* one was *Dimas*, and the *Good* one *Gestas*, of which these common verses are a proof.

*Imparibus meritis tria pendent corpora ramis,  
Dimas, Gestas, in medio est Divina potestas;  
Dimas damnatur, Gestas super astra locatur.*

Friar Gerund hesitated not at this, or, as it is highly probable, he might not know it. Taking for indisputable the vulgar opinion (which perhaps he might hold as  
an

an article of faith) that the Good Thief was Dimas, he made this admirable thought the subject of his sermon, *That the Good Thief had been the Di-mas\* of all Saints and the Di-menos of all Sinners.* He proved it ingeniously by asserting that whilst the Wicked Thief was vomiting blasphemies against Jesus Christ, the Good one endeavoured to restrain him, saying *Di-menos, Di-menos*; and that when, after our Saviour had expired, the very people who had crucified him were, in their return to Jerusalem, beating their breasts with remorse, and proclaiming him to be truly the Son of God, the Good Thief animated each of them to greater compunction, saying, *Di-mas, Di-mas.* Whilst the wicked Thief was cursing and swearing against the Scribe who had prosecuted him, calling him as great a Thief and a Murderer as himself, the Good Thief endeavoured to appease him, saying, *Di-menos, Di-menos*; and when the mental eyes of the man who pierced the side of Christ were opened, and he afterwards confessed him, the Good Thief encouraged him, *Di-mas, Di-mas.*

\* The syllables thus divided mean *Say-more*, and *Di-menos*, *Say-less*.



He afterwards adorned this most delicate thought with a rhetorical touch which was undoubtedly ingenious, suitable, and energetic. He heaped together a good quantity of the praises bestowed upon the Good Thief by the holy fathers and sacred expositors; and this cost him very little trouble, as in Sylveira and Baeza alone he met with a decent provision to fill many sermons. He then made a kind of apostrophe, conversing with each of the authors as if he was present; and asking, for example, of St. Augustin, “Well, what sayest thou of the Good Thief, African Sun, Sole Phœnix of Arabia Felix?” “*Dum patitur credit.*” “*Di-mas.*” “*Non antea crucem Domini Sectator sed in Cruce Confessor.*” “*Di-mas.*” “*Inter martyres computatur qui suo sanguine baptizatur.*” “And thou, purpled Bethlemite, greatest amongst the four general masters of the universal church, Divine Jerom, what sayest thou of our Dimas?” “*Latro credit in cruce & statim meretur audire, Hodie mecum eris in Paradiso.*” “*Di-mas.*” “*Latro crucem mutat paradiso, & facit homicidii pœnam martyrium.*” “*Di-mas*—but what more is there to be said? Let this same thing be said with poetical elegance by the mitred muse of Vienna—

the learned know I speak of Avitus bishop of that Imperial city.

*Sicque reus scelerum dum digna piacula pendit  
Martyrium de morte rapit."*

#### C H A P. IV. and last.

*The work is interrupted by a most strange event which happened to the author, and to which perhaps there will not be found a similar instance in the annals of the world.*

**H**ITHERTO was the pen arrived, flying rapidly through the region of History on the wings of (according to our manner of thinking) the most purified truth. Hitherto ran the narration without impediment through the wide-extended field of the life of our hero, one half at least being still wanting to fill the term of his glorious course. Here we began to spread the sails of our navigation, leaving the land, to ingulph ourselves in the deep sea of the famous pulpital performances of our never-sufficiently-to-be-applauded Friar Gerund. Here it was that we had found documents, not only the most abundant, but likewise, in our opinion, the most punctual,

punctual, the most exact, and the most faith-worthy, to divert, entertain, inchant, (and as far as it was in our power) to instruct (without any extraordinary trouble to ourselves) our attentive readers, when the most strange event, the most singular accident, the most sad, melancholy, dismal, funest, cypressian casualty that can enter the human imagination, obliged us to cut short the flights of the pen, to stop our Pegasus in the midst of his career, to cast anchor at the beginning of our voyage, and, in a word, either to take our hand off from the picture, throwing it by for ever, or at least to suspend the action of the pencil, till we see the effect of the new diligence we are using in compliance with our engagement and obligation.

We know very well that our beloved readers are now most anxiously impatient to know the dismal disaster, which occasioned the sad event. But, for God's sake, let them have a little patience, and give us time to breathe, remembering that we are not made of brass or marble. The memory of it alone afflicts us woefully; our eyes are filled with tears, the tongue falters, the breast labours, the throat is choaked up, and even the pen seems not willing to  
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give down the ink.—There, now we have taken a little respiration ; and here comes our terrible climacter.

In various parts of this as-it-appeared-to-us most faithful history we have taken notice that we had collected a prodigious multitude of manuscripts, documents, memorials, and instruments, (which are held to be original,) papers, letters, instructions, medals, and, in short, all that we judged conducive for obtaining the most punctual informations Historical, Genealogical, Geographical, and Critical, which might serve as true materials for our work, and spare us any other trouble than that of arranging them, and cloathing them in such a style as we judged most proper for an history of this character. How many Archives, Registers, Trunks, Coffers, and Chronicons, how many books of fraternities, convent-libraries, notes of deceased friars, and other documents of this kind we have examined, we leave to the consideration of the reader who is learned and discreet, as such an one only can make a just estimation of this labour, as inglorious as it is necessary.

But our misfortune consisted in its having been signified to us, that, as Friar Gerund flourished in an age so remote from our own



times, and as his oratorical performances had made so great a noise in the world, all nations had been diligent in translating them into their own languages. So that, all the accounts of this hero in the ancient Spanish tongue being lost by the entrance and invasion of the Saracens, there would have been no knowledge of him in Spain if an happy chance had not disposed and ordered that a certain traveller, well-skilled in the oriental tongues, in passing through Egypt, lodging at a certain monastery in the city of Coptos, and being shewn their slovenly library by the Monks, had not taken notice of four large chests, which stood in one corner of it, with labels inscribed thus in Arabic characters, *Memoirs for the History of a famous Spanish Preacher.*

Excited by curiosity, he begged, and obtained, leave to examine them. He met with a thousand precious things; and seeing some were written in Hebrew, others in Arabic, many in Persian, and a good quantity in Greek, all which tongues he perfectly understood, he was very solicitous with the Monks to sell them to him, which they readily consented to do for a very small sum; for they neither knew their merit, nor even any thing of what  
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they contained, and for that reason had let them lie unregarded in a dusty corner. The traveller brought them into Spain, and soon after died at Varcial de la Loma, which was his native place. The papers were presently scattered here and there about that neighbourhood, though the greatest part of them was preserved in the famous archives of Cotanes, of which mention was made in the very entrance to this unhappy history—we call it thus for a reason that will soon appear.

Informed, then, that all the documents which were to be found in our peninsula were written in the said tongues, we had altogether abandoned the design of collecting them, as we should not understand a word of any of them. And here we cannot but lament, a second time, our unhappiness in not having had in our youth those who might have instructed us at least in the Hebrew and Greek tongues, which would not only have been of great service upon this occasion, but on many others of much more importance. And though we have heard some persons, who think themselves of consequence, condemn this kind of study as useless or little necessary, yet the example of the greatest men in all ages has more

weight with us than the particular opinion of those who do not seem to promise as if they would be great men in any age.

More weight with us have the Constitutions 14. 42. 53. 72. and 79 of Gregory the XIII. in which he recommends in the strongest manner the study of these two languages, for which, and for that of others, he founded at his own expence three and twenty colleges or seminaries in different parts of Christendom. More weight with us has the Constitution 55 of Paul the Fifth, in which it is commanded that in all the scholastic foundations of the regular clergy, of whatever order or institution, the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues should be taught, and that in the greater and more celebrated ones there should be likewise teachers of the Arabic—

*In cujuslibet ordinis et instituti Regularium studiis sint linguarum Hebraicæ, Græcæ, & Latinæ, in majoribus vero & celebrioribus etiam Arabicæ, doctores.* More weight with us has the example of the great pontiff, Clement the Eleventh, who was most perfectly skilled in the Greek tongue, and not less zealous that youth should apply to it: and, in short, more weight with us has the certain information we have that the great

Patriarch

Patriarch St. Ignatius de Loyola, in his Constitutions approved by the apostolic chair, left a strong charge to all his sons of studying the Greek and Hebrew ; and, we are inclined to believe, likewise the Syriac and Chaldee.

If we had had those who might have instructed us in these studies, and if we had applied to them, we should not have found ourselves in such a streight as to resolve upon abandoning the idea of the work from the want of understanding the manuscripts whence we were to take the materials. But, when I was little thinking of any such thing, behold, Good fortune or Ill fortune brought to my eyes a rare sight. The servant-maid tells me there is a Moor who desires to speak with me ; I bid her shew him in, and directly find myself with a man of a venerable aspect, of tall stature, with a long and red beard, modest but lively eyes, a fair complexion, and cloathed quite in the Turkish manner ; an open cassock down to his heels of a purple colour, lined with crimson taffety, a large silk sash, as a girdle, which went many times round him, yellow buskins lined with ash-coloured cloth, reaching to the middle of his leg, whither descended to meet them a pair of



wide and full breeches, like a sailor's trowsers, but that they were gathered at the bottom, a kind of short cloak which would reach no lower than his waist, of the same stuff as the cassock, only that it was lined with civet skin, and he carried it thrown in folds airily upon his left arm; his turban was of three stories, about half a yard in height, with the three regular divisions, white, scarlet, and ash-colour, whence hung from all parts a multitude of beautiful ribbons or fillets of gauze, muslin, and some likewise of silk.

He told me in good Spanish that he was an Armenian Co-Bishop, and came to solicit alms for the Catholics of Mount Libanus who lived amongst the Schismatics, subject all to the Turk, to help them to pay the excessive tributes exacted of them by the Grand Signior, for permitting them the free exercise of their catholic religion in the territories of the Sublime Porte. He added, that this was the fourth journey he had made to Spain on the charitable errand; and that by his extensive travels in it, passing through all its kingdoms and provinces, he had learned the language to great perfection, especially as he was blessed by the Lord with the gift of an aptitude  
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for tongues, since, besides instructing himself sufficiently in all the European, he was intire master of all the Oriental, which in some degree he might call his native ones. He then concluded with exhibiting to me a multitude of letters from Princes and Potentates, with an equal or a greater quantity of licences and exhortatory dispatches from the Signiors the Bishops, that he might beg, and that the people might give him, alms in the district of their respective jurisdictions ; and in fine he besought me, as the minister, not only that he might avail himself of them in my parish, but that I would do him the favour to accompany him in making his requests, more effectually to excite the charity of the faithful.

I, who saw before me a personage to appearance so respectable, and who for greater authority brought with him two little Turks, about fourteen years of age, whom he called his pages ; and as at the same time I heard him say he was so very well versed in the Oriental languages, in which were the manuscripts whose contents I was so anxiously desirous to know, and moreover found he spoke the Spanish with such propriety and freedom, I cannot,

I say, express the inward joy I felt at the adventure, thinking that I ought not to look upon it as happening by accident, but by the designation of the high providence of heaven, which by this way was vouchsafing to shew itself propitious to the execution of the purpose I had so much at heart.

In short, to save a superfluity of words, I lodged him in my house, and carested, regaled, and treated him in it for many days to the utmost my poverty would permit. I acquainted him with the intention I had cherished, and the cause of my being obliged reluctantly to relinquish it, the not understanding the manuscripts, which were scattered about in various parts of the country, though the greatest part were kept together, and in good custody, in the celebrated archives of Cotanes, a town not above the distance of a good league from this parish. The Signior Co-Bishop smiled sedately, and told me with great affability that I should be under no concern, that he would deliver me from that embarrassment, and that as he could not otherwise shew his gratitude for my kind entertainment, he rejoiced in the occasion of manifesting his deep sense of it in a way which would be  
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so pleasing to me as the translating into Spanish all the manuscripts I should lay before him, though it might detain him in my house some weeks, or even months ; for that it was by no means contrary to virtue, but that the paying grateful acknowledgements to their illustrious benefactors was indeed a kind of charity to the poor Catholics of Mount Libanus.

I kissed his lordship's hands for so great a favour, and immediately got all the manuscripts I could collect, especially the two great bundles from the archives of Cotanes, the chief keeper of which, my intimate friend, sent them to me very readily, free of all charges, upon my giving a receipt for them in form. My Co-bishop set about the translation with the greatest heat, and in less than a month and a half presented them to me all translated, and numbered to ascertain the correspondence they had with each other ; and for the greatest authority, and argument of precision, he set his seal, and signed his name to each of the translated documents in this manner,

“ Agreeable to the original.

ISAAC IBRAHIM ABUSEMBLAT,  
(L. S.) *Co-bishop of Grand-Cairo.*”



He took his farewell, leaving me with this inestimable treasure, for such I esteemed it; and thinking that I had done but little for him in comparison of what he had done for me, I strained a point to entertain him at his departure in the most elegant manner possible. Without losing time I set my hands to the work; with what solicitude, with what watchings, with what fatigue, God only knows! as the particulars were all scattered here and there without order, method, or connexion. My great object was to be faithful, and not to depart a tittle from the documents in any information I might give; and who would not have relied confidently upon those which were signed and sealed by a man who was called *Isaac Ibrahim Abusemblat*, was *Cobishop of Grand Cairo*, and, except the working miracles, appeared to be a saint?

Now comes the most funest catastrophe: When after two years labour, and indefatigable, sleepless assiduity, I had formed the two first parts of my History as they now stand written, and precisely at the time that I was with the greatest fidelity transcribing Friar Gerund's singular and ingenious notes for his Holy Week, there came this way an Englishman of authority, who was going to  
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Portugal on I know not what commission. He brought with him letters of recommendation from some of my friends that I should lodge him in my house, which I did with great pleasure, for even without recommendation I am always glad to accommodate any worthy man who passes thro' this town. He told me that he had been many years Professor of the oriental languages in the University of Oxford, and that he had at present the appointment of secretary and interpreter in them at the court of London. I believed him without difficulty, as, 'bating his protestant religion, he appeared as to every thing else to be a man of honour, of goodness, of penetration, of great judgment, and most gentleman-like qualities, with the singular excellence of a vast and comprehensive erudition in almost all faculties.

I gave him a short account of the work which I had in hand, of the materials or documents I had before me for the disposing it, of the embarrassment I had been in from the want of understanding them, of my meeting with the Armenian Co-bishop, of the goodness with which the holy Prelate had translated them for me, and finally, I told him that I hoped to have the honour

nour of his company for some days, and that by way of amusement he would be pleased to take the trouble of reading my quires, and comparing them with the ancient instruments and manuscripts to which they referred; for though I had all possible security of their legitimacy, yet in matters of such moment no caution, or proofs of their being genuine could be superfluous.

The English gentleman accepted of all with the greatest politeness, saying, that his stay in my house for some days was necessary on his own account, since, informed of my hospitable heart he had given orders for some dispatches he expected from his court by way of Madrid, to be sent to him hither, without which he could not proceed: and that as to my history he should read it with particular pleasure as he had conceived, he was pleased to say, an high opinion of my taste.

And in truth for the six days I had the honour to have him for my guest he gave himself up so entirely to the reading of the History, that he scarcely knew how to lay it out of his hands even to eat his dinner; and though he declared that he would not say a word to me of it till having compared it with the original, he might be able to

form a complete judgment of the whole, yet it was plain enough from his actions, gestures, and motions, in many parts, that it strangely tickled him. In short, on the morning of the last day he stayed at my house, ('twas I remember upon a certain Tuesday, and a confounded unlucky Tuesday it was for me) after our having breakfasted together, he told me it would be necessary for us to shut ourselves up for some time, and desired me to lock the door; which being done, he returned me the manuscript of my history, with all the other instruments and papers he had perused, in the same order as I had delivered them to him, and looking me stedfastly in the face with something between a smile and an air of compassion, he spoke to me in the following manner.

“ My good Sir, I must give you a thousand congratulations, and as many condolences: the former because your Reverence has written a work, to which, in its way there is I believe nothing equal or similar, I at least have not found any thing so, in all that I have read, which has not been little: the latter, because your Reverence believing in good faith, that you were labouring an exact, true, and faithful history (quali-

ties,



tics, which, as far as your Reverence is concerned, whilst you are under that persuasion, it does not want) has wasted your natural heat in disposing of the most false, cheating, feigned, unfaithful relation, that can enter into the human fancy. If, as your Reverence calls it an *History*, you should call it a *Novel*, in my opinion a greater thing could not have been written, nor of more entertainment or utility. It might be of as much benefit to many of our preachers of the English church, as to many of the preachers of the Romish church. But your Reverence having intitled it an *History*, my sincerity, the favours you have conferred upon me, and the noble confidence you have reposed in me, all forbid my suffering you to remain under the delusion. It has nothing of *History*, for it is all a pure fiction. Compose yourself, good Sir, and don't be alarmed till you have heard me out.

“ The Armenian Co-bishop, as he called himself, who translated these papers for your Reverence, was as much of an Armenian as of an Hungarian, as much of a Co-bishop as of a Nun, and understood the oriental tongues as well as your Reverence does the Iroquese, the Chinese, and the Japonese. For many ages both in the Latin  
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and the Greek church the dignity of Co-bishop has been suppressed : Grand Cairo is as distinct from Armenia, as Circassia is from Spain : and neither the Armenian catholics, nor the schismatics have been subject to the Great Turk since the Moguls or Sophys of Persia conquered Armenia and Georgia, without leaving the Turk more than two places of little importance, or to speak more properly, two little fortresses, which are those of Alcazike and of Cotatis, having in the first a Basha of one tail, or inferior order, and in the other a simple governor or commandant. All these are strong signs that the supposed Co-bishop must have been some rascal, some mumping, vagabond, strolling fellow, one of those who are wont to appear from time to time in various parts of Europe, and with their hypocritical artifices sometimes deceive people who one should think were not capable of being so easily imposed upon.

“ What admits of no kind of doubt is, that he deceived your Reverence ; but very pleasantly in all, or almost all he told you about the contents of these bundles and papers ; and that his having as it were legalised his translations by his hand and seal, was one of the most precious inventions or

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pieces

pieces of buffoonery that could be imagined, to abuse your Reverence's sincerity.

“ It is true, in various parts of them, a certain extravagant and ridiculous Preacher is spoken of and various extracts are given of his Sermons. But this Preacher is not named, nor is there any such *Friar Gerund* in all the manuscripts, nor is it said if this anonymous Preacher was a Spaniard, a Frenchman, a Campesine\*, an Andalusian, or a Guizpuzcanian, and consequently all that is related of *Campazas*, of his family, and of the Licentiate *Quixano* is a mere fiction. The Sermon of Souls, which in the fourth chapter of the first book is supposed to have been preached at Cabrerizos, one of the manuscripts says was certainly preached, but it does not say where. In the same manner is given for certain all that is related in the fifth chapter of the same book concerning a school-master; but I find no trace of his having been a cripple, or not a cripple; nor, much less, of his having been the school-master of *Villaornate*, since a school-master only in general is spoken of. But the rogue of a Signior Co-bishop having

\* One of the province of Campos.

feigned that his Friar Gerund was of Cam-pazas, sent him to school to Villaornate of his own accord, because perhaps it is a place not far distant from the other.

With equal liberty he feigns all that is attributed to the *Domine Zancas-largas*, drawing a preceptor after his own fancy, that never existed in *rerum naturâ*. It cannot be denied that many of the follies put in his mouth are to be met with, parted out amongst innumerable pedants who teach grammar, preceptors and no-preceptors; but it is not probable that they should all meet in one alone, for there would be need of no farther proof for accounting him a madman.

“ The fiction the most prejudicial of all in the catholic religion, which your Reverence professes, (which in ours would be attended with no inconvenience) is that by which this strolling rogue makes his Gerund of the Religious State, or one of the Regular Clergy. There is not the lightest stroke of this in all that I have examined, for to the Preacher there treated of no state or profession is assigned. Therefore all that is said of his vocation, noviciate, studies, &c. was presented purely by the fanciful pleasantry of the most illustrious Signior



*Isaac Ibrahim Abusemblat* Co-bishop of *Grand Cairo*.

“The same is to be conceived of his inseparable friend and companion *Friar Blas*, of whom there is not the least mention in all the papers. A vague and general information only is given of another preacher, the companion of the former anonymous one, who by his pernicious precepts and worse example contributes greatly to corrupt him: and though all the discourses of the Exprovincial and the Father Master Prudentio are grave, solid, and energetic, I must inform your Reverence that they are not to be met with in the original documents.

“Much less is to be met with in any of them the name of *Bastian Borrego*; nor can I imagine what motive the Signior Stroller could have for putting in the mouth of this reasoning rustic, *Bastian Borrego*, the pleasant but very solid reflections he made at the Grange with the Father Master. I only conjecture that having made his *Gerund* a *Campesine* he gave to the interlocutors such names as are frequent in that province, chusing perhaps those which according to his way of thinking might appear ridiculous. But if  
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he took the name of *Borrego* for such, he shewed equally his malice and his ignorance. There is nothing more ridiculous in the name of *Borrego* [Lamb] than in those of *Carnero*, [Sheep], *Vaca* [Cow] *Mula*, *Leon*, *Oscario*, from *Oso* [Bear]; and amongst the birds, *Aguila* [Eagle], *Paxaro* [Sparrow], *Gallo* [Cock], *Palomo* [Dove], and a great many others with which so many families are distinguished, and some of them of the most elevated nobility. Even your Reverence yourself loses nothing, by being called *Lobon* [Great Wolf], that famous *Lupa* or *Luparia*, whom some make a Queen, and all suppose a most noble Lady, being so well known, from the first age of the Church, in the Ecclesiastical History of Spain; and even yonder in England we hear much of the great house of *Villa-lobos*.

“The documents which your Reverence had before you for disposing the second part, are not more faithful, than those which guided you, in the first. The Signior Abusemblat sold you, as your phrase is, a cat for an hare, giving you just what came into his head. These *Remarks upon the Faults of Style* are a good rhetorical piece, which I remember to have read I don't

know where, but I well know that in these Syriac, Chaldee, and Arabic papers I have not read a single syllable of any such Remarks. The letter which the student in rhetoric at Villagarcia wrote to his father, I look upon to be Apocryphal; but since your Reverence is in the very place\*, it will be easy [to examine into the genuineness or spuriousness of this piece.

“ A description which your Reverence makes of I know not what entertainment in a nunnery there in the third chapter of the fourth book, I see you have taken literally from the translated instrument marked with the number ninety-seven, but the original to which it refers speaks no more of nuns than it does of numskulls. It is an Arabic account of the taking of Damascus in the time of the Cruzades. Without doubt this vagabond must have been reprov'd by some nuns who knew what he was and would not suffer him to impose on them by his lies, and he, to revenge himself, feigned out of his own head all these

\* The reader will remember he was told in the advertisement, that this book was written under the name of Francis Lobon de Salazar, minister of the parish of St. Peter in Villagarcia, &c. to whom of course this speech is supposed to be addressed. There is such a man, and he lent his name to the Father Isla upon this occasion.



absurdities which cannot consist with, nor be believed from, the reserve and modesty which they say those religious women profess; for though I have travelled thro' many catholic countries I have never conversed with them, but have always heard them spoken of with respect and estimation †.

“ I cannot deny but that I am mightily pleased with whatever, in this second part, is put into the mouth of the *Familiar*, which is a great deal and very good. It is plain that the Signior Co-bishop was not fool; would he were as honest as he is shrewd! But I must tell your Reverence, for the discharge of my conscience, that all this was of his own invention, and nothing of it from these papers. Here and throughout, his Lordship has made some slips by not being careful of his consequences; for in one place he calls the Familiar's son *Cuco*, and in another *Bartolo*; it is true he might reconcile it perhaps by saying that the boy was called *Cuco Bartolo*, or *Bartolo Cuco*. It is a pity likewise

† A most delicate stroke of Satire! The reader need not be told that there is no mention, or he would have seen it, of any such entertainment in a nunnery, in the author's manuscript. But he here artfully insinuates that there are practices in nunneries which deserve the reprehension his delicacy withheld.



that the terrible discourse of the Magistral of Leon is not to be found in these original documents, for though it be feigned that he spoke it, yet it is certain that all which is spoken in it is very true.

“ All the eighth chapter of the fourth book, in which that little Gentleman-Monkey, the furious imitator of the *French*, is introduced, is of exquisite salt; and for that alone the Signior Co-bishop of Grand Cairo deserves that your Reverence should think your entertainment of him well bestowed, and pardon him all the deceits he has put upon you. Your Reverence will readily suppose that no such thing is, or could be touched upon in these oriental manuscripts; but if you should resolve to publish your work, reforming it, and giving it some other title, I advise you not to change a syllable of this chapter.

“ I advise the same thing likewise as to the ninth chapter of the fifth book, which treats of the intolerable abuse of catholic women in cloathing themselves for finery in religious habits and other whimsical and absurd ones of their own invention. If the women of my religion were to do this we should applaud it much, as giving us an handle to laugh at the religious habits  
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of which we make so great a joke; but in catholic women I think it ought not to be tolerated. However the Stroller has left your Reverence a satire of great importance, which ought to be set in gold; and it does not signify that it is given in the clownish style of the Familiar, nor ought this to be censured as improbable or inconsistent; since he would give it to be understood, that, to be sensible of the absurdity of this abuse, a man need not be an university-professor, because the impropriety of it is so great as to strike all who are endued with but a tolerable share of natural reason.

“ One thing your Reverence must absolutely blot out, and that is, the Instructions which are supposed to be given by the town of Pero Rubio to the preachers of the Holy Week. I know not if there be in reality any such place in Spain as *Pero Rubio*, but whether there be or not, it is certain that neither of such a place, nor of such Instructions is there any mention in the original papers, and that it is an entire fiction of the Signior Abusemblat. I know that in various parts of Spain there are tolerated, as well in the Holy Week, as on some festivals, especially on that which

you call the day of *Corpus*, certain mummeries which make the mysteries of the Romish Religion ridiculous, and afford abundant matter to us, whom your Worshipps style Heretics, to laugh at some things in which we differ from you. It causes admiration in us that they are suffered by those who could so easily prevent them. The passages of the Passion, I think, are good circumstances to be meditated on, and likewise to be represented, in images or statues, which enliven the consideration: in which I do not conform to those of my sect, who hold all sacred images in contempt, at the same time that they make a foolish estimation of profane ones, professing to some of them the greatest veneration. I owe this testimony to truth; for I am a sincere man, and speak in a free country\*; but in England I should be careful enough how I talked in this manner. It is right, then, that the passages of the Passion, and all the others which depend as well upon sacred as ecclesiastical history, should be presented to the eye by the pencil, by the graver, and by the chissel. The more lively the figures

\* The sagacious reader will have observed, before he comes to this sentence, that the humour of the author lies often very deep.



are, the greater I apprehend, will be the impression made by them on pious minds. But that the person of Christ and those of his apostles, in some parts of the evangelic history, should be represented to the life by men from amongst the dregs of the people, and sometimes not of the correctest manners, ignorant, and their heads filled with wine,—pardon me those who suffer it, but it—shocks me very much.

“ From what I have heard I make no doubt but that at various places in Spain all the extravagances which are supposed in the feigned Instructions of Pero-Rubio are distributively practised; that is, that some will be practised more in one place and others in another. But it is not probable that they should all be practised in any one town. However as it does not appear from the originals either that there is such a place as Pero-Rubio, or much less, that these theatrical things are represented in it, I am of opinion that your Reverence should reform this passage, or at least premise that you are not quite certain but that there may be some mistake committed in regard to what is attributed to Pero-Rubio.

“ Finally, to convince your Reverence demonstratively that you ought not to have  
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confided in what this Co-bishop of Grand Cairo calls a translation, there is need only of making a little reflection upon the anachronisms with which it swarms. In one place he makes his Gerund much anterior to the irruption of the Moors into Spain, and in another calls him *Friar*, a title which was not known, either in Spain or any other part of the world, till many ages after. Here he says that he flourished in very remote ages, and there he cites sayings, writings, and actions which happened yesterday, and are as it were happening to-day. To particularise all these anachronisms would be to recapitulate the work; but this hint is sufficient to make your Reverence sensible of the mistake.

“In the other papers, of which your Reverence has not yet availed yourself, as without doubt you reserved them for the third Part, I find a thousand pleasant inventions of the Stroller, as much feigned as the former. In them is treated of the ridiculous manner in which Friar Gerund understood the mandate of almost all the bishops in Spain, “to explain at least one point of christian doctrine in the salutation of every Sermon;” and of what passed upon this subject between him and a certain zealous

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prelate. Much is said of a sermon *de Gonfalon*, [Standard], which he preached in the city of Toro; of another called *de Vexilla*, [Banner], preached in Medina del Campo, of an Advent and a Lent in different places; of a discourse to some nuns, of a Mission which he made in a certain quarter, and the Signior Abuseblat concludes with the conversion of Friar Gerund to the true method of preaching, the effect of I know not what convincing book which divine providence ordained he should lay his hands on, of his exemplary death preceded by a public retraction of the absurdities he had said in his sermons, and of a pathetic exhortation which he made to his friars to preach always the word of God with the decorum, and gravity, and judgment, and energy, and zeal, which so sacred a ministry requires.

“ It is certain that this Armenian Cobishop o’ my sins says admirable things in all these documents, as well those pertaining to his principal idea as the accessory ones which he interweaves with it in the same manner as the former, and which touch on Manners, Writers, Critics, Tables, Drefs, Extravagancies badly introduced and worse tolerated in Processions, sacred Images at

the corners of streets, and in the porches of houses, and, in short, on an hundred other things of great importance, and treated in my opinion with solidity and grace. But my conclusion is that not a shadow of all this which he has palmed upon your Reverence for original, is to be found in the Syriac, Chaldee, and Arabic papers.

“ Upon the whole therefore, on one hand thinking it a pity that such a work as this which your Reverence has laboured should not see the light, and on the other not being able to deny this testimony to truth and this ingenuousness to the confidence with which you honour me, I am of opinion that your Reverence should not suppress it; but that, whether you continue it, or whether you conclude it here, you should only change the title and publish it in this manner,

“ *An History*

WHICH MIGHT BE

*Of the famous Preacher Friar Gerund de  
Campazas.”*

Haft

Hast thou seen at any time when the roof of an house falls suddenly down upon and covers a dog, whether a mastiff or a pointer, how he is struck with astonishment and dismay? Just so then, neither more nor less was I struck when the English Mylord finished his discourse. For above a quarter of an hour I was astonished, beside myself, and not able to speak a word. But recovering my spirits, and striking the palm of my hand upon my forehead at the sudden recollection, I found I had already said as much as this amounts to in my preface, protesting that I was the Father and the Mother, the Maker and the Creator of Friar Gerund. And so, my good reader, let us go to something else, for there's an end of my story.

THE END.



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